Liberty

OCT. 2, 1943 10c

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Hilarious Best Seller

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A Thoroughbred from Old Kentucky, Glenmore quality has been a tradition for generations!
GLENMORE
SILVER LABEL
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Here in a Library ... Past, Present and ...e meet.

A Child's inquiring Mind Gains Understanding for Tomorrow.

And we see Her a Woman whose Smile reflects Knowledge and Sympathy—whose Smile owes much to her use of Ipana and Massage!

TO YOU, little girl, belongs the future! Yes, you and thousands like you can look ahead with hopes high to a bright new world.

For to you—our future generation—parents and teachers give the greatest measure of care and devotion. Everything is being done to make you strong in body and mind—to help you face the future confident and brave and *smiling!*

Yes—*smiling!* For even children's smiles have a bright future. In classrooms all over our country, youngsters learn to give their teeth and gums the best of care. They know the importance of firm, healthy gums to bright teeth and sparkling smiles.

These children could tell you that today's soft foods rob our gums of the exercise they so often need for health. They know why gums tend to become soft and tender—and often warn of their weakness with a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush!

Don't Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"!

If you see "pink" on your tooth brush, *see your dentist!* He may say your gums have become sensitive because of today's soft, creamy foods, and like many dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is designed not only to clean teeth but, with massage, to aid the gums. Whenever you clean your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. Circulation increases in the gums—aiding them to healthier firmness. Let Ipana and massage help brighten your smile.

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Brenda—Will You Step Out With Me Tonight?

I know I've been an awful grouch not taking you any place lately. But after standing all day at my new job, my feet darn near killed me with callouses and burning. Now I've reformed—or rather my feet have—thanks to the Ice-Mint you advised. Never tried anything that seemed to draw the pain and fire right out so fast—and the way it helps soften callouses is nobody's business! Been able to get some extra overtime money—so what do you say, let's go dancing tonight. You can step on my Ice-Mint feet all you want.

Longer Letters More Often Flow from the Conklin

Many a fighting lad is making home-folks happy these days because with his *Conklin* he can write anywhere, anytime, so easily and quickly. Make your own writing great fun. Get a *Conklin* today. Priced amazingly low for big-name dependability.

Conklin The Pen with the "Cushion" Point

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LEE WAGNER, CIRCULATION MANAGER

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NO OTHER PIPE LIKE AMERICA'S

Pre-Smoked PIPE

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DR. GRABOW
THE *Pre-Smoked* PIPE

FOR VICTORY BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Serving With MEN AT WAR On All Fighting Fronts

Whether it's bombers or pipes, our fighting men deserve the FINEST. We are doing our level best to supply them with their favorite, DR. GRABOW *Pre-Smoked* Pipes, the only pipes mechanically *Pre-Smoked* with fine tobacco on Linkman's exclusive pipe smoking machine. To supply *them* may deprive you at times . . . but we are sure you will understand.

DR. GRABOW *Pre-Smoked* DE LUXE . $1.50
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NO BITE • NO BITTER TASTE
NO BREAKING IN

Fashioned by M. LINKMAN & CO., Chicago, Ill.

★ The $5 **Hollycourt** Pipe (with Patented Groove) Has Gone To War ★

VOX POP

"The Voice of the People"

EDUCATION FOR YOUTH

BUFFALO, N. Y.—The marvelous poster accompanying Dr. Benes' article Russia and the Postwar World (August 21 Liberty) should be (among many, many places) in every schoolroom in the country! It will be needed for many months and perhaps for several years to come, particularly when the time comes to arrange the peace terms and the postwar world.—*Herbert T. Kenyen.*

THAT'S THE SPIRIT

MIAMI, FLA.—My job brings me in daily contact with officials and employees of firms in this country, and from this contact I observe that the American people are helping to win this war by doing things they hate to do. Mothers, wives, and thousands of other American women hate to leave their homes to work in shops, factories, and in other forms of manual labor, but they are doing it willingly.—*George R. Hilty.*

THAT CAUSES JUNE WEDDINGS

MANCHESTER, N. H.—Please tell the writer of Who's Smarter—You or the Kids? (July 17 Liberty) that my five-year-old daughter recites Locksley Hall this way:

"In the spring a young man's fancy *lightly* turns to thoughts of love."

Even if you didn't use the word

lightly in your magazine, most women would agree that it belonged there.—*Mrs. M.*

Tennyson, who wrote the poem, thought so, too.

FOUR-STAR FINAL

CHICAGO, ILL.—Have just finished reading the condensation of Anne Colver's Mr. Lincoln's Wife (August 21 Liberty), and believe me when I say that behind every great man you will find a great little woman. Four stars to Anne Colver and an orchid to Mary Lincoln.—*Alice Feburary.*

WE'LL DASH TO OBLIGE

BAMBERG, S. C.—I would like you to give us the life history of the dashing new French star, Pierre Aumont. I think I not only speak for myself but for thousands of other movie fans. Liberty has been my favorite magazine for quite a while and I've always found it very enjoyable.—*Betty Ann Zeigler.*

BABS LIKES TO SEE STARS

DIGHTON, KAN.—Liberty's article on that exquisite creature Joan Fontaine (August 14 Liberty) gave me a new slant on her, and I'm sure it helped other people to realize what she is like.

By the way, why don't you have a colored picture of a star every week?—*Barbara Caldwell.*

ACTION ON THE HOME FRONT

WEST ALEXANDRIA, OHIO—We have sent the cream of our manhood to fight to save our glorious country. Let us at home keep it glorious by taking care of the young people.

If every good citizen too old to help

end the turmoil "over there" would take an interest in a few of these boys and girls and start them hiking, camping, or playing some musical instruments when not busy with essential work, we'd do a good deal toward making a cleaner and happier nation, the kind of country our men will want to find when they return after the war.—*Priscilla Roesel.*

THE RELOCATION QUESTION

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I'd like to express my appreciation of the excellent articles which you have published lately on the Japanese-Americans. I thought the one on the Japanese relocation center a very valuable contribution to the real aims of the war, and the second article by the Japanese lady a thing which needed doing very much.

Thanks again for these intelligent, thoughtful articles which should help toward a lasting, worth-while peace.—*Wenzell Brown.*

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—I cannot imagine how you could publish that impudent piece of Japanese propaganda by Mary Oyama. (August 14 Liberty.)

Certainly copies should be sent to all Jap concentration camps in the Philippines, Java, Burma, Japan, and wherever those lovable little people hold our soldiers, sailors, marines, and civilians.

Of course, those who have already died of malnutrition, disease, and murder will not be able to enjoy it.

Nisei or Issei, the Jap is not to be trusted.—*M. W. Barker.*

AN OSCAR FOR PAUL

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—I think Paul Hunter's editorials are wonderful. They show the real spirit of a true American.

Please Say It, Harry (August 21 Lib-

erty) was a swell story and I would like to see more of its type.

In my opinion, Liberty is the best weekly on the stands.—*J. A. Davis.*

THE LONE RANGER RIDES

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—I would like you to publish this letter to Sergeant Lewis C. Owen, in reply to his letter (August 14 Vox Pop).

Look, Doghead, I've been fighting Japs for a year or more, so we have one thing in common, but that's about all.

I will meet you in El Paso or Harlan County. You name it, but don't start picking on our swell people. And don't forget your date. I'll be waiting.—*Aviation Machinist Mate 1/c Carl T. Triolo, a Texan from El Paso.*

NOTORIETY OR FAME?

HARTFORD, CONN.—The main reason why I prefer fiction to articles is that the latter do not always ring true. I refer particularly to Gretta Palmer's Race Suicide Strikes America (August 28 Liberty), which says in part: "Such men [the Franklin Roosevelts and the Joseph P. Kennedys] did not need to sacrifice parenthood in order to rise in

the world. . . . They could afford the luxury of many children." Now, we all know that the average rich American does not have a big family. In fact, Joseph P. Kennedy said, in effect, some time ago, "I have gained some notoriety —not as ambassador to England, *but as the father of nine children.*"—*Mary A. McCarthy.*

Times like these teach us a new gratitude for the simple things in life. A quiet evening of rest, a friendly game with a next door neighbor, good talk, good refreshment, these make a welcome interlude of sanity in a seething world. For millions of Americans that interlude becomes calmer, happier, more content with a glass of friendly SCHLITZ... brewed with just the *kiss* of the hops, none of the bitterness.

Reflection of No bitterness

Just the KISS of the hops...

Schlitz

—all of the delicate hop flavor—none of the bitterness. Once you taste America's most distinguished beer you'll never go back to a bitter brew. You'll always want that famous flavor found only in Schlitz.

In 12-oz. bottles and Quart Guest Bottles. On tap, too!

Copyright 1943, Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

The young pilot who's planning to head a huge bomber over Berlin learns what it feels like to be in the driver's seat by handling the Army's AT-10.

Postwar Preview

Among the experts qualified to predict about postwar airplanes is the administrator of Civil Aeronautics, Charles I. Stanton, and Mr. Stanton believes private flying is going to be the great American pastime after the war.

There will be three types of privately owned airplanes, he says. One will be the greatly improved models of civil aircraft now being flown, ranging in price from $1,000 to $15,000, and built to please the most sporty pilot.

The second will be the "armchair" plane for the family trade. It will not stall or spin, and will have every known safety gadget. It will have a tricycle landing gear for safe and easy landings and take-offs. It will be as simple to run as an automobile. It will be both single- and twin-engined, and will have from two to four seats. Minimum price for this type: $1,200.

Stanton lists the third type as the helicopter, the ability of which to go straight up and come straight down under full control will make it desirable as an aerial taxicab for short hops.

High Speeds

Several months ago a pilot claimed to have traveled faster than the speed of sound, which means he would have had to travel faster than 764 miles per hour at sea level. Such an achievement is considered very unlikely by aeronautical scientists, however, for the pilot could not have had any real means of knowing how fast he was going. Plane speeds of 600 miles per hour can be reckoned with some degree of accuracy, but above that speed are barriers which science has not yet overcome.

Even so, most people probably don't realize how close the speed of an airplane has come to approaching the speed of sound. Another hundred miles an hour, and the goal will have been reached, but there are many scientists who doubt that an airplane can surpass the 764-mile-per-hour speed of sound. Louis S. Wait, pilot in charge of engineering flight tests for North American Aviation, Inc., writing in Air Trails magazine, says the reason for this is because the speed is representative of the velocity of pressure waves. Higher and higher pressure builds up in front of the airplane until the airplane and the pressure reach a state of equilibrium. Beyond that point the airplane cannot go. But airplane designers *do* hope to approach the speed of sound closely. Incidentally, at 50,000 feet altitude the speed of sound is only 664 miles per hour, if you happen to be up there wanting to hear a sound.

Winged Logs

One of southern California's aircraft plants almost literally rolls logs in one end of the factory and rolls out completed airplanes at the other. With the exception of the motor, landing gear, and a few metal fittings, the N2T-1 Navy trainer, built by Timm Aircraft Corporation at Van Nuys, California, is built entirely of plastic-bonded plywood.

Even the plastic material which permanently bonds the plywood laminations together has its source in the forest. The component formaldehyde is made from wood cellulose which has been converted into wood alcohol, while nature turns wood into coal which produces coal tar from which phenol is derived. This phenol, when cooked with formaldehyde, becomes the chemical resin or plastic which is not unlike the original resin of the natural wood. Timm is one of the pioneers of the so-called "plastic" airplane, which is really an airplane made of plywood laminations.

Peacetime Headache

The problem of what to do with our aircraft production plants after military contracts cease is the great puzzle of the century. One expert recently estimated that to carry all the non-steerage passengers crossing the oceans throughout the world, plus all the passengers now riding in Pullmans, plus all the first-class and foreign mail of the United States, plus about 25 per cent of express matter normally carried by express companies, as well as the normal air-carrier traffic, would require a fleet of aircraft which would be equal to about one month's output of our wartime multi-engined aircraft at the 1943-44 rate of production. What's your answer to this transportation headache?

Multi-Engine Training

Chances are you haven't heard of Globe Aircraft Corporation, but it's worth hearing about now because it is a sturdy entrant into the postwar private-flying field when war contracts cease. A Fort Worth, Texas, firm, organized and financed by Texans, Globe is building a twin-engined AT-10 advanced trainer for the Army. It's the last training step a pilot takes before zooming off in a regular bomber.

The AT-10 gives the fledgling pilot his first "feel" of a multi-engined airplane. He has two engines to handle, his instrument board is complete, and he has just about everything to contend with except the size and speed of the big bombers.

Before the war, Globe was just getting started in the private-plane market with an eighty-horsepower ship called the Swift. A group of Fort Worth business men, headed by John Kennedy, believe there will be an ever expanding market after the war, so when the Axis is defeated Globe will start building quantities of its 130-miles-per-hour model for the private owner.

SICILIAN TASK FORCE

By Lieutenant (j. g.) Earl Burton

Plant your feet on the deck of a U. S. warship and watch the greatest amphibious assault of the war—from North African idea to Sicilian fact.

INDUSTRY'S CINDERELLA

By Edith M. Stern

Dealing in scrap is at once precarious, profitable, and suddenly—dignified. The story of a business that has become the belle of the industrial ball.

THE STAR OF SARUNAGI

By Jacland Marmur

An ace teller of sea tales brings you the story of nineteen men and a girl pitted against a Jap destroyer.

CAN WE EASE UP AFTER HITLER'S DEFEAT?

By Sidney Shalett

There's plenty of unofficial thinking about the possibility of Germany's cracking well ahead of Japan. What will it mean to you if it happens?

THEY ALL ASK DOGAN

By Francis Chase, Jr.

Because he knows *all* the answers, this forty-three-year-old Negro is worth his weight in automobile tires to information-hungry Washington.

INSIDE STORY

By Faith Baldwin

Two-Gun Wesley was a movie star, and lots of girls loved him, but one of them made up her mind to do something about it—with completely unexpected results.

WAITING FOR THE GENERAL

By Erika Mann

An on-the-spot interview in Cairo with Major General Lewis H. Brereton, Commanding General of the U. S. Army Forces in the Middle East. Liberty's correspondent found the general outspoken—to say the least.

LOVE AT FIRST FLIGHT

By Charles Spalding and Otis Carney

Liberty's Book Condensation. The life and hard times of Lester Dowd, naval air cadet, makes uproarious reading. *You* might call this the Navy's answer to Private Hargrove—but the critics just call it the funniest book of the year.

MANY MEN IN WHOSE
MODEST HOMES THERE USED TO BE A
MITE OF IDLE SPACE NOW
MAKE A POINT OF RENTING ONE OR
MAYBE TWO ROOMS TO
MORE-THAN-VITAL WAR WORKERS. IN
MANY TOWNS THIS HELPS EASE A
MIGHTY TOUGH HOUSING PROBLEM.
MAYBE YOU HAVE A ROOM THAT YOU
MIGHT RENT! IF SO, DO SO!

The best of 'em is

M&M

MATTINGLY & MOORE BLENDED WHISKEY

80 proof—72½% grain neutral spirits.
Frankfort Distilleries, Inc.,
Louisville & Baltimore.

An Explanation to our Friends.

If your bar or package store is out of M & M, there is a very good reason. You see, we haven't made a drop of whiskey since the fall of 1942. During these many months our distilleries have been devoted 100% to the production of alcohol for explosives, rubber, and other vital war products.

116,170 "Ideas *for* Victory"

FROM G.M. WAR WORKERS

. . . and General Motors Is Rewarding That Spirit at the Rate of a Million Dollars a Year

In all of its 112 plants in 50 cities of the United States and Canada, General Motors encourages employe suggestions for aiding war production, through a carefully planned system of awards. General Motors has always welcomed suggestions from employes. In fact, there have been similar suggestion plans in various G.M. plants for years, and it was thought that an expansion of these plans in these times would increase war production efficiency.

As a result, G.M. workers have to date contributed 116,170 written ideas. Yes, *written* ideas. Many of them good ideas, "Victory Ideas." Nearly 20,000 of them have been winning ideas and have been put into operation. For the open mind policy of General Motors accords a fair test to every suggestion.

Eight thousand four hundred ideas were submitted the very first month. They are now coming in at a monthly rate of better than 10,000, or a yearly rate of one idea for every three workers.

Thus, the individual war workers of General Motors are being given full opportunity to add their bit to the continuing contributions of management, supervision and engineering, in those activities which deal with increasing production, saving materials, lowering costs and promoting plant safety.

Helping Those Who Help America

In the first 15 months' operation of its plan to reward workers for ideas that assist our war effort, General Motors paid out $660,895 in War Bonds and Stamps. And today the awards are being made at the rate of better than a *million dollars* a year.

General Motors considers that money well spent. It is a merited reward to those who help America. It is a proper incentive for individual initiative. It is one form of appreciation to those who *think* as they work—who are not content merely to perform the requirements of their jobs.

Something Better, Faster

Americans are always interested in finding ways to do things better and faster.

This American spirit among General Motors men and women—now also increased by the desire to help win Victory and to back the men at the war fronts—accounts for their inspiring performance.

There must be a great inward satisfaction for all who have submitted suggestions, in the realization that they have made some effort out of the ordinary to help win the war.

They can say of themselves, as General Motors says—"Victory Is Our Business!"

SOME FACTS REGARDING G.M. EMPLOYE AWARDS

Total suggestions to date	116,170
Present monthly rate of suggestions	10,021
Suggestions put into effect	19,995
Amount in awards to date (purchase price of War Bonds and Stamps)	$660,895
Present yearly rate of awards	$1,087,440
Maximum award (War Bond, face value)	$1,000

The character of the suggestions accepted is indicated by the following proportions of amounts paid in awards:

War production ideas—to increase production, save materials or reduce costs	66.9%
Ideas to increase safety	21.6%
Miscellaneous ideas	11.5%

Details of the General Motors plan to encourage employe suggestions will gladly be sent to interested individuals or companies.

We All Can Help!
BUY MORE WAR BONDS!

GENERAL MOTORS

"Victory is Our Business!"

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

EVERYTHING FROM NOW ON IS PAIN

Read it and weep—your tax bill for 1944. A top-notch financial reporter sizes up what you will pay, how you will pay, and why

BY SYLVIA F. PORTER

MORE income taxes, higher levies on virtually every non-essential purchase from chewing gum to jewelry, even forced lending—there's your tax outlook for 1944. Surely it's an awful prospect! But, to put it in the blunt, accurate words of one congressman:

"The painless taxes are exhausted. Everything from now on is pain."

Are you one of the 40,000,000 whose salary is in the federal income-tax range? If so, shudder, read on, and steel yourself now for the shock you'll get sometime after January 1, when your boss will cut a few more dollars off your pay check. It won't be his doing, of course, and it will be entirely according to legal specifications, but that won't make the balance-after-deductions look any bigger to us.

Do you smoke? Cigarettes, cigars, or a pipe? If so, get set for another rise in your personal cost of living, for the tax on tobacco is slated to go up soon. Do you like a highball or a glass of beer now and then? If so, resign yourself now to paying even higher prices for the luxury of a nice glow. Congress must find those billions the Treasury begs for war purposes somehow, somewhere.

Do you need to travel by train or plane frequently? On business, or to visit your young son in camp or your youngest daughter in a war plant? If so, be prepared for a jump in this expense too. Transportation is on that list of items scheduled for Congress' adding machine.

Or do you yield to the temptation every few weeks to put through a long-distance telephone call to some one near and dear, or to telegraph your family's homesick soldier? Then look for a much higher federal tax on telephone and telegraph charges.

And expect to pay a quarter more here, a half dollar more there when you treat yourself to a real luxury or go out for an evening's frolic. If Congress can't push through a general sales tax, it will fall back on selective "nuisance" taxes, or a "spending" tax, or a "purchase" tax, or something similar.

And perhaps you'd be wise to think about a compulsory lending law as well. Secretary Morgenthau is one of the few topnotchers left in Washington still opposed to the idea of forcing us by legislation to buy a specific percentage of War Bonds every week or to pay a certain amount in taxes to be refunded when peace comes. But the Treasury chief may be jostled out of his position if the long-smoldering fight between Congress and the administration on this delicate question of compulsory versus voluntary lending comes into the open. The experts actually figure that some form of compulsory lending law has a better-than-even chance.

All of which means they're at it again—those experts of ours in Congress and the Treasury Department whose nasty task it is to decide how you and I and corporation executives and every other possible source are to hand over more than $45,000,000,000 in tax contributions to Secretary Morgenthau during the next

(*Continued on page 68*)

SEED OF VICTORY

The hero of Black Plague comes through again with a bang-up job against home-front hoodlums. Two men and a girl in a fast-paced exciting tale

BY HUGH PENTECOST

ILLUSTRATED BY AL SCHMIDT

THE room was about twenty-two feet long and I think I covered it in two strides when the phone rang. It was midnight now and I'd been waiting since just after dinner. It wasn't Max. I felt a roller-coaster feeling in the pit of my stomach.

"No word?" Lee Ames asked me over the phone.

"Stop trying to scare me to death, will you?" I said. "After all, he's thirty-one years old and he knows what time it is and he's been around." I knew I was trying to convince myself more than I was Lee.

"I'm coming up and have a drink with you, Rod," she said, "and pour it double."

"I've got work to do," I said. It was only half a lie. I had the work to do, but I knew and she knew I wasn't going to touch it until Max turned up or I heard from him.

It wasn't unlike Max to go on a tear now and then. Ever since Pearl Harbor, when he had headed straight for a recruiting station and been turned down because the big shots decided he was more valuable where he was, he'd gone on periodic benders. Max is six feet tall, golden, tailored, strictly with glamour. He was beginning to look odd out of service, and it burned him up. But no matter how big the bender, he always kept me posted as to his whereabouts, and if he said he would be somewhere at a certain time he was always there, or would let me know that he wouldn't be. It had to be that way or I would have gone quietly nuts in our business. I was going quietly nuts now.

Lee Ames knocked on the door and I let her into our suite, a suite that looked like a hundred other suites in a hundred other hotels Max and I had stayed in for the last two years.

"Hello, Rod," Lee said.

It had been two weeks since I'd seen her. Max and I had met her then in Oakside, where Max had blown the black-market situation wide open. Lee had helped us and, like almost every other girl who came into contact with him, she had fallen for Max. But there was something different about Lee. She wasn't just a celebrity hunter. She'd been through a tight squeeze with Max, had seen him in action. I guess she just knew that he was her guy, and also that it was pretty hopeless. Max liked her, I knew, but his life didn't have much place in it for romance and he'd shut the door tight on it.

Lee was dark. She was wearing the black linen suit with the wine-colored blouse she'd worn the day we met. She had the only really violet eyes I'd ever seen. They were shadowed now, and she turned them away from me after the greeting.

"Nothing?" she said.

"You just asked me that two minutes ago over the phone," I said.

"Two minutes can be a long time, Rod. Where's my drink?"

I poured some whisky from the bottle on the stained mahogany table in the center of the room, mixed it with some ice and water, and gave it to her. She took a sip from it and put it down.

"My little surprise backfired," she said.

"Max will be glad to see you," I said.

"I wonder."

"Of course he will. We've talked about you often since we left Oakside."

She looked straight at me. "Rod, what's happened to him?"

MY nerves blew up on me. "How the hell should I know?" I said angrily. Then I saw the contraction at the corners of her eyes and wanted to kick myself. "I'm sorry, Lee. I've got the jumps . . . bad!"

"It's all right, Rod." She lit a cigarette, her fingers none too steady. "Why don't we forget about that guy and let him paddle his own canoe?"

"O. K.," I said

We both laughed. You didn't forget about Max Chandler once you were hooked with him. Sardonic, tight-lipped, with blue eyes that could be as cold as cut gems, he gave the appearance of a very tough, very hard guy. But underneath he was as sentimental as my Aunt Martha. Max had made his reputation as a foreign correspondent for World Wide Broadcasting at the time of the blitz in Poland. He'd followed Hitler's invasion forces until there was no longer any place left in Europe from which the truth could be broadcast.

World Wide brought him back here and gave him a regular program. That's when I joined up with him as a sort of watchdog, legal adviser specializing in libel, private photographer, private bartender. We stumped the country trying to wake up the American people to the danger that lay ahead. They called Max's program The People's Voice. Since we got into the war his job has been to fight the enemy here at home: the grafters, the racketeers, the plunderers. He gives no quarter, and for that reason he is never safe, because he takes all kinds of insane risks in digging up evidence. That's why a four-hour gap with no word from him made the cold sweat run down my back.

Lee and I both yanked ourselves back from thinking about Max and tried to make conversation. She'd turned up in Marchmont unexpectedly that evening and called Max. She didn't make any bones about having made the trip to see him.

"When are you going back to Oakside?" I asked her.

"Maybe I'm not going back."

"Oh." I couldn't think of anything else to say.

"Listen, Rod. You're the only person in the world who really knows how things are with me."

"About Max?"

"Yes," she said. A faint color came into her cheeks, but she had a kind of proud look in spite of it. "I'm going to try to chisel you out of part of your job, Rod. I'm going to try to get Max to take me on as

(*Continued on page 47*)

. by heaven, Chandler, I'll you from hell to breakfast!"

GENERAL DOUGLAS MacARTHUR

WITHIN three months after Pearl Harbor General Douglas MacArthur had become an American legend.

Through some of the darkest days in the nation's history his inspiring words and leadership, together with the unflinching valor of the men under his Philippine command, had symbolized our determination to crush the invader.

The man who said, "I came through and I shall return," when he arrived in Australia following a hairbreadth escape from Bataan with his wife and young son, was born in Arkansas January 26, 1880, and was graduated from the U. S. Military Academy in 1903.

MacArthur saw plenty of action in World War I, emerging as commander of the memorable Rainbow Division after having been wounded twice. He had participated in action at Luneville, Baccarat, and Esperance-Souain, the Champagne-Marne and Aisne-Marne defensives, also at the St. Mihiel, Essey, Pannes, Meuse-Argonne, and Sedan offensives.

Thereafter he became, among other things, Superintendent of the U. S. Military Academy, Chief of Staff of the U. S. Army, and Director of Organization of National Defense, Commonwealth Government of the Philippines. He retired in 1937, but returned to active service in 1941 as Commander of the U. S. forces in the Far East.

General MacArthur holds the Congressional Medal of Honor, the Distinguished Service Cross with oak leaf cluster, the Distinguished Service Medal with oak leaf cluster, Purple Heart with oak leaf cluster, and Silver Star with six oak leaf clusters.

Included among his decorations are awards from France, Belgium, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Italy, Yugoslavia, Rumania, Poland, and Mexico.

The three months of fierce fighting he had generaled in the Philippines were followed by the now famous promise:

"The President of the United States has ordered me to break through the Japanese lines and proceed from Corregidor to Australia for the purpose, as I understand it, of organizing the American offensive against Japan. A primary purpose of this is relief of the Philippines. I came through and I shall return."

To that is added a typically pithy MacArthur guaranty:

"In any event I shall do my best. I shall keep the soldier's faith."

Barclay, in Australia, at work on his portrait of General MacArthur.

FAREWELL TO A GOOD SAILOR

"MY duty has been all I could hope for. I have only missed one thing—action! After all, that's what I am here for."

Within a few weeks after expressing this wish in a letter to his brother, Lieutenant Commander McClelland Barclay, U. S. N. R., was listed as "missing" by the Navy. He was leaving New Georgia Island in a landing boat when it was sunk. Barclay was not among the survivors.

The fifty-year-old artist began his career as an advertising illustrator in 1912 and went on to become one of the most familiar names in American art. Probably best known to the public for his "Fisher Body Girl," he was least known for the work he loved and did best—marine painting.

He was born in St. Louis, was a good boxer and excellent swimmer. At prep school his reputation as a football player was such as to make him an eagerly sought prize by colleges all over the country. However, he preferred art studies, attending the Corcoran School of Art, the Art Students' League in New York, and the St. Louis School of Fine Arts.

Barclay's portrait of General MacArthur on the opposite page is one of a series he was doing for Liberty during such time as his Navy duties permitted. Others to appear shortly are of Generals Arnold, Doolittle, and Kenny. The New Georgia operation was to have been followed by a portrait of Admiral Halsey.

Lieutenant Commander Barclay's Naval Reserve commission was activated in January, 1941. Soon after he went on maneuvers in the Pacific, even qualifying as a deep-sea diver.

In World War I he held the title, Director of Camouflage in the Navy, his work in this field being credited with saving many Allied ships. His chief duty for the Navy in the present war was along similar lines.

Navy sentiment was crystallized recently by Admiral Chester W. Nimitz in a letter to the artist's family:

"All the officers of the Pacific who knew your brother, Lt. Commander McClelland Barclay, feel that the Navy has lost a fine officer and shipmate. His work as a Navy artist is a definite contribution to the nation's history."

Head slanted, bright-eyed, she obeyed Jack's instructions with the smooth precision of a seasoned trooper.

MINNIE LOVED A SAILOR

Talking dogs or performing horses weren't in it with Minnie, the educated prize chicken. Like all prizes, she was hard to get and harder still to lose

BY OLGA L. ROSMANITH

ILLUSTRATED BY O. F. SCHMIDT

MRS. POPOLO was a placid body, but she got properly steamed up about the torpedoed British sailor.

All alone he was, poor little guy, outside the ramshackle cottage next door, soaking in the twenty-two-carat Florida sunshine. He sat in a deck chair almost all day with his hands folded on the hollow that used to be his stomach.

Mr. Popolo said leave him bask; he needs just that after an open boat on the Atlantic for three weeks of December. But Mrs. Popolo thought it wasn't natural. He might be dying and no one paying any attention. She would watch him for half an hour and he wouldn't move. He was practically in a coma.

Mr. Popolo got the gossip from the grocery store. It seemed this sailor was just an eccentric guy that liked to be alone while he got the meat back on his bones.

His thirteen fellow survivors were living high at the big house with their host. That was as high as their shrunken stomachs would permit. It was gruesome what they had gone through.

"So leave him bask and let him revive in his own time," said the practical Mr. Popolo.

Mrs. Popolo tried to obey, but what good was it? She could see him every

time she pegged something on the line, or went to get the eggs out of the nests, or scattered the grain for the chickens.

Mr. Popolo got on his bicycle to wobble down to Heron Creek. He said he had to order the feed, but Mrs. Popolo anticipated the sweet calm of an evening's peace, since the President's visit to Casablanca would draw half of Heron Creek to wag their chins in the grocery.

She picked the two biggest eggs and took them over to the human monument. "An egg is nothing, I know," she said, "but an egg warm from the nest is something else again."

The sailor jumped like a gun went off, swung his bare feet off the packing case and stood like his visitor was an admiral. He saw Mrs. Popolo's dimpled face over the shelf of her flower-sprigged bosom and he looked at the eggs in her hands. One was a peach-bloom brown, the other was a radiant white.

"W'y, thank ye, ma'am. Thank ye kindly. That's a month's ration at home, and blimey—one of 'em's a brown one.

MRS. POPOLO sat on the packing case so that the gaunt young bag of bones would sit down again. This curious preference for brown eggs seemed to be born in the British and it made a good starting point for a bit of womanlike inquiry.

She found he came from Wigan, Lancashire, where sunshine like this was but a dream, no one had ever seen an outdoor palm except in a picture, and warmth was a red coal fire behind bars in a kitchen. His name was Jack Whistler, he called his mom his ma, he talked like Gracie Fields, and he used picturesque expressions like "by goom," "strike me pink," and "crikey, you don't say."

His yen for the solitary cottage was no mystery to him. His ambition was a farm on solid ground some day, pigs and chickens walking the deck, his own tater patch, also peas, marrows, broad beans, and scarlet runners.

Mrs. Popolo played fair and let him find out a few things about her: that she cooked the best flapjacks from Maine to Key West, that a Greek name like Popolo could belong to an all-wool American, that fried chicken was better than roast chicken and that she was the one to prove it.

She pushed herself through the wire fence before Mr. Popolo wheeled his laden bicycle round the bend. She liked to give her news in her own good time, not in the heat of an argument.

The Popolos had a boy in the Army who wrote from some outlandish place way up in the North of Ireland. He said he missed his mom, his girl, fried chicken and chocolate cake, but was otherwise as cocky as a sparrow. And here was Jack Whistler with his ribs sticking through his shirt, right here within hailing distance.

What if she didn't feed him up and his poor ma in Wigan got to know about it? What if her own boy ever lay within view of some well fed housewife with his ribs marked so clear you could count them?

She couldn't take an egg to him every day. Mr. Popolo wasn't mean, but he called himself a practical fellow. He would get mad with the hens and leave the light in the pens all night to kid them it was daylight. If she told him, he would say, "Why don't he go to the big house and live the life of Riley with the others? Let *them* stand an egg every day for him."

It took another poet like Mrs. Popolo to understand the satisfaction of make-believe. Didn't she come back from her weekly movie, kiss Mr. Popolo hello with her eyes shut, and so kiss in turn Robert Taylor, Walter Pidgeon, Ronald Colman, and only Mr. Popolo himself if it were Bob Hope or some similar tough one?

If not the eggs, what? She looked over the hens. Not one of those good layers and certainly not one of the broilers. Mr. Popolo would never consent, and would make an uproar which could be heard in Palm Beach if so happened he missed one. Not a darky in miles dared to smoozle a Popolo chicken.

There were about a dozen plucked-looking half-grown pullets. He wouldn't miss one of those. He would of course see it fattening up in Whistler's yard, but she could get away with it if she caught the least likely one.

After a flurry of squawking and flapping, she had it tucked under her arm in the reassuring way which deceived even the most suspicious of the tribe, and walked round the lane instead of pushing through the wires with the victim.

YOUNG Whistler showed such pleasure over the unattractive little runt that Mrs. Popolo was ashamed that she had chosen the scrawniest one.

"Coo!" he exclaimed. "She don't half look a knowing little nipper!"

"She needs a few weeks' fattening up, Jack. After that she'll be as good as any o' them."

"Aye, I can see that." He took the pullet into his hands and fell at once into the right way of handling it. Mrs. Popolo began to apologize for its skinny condition. Now she wanted to take it back and bring a bigger one. But Jack refused to part with his first living contact with a farm.

"Where's the sport in feeding the fat? Give me the castaways and the hungry."

"I brought some feed for her, Jack. She'll pick up her own gravel. Give her the scraps, too, from the table."

Jack laughed at that. He ate from the fancy icebox when his stomach reminded him, but he ate in the precious sunlight with his feet on the packing case. He kept the loaned cottage shipshape, but he never annoyed himself setting a table.

However, the chick soon learned to gather round when Jack was eating a sandwich or picking a bone. She had a forlorn whimsical face worn on one side. She had personality and he called her Minnie.

A couple of weeks after Mr. Popolo's personal hurricane had blown over, Mrs. Popolo dared to call attention to the strange ways of the British sailor. She had noted what seemed to be a ginger kitten taking the sun on his lap, but on taking a closer look it had proved to be Minnie. "First time I ever saw a guy nurse a pullet in all my born days," she said.

MR. POPOLO was merely bored. But the day he saw Jack put his head out the cottage door, cackle like a hen, and fetch Minnie flapping and running, he was enough startled to take real notice. He walked to the wire fence to take a good look, and he saw something else that had a personal application.

"Little Jack Tar's been kidding you he don't know nothing about poultry. Look for yourself. That little runt is twice the size of the rest of the sitting. Go and get a line on his method o' rearing her."

Mrs. Popolo sang "I'm dreaming of a white Christmas" with her mouth full of pins while she pegged out the laundry. She would have gone in person to the Florida Chamber of Commerce if a white Christmas had ever chilled her golden days. She was singing because she was happy. She was happy because she could now squeeze through the fence and help the British sailor live his life any time she wanted. No watching the road to dash back the moment Mr. Popolo's bike wobbled round the bend.

Minnie was as cute as a friendly kitten, but not as cunning as a fox. She let Mrs. Popolo's expert hands assess her weight in white meat without the quiver of her instinct of self-preservation. Mrs. Popolo was amazed by her solid weight and potential succulence.

"Well, Jack, you sure know how to raise a chicken."

"Beginner's luck, ma'am. I feed her whatever's going. It just happens she likes the same things I do."

"Such as?"

"Tinned salmon, sardines, bananas, avocados, grapefruit, cabbage, corned-beef hash, hard-boiled eggs, bread and jam, tea, beer, and when I'm in the mood to cook and stand meself a treat, fried fish and chip potaters."

He indicated a greasy newspaper from which Minnie was just gleaning the last luscious particles.

"Eating from a newspaper! My dear lad, you must come and eat with us. I don't blame you trying to skip the dirty dishes."

Jack Whistler laughed. "Fish and chips in a paper is a treat in these

(*Continued on page 61*)

ZIP-BOOM WARFARE

FOR the last several months American soldiers have been pounding the enemy with a new and devastating weapon. Its projectiles are not propelled by an explosion in the gun, but fly to the target under their own power. The Axis has nothing to match it. Even if the enemy should capture the weapon intact, it would take him at least a twelvemonth to copy it.

This extraordinary weapon, christened "the bazooka" by the doughboys, is the U. S. rocket gun M-1. Combining the sock of a battery of 75s with no more than the weight of two rifles, the bazooka fires explosive rockets.

Although its range and its accuracy are limited, the bazooka can be fired much more rapidly than other cannon and, over short distances, lays down an unequaled barrage against tanks and on pillbox strong points. And it is light enough to be carried anywhere a soldier can crawl and needs only a man's shoulder as its support in action.

The bazooka is one of the latest and most important steps toward a truly advanced stage of warfare—gunless artillery. In the usual gun, the barrel serves both to aim the projectile and to give it the push, from a separate propelling charge, that sends it on its way. In the bazooka, the rocket itself gives the push. Some day it will be made to do the aiming, too, and then there will be no need of a gun barrel. If wars are still being fought, artillery forces will go to battle armed with almost nothing but ammunition.

During the past five years England and the Soviet Union and, to a lesser extent, Germany have also turned to the rocket. Their efforts have produced nearly a dozen rocket weapons of other types which are already in service. Among them are armor-piercing bombs, lightweight aircraft cannon, a device which snares low-flying air raiders with trailing steel cables, and several multi-barreled "cluster" guns. Most of them were developed by Britain or the U. S. S. R.

The projectiles discharged by the bazooka and its cousins are powered with special slow-burning "lazy explosives"—either gunpowder low in saltpeter or a modern explosive toned down with sugar or starch. These burn for two or three seconds, maintaining their propulsive effect through the first half of the rocket's flight and making the sound of it a comparatively quiet *whoosh* instead of the loud bang of other guns.

Most of the rocket cannon now in use have a maximum reach of about two miles. Their range could be added to quite readily—in fact, the German Army has a rocket mortar whose lethal six-inch-thick fifty-pound packages fly three and a half miles—but, for two reasons, it would not pay. First, the increased load of fuel would reduce the rocket's cargo of TNT. And, second, the rocket thus far is not nearly so accurate as regular artillery.

Although it is the latest addition to the equipment of the World War II army, the rocket is a hundred years older than the gun. The bazooka family has not a few forebears. Among them, however, only the Congreve rocket, with which the British assailed Fort McHenry in Baltimore harbor in the War of 1812 and which Francis Scott Key referred to when he put "And the rockets' red glare" in The Star-Spangled Banner, was weapon enough to make more than the most fleeting impression on the history of war. The rest were quickly given up as bad jobs. The military rocket has only now come to stay.

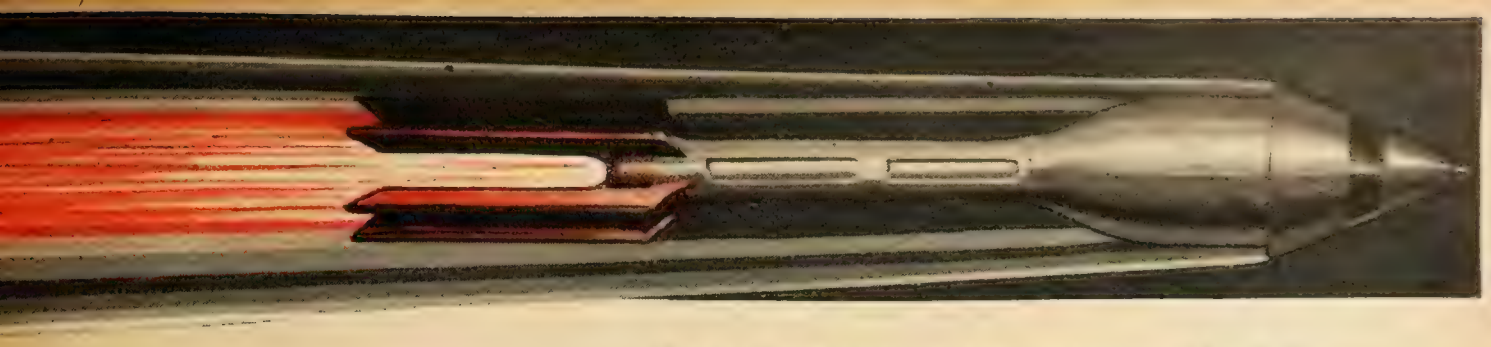
THE first of the new rocket arms made its debut two months after the fall of France. Late in August, 1940, as the Luftwaffe's attacks mounted toward the London blitz, residents of "Hell's Corner" on the Channel coast heard strange noises in the instants of quiet during air raids: the *whoosh* of the rocket, followed by a moan like a bridge cable's on a windy day. The sounds came from PAC, Parachute-and-Cable device.

PAC and a similar weapon used by the Russians are quite like the coastguard "gun" for shooting a line to a disabled ship. PAC consists of a rocket containing a parachute and a small charge of powder to open the chute, and a heavy steel wire which the rocket tows aloft. When the rocket—whose launching gear is not a gun but a track mounted on a portable trestle not quite as tall as a man—reaches the top of its rise, the chute unfolds and umbrella and wire float slowly back to earth. The wire is a propeller-snarling, wing-shearing obstacle which the air raider is likely to fail to see in time to turn aside from it. Pilots find it safer to keep entirely clear of wired areas. PAC is now to be found aboard merchant ships in convoy, on factory roofs, at airports, and wherever else quick protection from low-flying planes is required.

Besides single weapons like the bazooka and a new Soviet aircraft cannon, the rocket gun's lightness and simplicity have given birth to multiple cannon with as many as thirty barrels and fire power in proportion. One such is a twenty-barreled British cannon for shielding ships against dive-bomber assault by roofing them over with salvos of rockets, ten to each salvo. Another is the German rocket mortar previously mentioned, one of the Wehrmacht's leading siege weapons. The mortar has six barrels, arranged like the chamber of a revolver and fired in succession; it discharges sixty rockets a minute, double the explosive output of six standard mortars of the same caliber. Besides the fifty-pounder, there is a six-barreled German mortar which shoots 8.5-inch, 100-pound rockets.

During the defense of Stalingrad the Russians brought into play a weapon which is one step further along the same line—a self-propelled rocket mortar which is automatically loaded, speeding up its rate of fire still more. This is the famed "Katusha," whose six barrels and loading equipment are mounted on a truck and are kept under concealing canvas when not in use. The Soviets credit Katusha with the leading role among the arms that saved Stalingrad. German infantry were never able to make good their advances in the face of fire from a row of Katushas lined up wheel hub to wheel hub under the trees of the river bank opposite the Volga city.

A fourth multi-barreled rocket arm, reminiscent of the back of an angry porcupine standing on its hind legs, is a thirty-barreled Soviet contraption which is certain poison to tanks. Its barrels are arranged to rain high-velocity rockets over an area large enough to counter the tank's ability to dodge. The multiple barrels compensate for the rockets' inaccuracy. Even against a fairly fast-moving target, a weapon that



fires thirty shots at a time does not need precision of aim.

In the fall of 1941, at the climax of the final Nazi attempt to break through to Moscow, the Russians introduced an aerial bomb with a rocket contrivance in its tail. That "outboard rocket motor" served to increase the bomb's velocity, thereby making it more effective against tanks. The surprise Soviet weapon, which the Germans have since copied, played a stellar role in turning back Hitler's armored armies.

Bombs of orthodox construction are actually quite ineffective against most armored vehicles. Tanks are small targets which must be bombed from low altitudes, so low that ordinary bombs do not pick up enough speed to pierce any but the lightest. A 100-pound bomb dropped from a 200-mile-an-hour plane at a height of 1,000 feet, for example, is traveling only 375 feet a second when it finds its mark—less than a fifth as fast as an antitank shell. But with an auxiliary rocket in its tail, the same bomb, similarly dropped, will strike with twice that speed and with fourfold penetrating power. The rocket bomb is likelier to hit the target, too, because of its greater speed.

If the force of recoil can hurl a fifty-pound missile three and a half miles, there is no inherent reason why it cannot be made to drive a much larger object—large enough, say, to carry passengers—over much greater distances. Rockets, in other words, may some day drive airships, although this is a possibility which is still remote. The rocket, however, is already coming to the assistance of aviation in other ways.

Ever since the Wright brothers, aeronautical engineers have wrestled with the problem arising from the fact that planes need twice as much power to take off as to stay in the air. The most satisfactory solution is to equip planes with auxiliary rockets and thus give them additional power for starting. The Luftwaffe and the R. A. F. have such devices in use on a small scale.

Besides that, the Spitfire IX, the R. A. F.'s latest, and several other fighting craft pick up vital extra speed by a simple adaptation of the recoil principle. Exhaust gases leave these planes through exhausts shaped like rocket nozzles. In that way some of the power the gasoline engine wastes is put to use.

THE END

Rocket weapons are developing fast. Our first, the "bazooka," can be lugged by one man, yet it's a deadly tank-buster

BY LEONARD ENGEL

The new American weapon—the bazooka—is operated by two men. It can silence a pillbox or stop a German panzer dead in its tracks.

A steady stream of rockets from these guns was part of the barrage which drove von Paulus and his army into the ground at Stalingrad.

THE NEW ZIEGFELD

BY EARL WILSON

In Mike Todd's bright lexicon his cigar is a heater, he is a bum, and you are a sucker.

BREEZY, cigar-chewing Mike Todd is bringing Mae West's personality and anatomy back to Broadway. Young Mike, at thirty-five the most spectacularly successful theatrical producer in New York, thought it was only logical for him to do so. He has already decorated his productions with such torrid females as Gypsy Rose Lee and Georgia Sothern, the strip-teasers; and Ethel Merman, the hey-hey singer; so, says Mike, "Why not Mae West?"

But Mae will have to wait her turn. Mike is already quite busy cooking up two other fall shows, The Naked Genius, a comedy by Gypsy Rose Lee; and Mexican Hayride, a Cole Porter musical comedy. Miss West's opus, Catherine Was Great, will have to come some time after these shows are under way. That she should have to wait for him is indicative of his present importance. He is proprietor of the two current hits, Star and Garter and Something for the Boys, which gross up to $60,000 a week.

Todd's emergence as a whiz producer while so youthful is attributed by friends to his long-standing appreciation of himself as a genius. Others may have had faint doubts that he was a great man, but he knew it all along, and said so, often. When he was unknown he would stamp around the offices of acquaintances shouting, "I tell you, I'm a genius!" He would sometimes add that he was probably the greatest showman that had come along in fifty years. Today there are people who feel that's true. Mike no longer says it. "I'm just a lucky bum," he says now. "I'd rather be lucky than smart, because so many smart guys are broke."

Mike's admissions of genius might be thought a trifle forward in Minneapolis, where he was born, and in Chicago, where he grew up; but in New York the showman who doesn't break down and confess that he is very, very extraordinary is regarded as being victim of an unfortunate shyness. Mike has another quality that is a happy one according to Broadway standards: He has only scorn for the naïve idea that you must have money to get money. He has developed a remarkably simple technique to get backing for his theater projects. He merely convinces people who do have money that they should give some of it to him because he doesn't have any. When it is presented to them in that light, of course they can hardly refuse.

Todd, whose frankness inspires confidence, has such gifts of persua-

sion that he has used long unpaid employees to slink away in shame after they've been brazen enough to carp about overdue salaries. Indeed, toilers who have gone to him to complain about not being paid have remained to lend to him from their life savings. Once he approved a hard-up employee's twenty-seven-dollar expense account, then borrowed twenty-five of the sum, explaining he had to entertain some important people at the Stork Club. He silences most of his employees in such dark times with an appeal to their loyalty. One man who felt he should be paid for weeks at work got from Mike a look that was eloquent with injury. "What are you trying to do?" Todd asked the Judas. "Make me lose confidence in myself?"

Broadway is paved with gold, if you know the angles. Producer Mike Todd, who also knows his curves, is proving the old maxim

Now Todd is rewarding those who had faith in Todd. Since he was the most vehement of that loyal little group, he is also rewarding himself. Two years ago he was broke and getting "a fast brush" from his luckier contemporaries; today he is greeted in Lindy's and the Stork Club as the new Ziegfeld. He resides in kingly luxury in a Park Avenue penthouse and has a private wire to his commodious old-English wood-paneled offices in the Alvin Theatre Building. There he has a direct loud-speaker connection to the stage of the theater, so he can snap out orders to stage hands while at his desk.

His English is less than erudite, an understandable defect when you consider that Mike quit school in the sixth grade. He horrifies some of his finicky contemporaries in the supposedly cultured world of the theater by addressing them in a language that is a cross between that of a side-show talker, which he has been, and a horse player, which he still is. In normal conversation he refers to money as scratch, to himself as a bum, to his cigars as heaters, and to the customers as suckers. When an agent wants to put a girl in one of his shows, he asks, "Can she make with the voice and how's her kisser?" He squelches pests with "How d'ya want your No—fast or slow?" To Mike, $5,000 is "a lousy five Gs," and to him all women are "dames." This sort of talk goes pretty well with Mike's wide shoulders, slick black hair, square jaw, and swaggering handsomeness.

Although he's emphatically still alive, Mike is fast getting to be a Broadway legend. That's only typical of his haste in all things. He was a shill for a pitchman when he was nine; at fourteen he became the youngest pharmacist's assistant in Illinois; at sixteen he abandoned that career and started two others, becoming first a shoe salesman and then a promoter of Fire sales, Building Coming Down sales, and Positively Good-by Forever sales; at seventeen he founded a College of Bricklaying in a Chicago storeroom, although he had never been a bricklayer; at eighteen he confidently launched the Michael Todd Construction Co., builder of ready-cut homes; and when he rounded a ripe twenty-one, he became a millionaire on his ready-cut earnings, if you counted mortgages and promissory notes. At twenty-two, of course, he was broke again, his investments having turned out badly, so he returned to playing the horses, and went seriously into show business.

The self-assertiveness that he developed in fairs and carnivals is now one of his greatest charms. Todd is completely without respect for his elders. He has had many dealings with Lee Shubert, the somewhat crotchety producer. One day, during some heated bargaining, Shubert called Mike a chiseler.

"Listen to what's talking," snorted Todd. "I been called a chiseler by the best of them."

"Mike Todd," heatedly retorted Shubert, "I made you!"

"Another one!" barked Todd. "Beginning Monday morning we're going to have an I Made Mike Todd Society. You can be vice-president in charge of the pickpocket concession."

Despite such talk, Mike retained Shubert's friendship. He built some of his reputation for impertinence during the New York World's Fair. While everybody else was mistering the Fair president, Grover A. Whalen, Mike called him "Grove." Mike addressed the world-famous banker, Harvey D. Gibson, chairman of the Fair board, as "Harve."

On occasion, however, Mike can be humble. For example, the drama critics who mercilessly panned some of his earlier shows were surprised when he telephoned them. He merely wanted to thank them, he said, for pointing out what was wrong with the production, and he was changing it, in line with their criticisms. That was a fresh approach. Most producers ignore the critics who don't like their shows, write them angry letters, or threaten to punch them in the nose.

Todd's debut in the hitherto sacred haunts of the "theatah" was characteristically rash.

In the spring of 1942 Todd wasn't doing anything much. Suddenly Mayor LaGuardia clapped shut the Broadway burlesque houses, where it had been possible to view the comparatively undraped torsos of Miss Georgia Sothern, Miss Margie Hart, Miss Ann Corio, and others for forty cents. Todd, who'd always hankered to do a big girl show on Broadway,

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Gypsy Rose Lee contributed $25,000 and what you see here to Star and Garter.

FOOTBALL FORECAST FOR '43

EDITOR'S NOTE: This material was prepared well in advance of the season. It is possible some of Mr. Stern's forecasts may be upset by sudden shifting of military personnel, last-minute decisions by university authorities, and the like.

WE are going to have football this year. Certain schools have been forced to give up the game because they have Army trainees, and Army trainees are not allowed to participate. But other schools, with either Navy trainees or regular college students, will not only have good football teams but in some cases far better teams than they have ever had before.

Generally the two big changes this year are the allowing of freshmen to play varsity football, and the allowing of transfers to play—even if they formerly played on professional football teams. This means that some of the best professionals of years gone by will be playing college football this year.

In the East, Army, Navy, Dartmouth, Pennsylvania, Columbia, Colgate, and Princeton will be active contenders.

Dartmouth's football prospects are not nearly so promising as preseason dopesters have been announcing. There is, however, some good naval V-12 material available at Hanover. Dartmouth's chief headache is that several of the most promising V-12 naval trainees leave Dartmouth in about three weeks and will be available only for the first three games.

Pennsylvania figures to have one of the strongest teams in the East—handicapped mainly by inexperience. The backfield star at Pennsylvania should be Bob O'Dell, who is the brother of the Yale coach and, while only a fair punter or passer, is a fine ball carrier. Another boy to watch is Joe Kane, a veteran of two seasons.

To sum up Pennsylvania, I should say, as O'Dell goes, so goes Pennsylvania.

Yale has few stars but plenty of sparks. It is fortunate in having a Navy and Marine training school and from this will take most of its players. Watch for more deception this year and less power on the Yale team, for Coach Howie O'Dell is fitting his system to the material on hand. The star of the Yale backfield will be the Eli captain, Timmy Hoops, who will play one of the halfback positions. Wayne Johnson will play the other. Bob Pickett will be at full, and Blake Walker will be calling the signals. Johnson, incidentally, is a former member of the Harvard varsity team. He played against Yale last year, but this year he's a marine trainee assigned to the Yale campus. Yale's success will depend on how good a line the Elis are able to build up in front of an excellent backfield.

Cornell's 1943 football team will be composed chiefly of Navy and Marine Corps reservists, but Cornell figures to fall far short of Big Red team standards. However, Cornell has acquired one outstanding football player from the 1,660 Naval and Marine Corps reservists stationed at Ithaca. This player, Ralph Calcagni, strangely enough, would have been the tackle and captain of this year's Pennsylvania team had there been no war.

Princeton for a long time couldn't make up its mind whether it was going to play or not. It finally decided to, but from where we sit it looks likely to have a very mediocre season, with practically none of the varsity letter men returning.

Columbia, under Lou Little, has one of the stars of last year's team coming back. He is Otto Apel, who caught a sixty-five-yard forward pass on the last play of last year's Cornell game to defeat the Big Red 14 to 13.

Colgate, under Andy Kerr, has a good Navy group and should be a contender.

Pittsburgh, under Clark Shaughnessy, looks for a revival of big-time football. However, the Pittsburgh Panthers open up with Notre Dame for their first game of the season, and that is a severe test for a new team.

These appear to be the standout teams in the East, but there is one more I must mention—a little school named the University of Rochester which last year scored 256 points to its opponents' 6, and is coached by one of the craftiest men in the business, Dudley de Groot. The only six points scored against Rochester last year were scored by unbeaten Amherst, and this year Rochester is tackling Yale. So goes the East.

Next, let's look at the Southeast. The Southeastern Conference will have only five teams this fall: Georgia Tech, Georgia, Tulane, Louisiana State, and Alabama. All the others, including Tennessee, have dropped football for the duration.

Tulane and Georgia Tech are the only two with naval units and both should have good teams. This is particularly true of Georgia Tech, which figures to have one of its strongest teams in a long time. It has both its varsity quarterbacks, Al Faulmer and Jim Kuhn, returning. At fullback it will have Claude Harrison, who was on Vanderbilt's varsity team last year, and at tailback Eddie

The goal posts are still up and plenty will be going on between them. Liberty's sports wizard gets out on a limb and looks over the field

BY BILL STERN

NBC Director of Sports

Prokop, sensational forward passer of last year's Tech team.

Tulane also looks to be stronger than it was a year ago. Georgia, minus Frankie Sinkwich, doesn't figure to be a contender for national honors. Alabama is always dangerous. The fifth starting member of the Southeast Conference, Louisiana State, at this writing seems to be having tough sledding. Louisiana State's big problem is finding a line to go in front of several fast ball carriers.

Moving out of the Southeast, let's look at the Southwest. The championship Texas team of 1942 is now studying for war at Southwestern University at Georgetown, Texas. This will probably be the strongest team in the Southwest this coming season. Besides seven of Dana Bible's regulars from last year's championship University of Texas team, Southwestern has seven varsity men from last year's Baylor University squad, plus the nucleus of its own team last year, which was a very excellent squad.

The North Texas Agricultural College at Arlington also fell heir to some of the best football players on last year's T. C. U. and S. M. U. squads. An ironical situation arose when Southwestern Louisiana Institute at Lafayette voted to discontinue football because they didn't have any players. Shortly after this decision was reached, the War Department assigned the entire Rice Institute team of last year to this little southwestern Louisiana school. Hence, despite their announced intention not to play football, Southwestern Louisiana may play.

In the Southwest Conference all schools, save Baylor, have announced a full schedule. Baylor will not play this year. Texas University, last year's champions, will defend their Conference championship with two letter men and the nucleus of a team that won the Texas State High School Championship last year for Austin High School.

Coach Homer Norton's Texas Aggies of Texas A. & M. will be made up of seventeen-year-old freshmen just out of high school, a few medical students, and some engineers.

Coach Dutch Meyer of Texas Christian will have Navy V-12 boys to draw from and will come up with a fast team, using a wide-open attack. All his regulars of last year are gone.

Coach Jimmie Stewart at Southern Methodist and Coach Jess Neeley of Rice Institute will both field teams composed mainly of Navy trainees. Arkansas University's team will be made up solely of seventeen-year-olds and figures to be the least experienced team in the Southwest Conference.

Now let's move on to the Southern Conference. It looks as if Duke and the University of North Carolina would have the football race here pretty much to themselves. Duke seems to be slightly the better of the two, having Bob Gantt and Eddie Cittadino, two first-class ends, available. Then, too, Duke has Tom Davis, Leo Long, Bobby Rute, and Buddy Luper, all established backfield stars. Among other stars who will be appearing in the Duke line-up is Pat Preston, who was one of the best tacklers in the Southern Conference last year while playing for Wake Forest.

North Carolina, coached for the first time by Tom Young, seems to be the one team that may give Duke trouble. Young has nine letter men returning, including the captain, Craven Turner, who is both end and blocking back; Jack Hussey at the other end; Meredith Jones at tackle, and such stars as Andy Karres, Ray Jordan, Billie Myers, Hugh Cox, and Clay Croom, all first rate.

William and Mary, last year's champion, is reported to be almost washed out. It may not put a team on the field, or may try to go through the season with a team composed of 150-pounders.

Clemson, North Carolina State, and Wake Forest seem to be the other teams in the Southern Conference that may get somewhere.

However, one of the strong teams from this section of the country will be the North Carolina Pre-Flight School at Chapel Hill. Although this team doesn't look as good as last

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SALVAGED SOLDIERS

A prisoner is interviewed by the Board of Psychiatry and Sociology at Camp Pickett: Lt. N. E. Grisham, Lt. Col. A. E. Hesler, and Capt. L. J. Cohen.

Ordinary prisoners working in the stockade at Camp Pickett. They wear a large letter P, for Prisoner, on the backs of their fatigue jackets.

Prisoners making chairs. They will remain in the stockade until they enter the Honor Company or are sentenced to dishonorable discharge.

HE stood there under the blazing Virginia sun, wiping his dirt-soiled hands against the seams of his faded o. d. pants. The sweat poured off his forehead and drops trickled across his bare chest. He wasn't much to look at, and he hadn't done a genuinely important thing in his life. Yet, in his own way, he was a hell of an important guy, for he was the symbol of a new idea in the U. S. Army—an idea that is capable of saving entire divisions of fighting men for Uncle Sam.

"Yeah," said this Prisoner X, a black-haired, swarthy youngster from a big city in the East, "I stole some money and I went 'over the hill.' Then they caught me and I went up before a court-martial. They gave me a good stiff sentence and a dishonorable discharge, which was no more than I deserved."

Prisoner X paused a moment and looked behind him to the bayonet course at Camp Pickett, Virginia. There a group of his fellow prisoners were charging down the field, ferociously jabbing bayonets into straw dummies. It seemed odd that prisoners should have guns and bayonets in their hands, but that was part of the new idea.

"I did wrong, and the Army knocked me down for it," Prisoner X continued. "But—they didn't kick me to pieces while I was down, and for that I'm grateful. I could have finished up the war at Leavenworth, serving out my sentence behind bars, where I wouldn't have been worth a damn to my country, to myself, or to my wife and kid back home—yeah, I've got a wife and kid. Then, when I'd served my sentence, and I guess the war would have been over by then, I'd have gone out with a dishonorable discharge—just a bum, with a dirty record to hide.

"Instead, they sent me to this new Rehabilitation Center at Camp Pickett. I guess maybe you could call it a sort of reform school for us young dopes who get off on the wrong foot. I kept my nose clean, and after a while they gave me a chance to go into the Honor Company. Brother, I worked hard then!

"They taught me how to be a soldier there—and have I learned my lesson! I graduate here in two days. They'll let me put my uniform on again, and, boy, am I going to make a good soldier! I'll betcha I wind up this war at least a sergeant."

The comment of Prisoner X was typical of that of a dozen or more

soldiers—white and Negro—interviewed at Camp Pickett. Without exception, the prisoners, who had been given a chance to redeem themselves in one of the Army's nine new rehabilitation camps throughout the country, declared they were grateful for the opportunity. They all talked about "graduation day," when they would "put that uniform back on," and all of them insisted, in one way or another, that they "weren't mad at the Army."

Camp Pickett is one of the nine camps in each of the service commands—the others are Fort Devens, Massachusetts; Camp Upton, New York; Fort Jackson, South Carolina; Fort Knox, Kentucky; Fort Custer, Michigan; Camp Phillips, Kansas; Camp Bowie, Texas; and Camp Turlock, California—where the Army is rehabilitating soldiers who have broken the rules.

In the last war, when a soldier was sentenced to dishonorable discharge, he had a limited chance to rehabilitate himself. Some men were reinstated after serving part of their terms at the Disciplinary Barracks at Fort Leavenworth and proving themselves worthy of restoration to honorable duty, but there was no large-scale application of this principle.

WHEN this war got under way and the Army began to expand to unprecedented proportions, officials in the Judge Advocate General's Department, which has jurisdiction over courts-martial, began to give careful thought to the serious loss of manpower resulting from the punishment of "bad boys" who might be reclaimed. Quiet, serious-minded Major General Myron C. Cramer, the Judge Advocate General, and his crisp, efficient Assistant, Brigadier General E. C. McNeil, talked it over with other War Department officials. Finally they approved the idea of Rehabilitation Centers. They wouldn't mollycoddle soldiers—far from it, for the going at the Centers is tough—but they would give them a chance, with a helping hand, to straighten themselves out.

Thus the nine camps, which eventually will be capable of accommodating 18,000 prisoners if the need arises, were set up. The idea still is young, but the early results have been most encouraging and Army officials look forward to great things from the Centers.

That potential total of 18,000 prisoners, it should be pointed out, is approximately 3,000 more than an infantry division. It also should be pointed out, lest the figure seem alarmingly high to civilians, that, even if the maximum capacity were reached, it really wouldn't be such a high percentage in an army that is scheduled eventually to exceed 8,000,000.

Colonel D. John Markey, the hard-driving post commander of Pickett, who has seen three wars now, shrewdly put his finger on the keynote of the situation when he affirmed that "the bad boy on the post sometimes makes the fightingest soldier at the battle front." It's true. Veteran officers agree with Colonel Markey that the very soldier who might go "off the beam" and get in trouble under the relative "peacefulness" of camp life, might be worth his weight in wildcats at the front. So, if there is any chance of saving these potential tough guys from languishing in the guardhouse instead of killing Germans and Japs at the front, the Army wants to do it.

The idea itself is not very complicated. It stresses methods which appeal to a man's pride, self-respect, and common sense. The Army tries to get over to the disgraced soldier the plain fact that he's a lot better off as an upright member of Uncle Sam's Army than as a prisoner—dishonorably discharged, deprived of his freedom and sometimes even of his rights of citizenship.

One thing about the plan that some old-line officers still find hard to swallow is that the Army has boldly waded in and used modern methods of psychology, psychiatry, and sociology in straightening out its wards. At first these old-timers snorted contemptuously and wondered audibly, "What the hell is the Army coming to?" But already some of them are beginning to change their tune as they inspect some of the upright, snappy "salvaged products" that come out of the rehabilitation mill.

Not every one can go to a Rehabilitation Center. Men dishonorably discharged for felonies such as murder, narcotics violations, and ugly sex offenses get no chance at rehabilitation. They go to the Leavenworth Disciplinary Barracks and serve out their sentences.

But the helping hand is extended to those men who are convicted of such offenses as desertion, absence without leave, petty thievery, involuntary manslaughter, insubordination, and sleeping on guard duty. Their dishonorable discharge will be suspended until the Army has had a chance to try to "make soldiers out of them."

PICKETT, a vast post-Pearl Harbor training center where a wide variety of tough war jobs are being done, was put up in a hurry with no thought of luxury or style, and it is not a pretentious place. If the prospective honor prisoners have any notions that they are to be handled with kid gloves, they quickly lose them when they take a look at the camouflaged pine barracks in which they are to live. But every prisoner—from the minor offender who may have a year for insubordination to the man who may have fifteen years for desertion—is on the same footing when he comes to Pickett. For the first two weeks he is in "quarantine" while the Psychiatry and Sociology Board studies him. At each of the nine camps it is a thorough study, carried on by trained men. At Pickett, the P. & S. Board is made up of Captain Irwin J. Cohen, a Pittsburgh psychiatric physician in civil life; Lieutenant Colonel A. E. Hesler, executive officer of the Center and an experienced criminologist from the

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No longer does the Army lock up its "bad boys" for the duration. At special camps they become good soldiers and better citizens

BY SIDNEY SHALETT

An honor platoon of prisoners marches outside the stockade. They wear no mark to distinguish them and are ready to re-enter the Army as fighting men.

A MATTER OF HOSPITALITY

Liberty's SHORT SHORT STORY

What's a furlough without a beautiful girl? Any soldier would consider it a total loss, so when opportunity knocked, the corporal didn't stop for questions

BY PAUL THIELEN

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN JONES

Her smile was infectious as the measles. "Hello," she said. "You're the boy from Camp Wilson, aren't you?"

IT was a nice day. Corporal Charlie Harris, U. S. Army, knew it when he looked out the window as the train wound its way through the maze of tracks at the back door of the station. He was very happy and content In his pocket reposed the sum of sixty-four dollars, a tidy sum Charlie had saved thus far in his Army career; furlough papers for five days' duration; and Special Orders which read, "Corp. Charles J. Harris, A.S.N. 36211C92, is transferred in grade this date to Officer Candidate School and will proceed . . ." It was a very nice day. Besides that, he was on his way to have a date with a girl. In fact he was quite determined about it. Meeting a girl was a matter he had not enjoyed for the longest time.

He walked up the cement ramp and into the station to take a stance under the big clock. There were a variety of pretty girls standing around, but one of these was easily lovelier than all the others.

SHE was a tall girl on neat long legs, with laughter in her eyes, and freckles splashed across her nose, and long blonde hair that fell to the collar of the suit she was wearing. Her smile, as she looked at Charlie, was infectious as the measles. Charlie's heart did an outside loop. Was she looking at him? He didn't even hope.

Meanwhile the girl continued to look at him with interest, and her eyes were thoughtful in her consideration of the picture of Charlie standing there within his uniform of olive drab. Charlie was no beauty winner. He did not look like the soldier in the advertisements. He was too thin. But he had an honest face and big feet, and she apparently found the picture satisfactory. "Hello," she said. "You're the boy from Camp Wilson, aren't you? I'm your week-end hostess from the Service Men's Committee."

"I'm your man." Charlie squeaked, not prepared for meeting some one who could be Miss America if she tried. She was smooth and polished and very poised, and seemed almost pleased at meeting him, and Charlie, his faculties intact again, could continue with justification, "I guess I hit the jack pot here, all right."

She passed off this tribute with a smile straight from Tiffany's window. "I was wondering what you'd look like," she said. "I got there late, and Mrs. Meadows, the chairman, didn't tell me much."

"Mrs. Meadows told you where I'd be. That was good enough," Charlie said. Usually he did not care much for women like Mrs. Meadows. He was generally indifferent to organizations like the USO, because Charlie was an individualist.

The girl's name was Carol, he learned, and she worked in an investment office downtown as a secretary. This was quite satisfactory to Charlie, who had never had a secretary of his own, but hoped some day to supply himself with one like this girl.

The redcap came up with Charlie's property. "Your bag, sir," the wonderful man said. It was some time since any one had called Charlie "sir," and Charlie smiled unstintedly at the dusky fellow. He hailed a taxi parked there at the cab stand, just as though he always did, and said to Carol, "What happens now? What do we do, huh?"

They went to the headquarters of the Service Men's Committee and Charlie officially registered as a guest. Carol also signed the record. "I'm the corporal's hostess," she told the clerk, and turned another smile on Charlie. Why did his knees turn to water and his heart tick like a metronome? He began to feel the pangs of hunger creeping up within his stomach, and he thought privately of the lunch he hadn't eaten on the train. Maybe that caused it, he thought. He said, "Carol, I'm a stranger here myself. Where do we get food?"

"What kind of food?" she said. "Hamburgers, egg fui yong, or chicken and pimento timbales? Me, I like hamburgers." She was strictly a patriot, with a job of hospitality to do, and considerate of a soldier's dollar.

"Carol, you're an angel," Charlie said, and this was almost true. "But it happens right now that I'm a man of means. We shall eat in the manner to which you are accustomed."

"Heaven forbid," Carol said. "Let's use silverware tonight. I've got an appetite, too," and she named a restaurant on the other side of town. It turned out to be an impressive spot with many tables, and candlelight and shadows, and two men on two pianos who played very fancy music, because the orchestra was out to lunch, or something. It was a place where a man could eat good food in perfect atmosphere and at the same time continue romantic operations. The inclination had become, just like that, quite pronounced.

Charlie had a cocktail and Carol had one, too, and he became a man of many gags. The two of them drank their drinks and ate their food and had a variety of laughs, and the rest of the clients of the place faded away into a background inconsequential as the murals on the wall, while the two guys on the pianos gave out generous doses of Begin the Beguine, and Rhapsody in Blue, and You'd Be So Nice to Come Home To.

When the food had been disposed of, and the cigarettes and coffee, they still sat there, and Charlie knew that this was something not covered in the Soldier's Handbook. He looked at this girl, who was bright and smart and lovely as the Cole Porter music coming from the pianos. He said, after several false starts, "You know something, Carol?"

Her eyes were wide and questioning but very tender, too. "What, Charlie?" And Charlie's confusion was tremendous. He realized that he would require several more portions of liquor before he could express himself as a sentimental lunkhead without a brain within his skull. You just don't declare great love on short notice to finished girls like this, he told himself. She's heard it a thousand times before, he thought, and it would only hand her a laugh. Don't spoil the whole deal. So he made a gag of it instead. He said, as the music started opportunely, "I feel like dancing. How about it, huh?"

Carol said, "Let's," and he held her hand tightly while he led the way to the dance floor.

They danced very well together, and the music was slow and conducive to the best maneuvers of Charlie's repertoire. He wondered if they would always click instantly on all their mutual endeavors. When the music got too torrid and the activity of the athletes around them became rather vigorous, they moved back to the table.

They ordered more drinks and danced several times again. But mostly they just sat there and talked. They consumed several hours in the process, and their words were happy and interspersed with many laughs in their light-hearted approbation of the evening's fun, until Carol glanced at the watch on her wrist. "It's getting late, don't you think, Charlie?"

CHARLIE reluctantly agreed it was. The taxi company numbered him among its clients once again, and at length the cab pulled up before the apartment house where Carol lived. He walked up the steps with her and they stopped there in the doorway. She stood quite close to him.

He wondered if he should. He didn't know. Then he kissed her, a very satisfactory kiss of adequate duration. He released her and he felt an emotional kick in the stomach and his elation was terrific. He wondered if Carol could feel these things, too, for she had undeniably kissed him back. He said, "Tomorrow, Carol?"

"If you don't, I'll haunt the Service Men's Committee," she said. Her smile was the driveway into Hialeah, sunset on a Carolina lowland, and her eyes were shiny as the insignia on his blouse. He kissed her once again. Then Carol said, "Good night, Charlie," and slipped inside the door.

He went back to the cab in a mild fog. He was very happy. There were many things he wanted to tell her, but he had four more days to say them, and then, perhaps, a lifetime after that. He remembered then he had to see the wife of Sergeant Oscar Dooley, a colleague of his at Fort Scott, and tell the young lady that her husband was safe and happy in the Army. It was a matter he had in mind when he arrived this day in the station.

Meanwhile he wondered what had happened to the guy from Camp Wilson, who should have met Carol at the train.

THE END

Broken

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

WHEN Will Jaspers appeared out of nowhere to blackmail Rack Tinker about something that had happened ten years before, Rack gave him a job at the Broken River lumber camp, owned by Big Red Tinker, Rack's foster father. Not that he intended paying blackmail. He was willing to face the district attorney, but he wanted to keep Jaspers quiet until Broken River had fulfilled its contract to cut the spruce on the Bishop tract.

That contract was causing a lot of trouble. Sara Bishop, pretty, red-haired, and stubborn, hadn't approved when her mother, on the advice of Clyde Prio, a lawyer and a friend of the Tinkers, had signed it. Broken River's equipment was poor, and Sara didn't trust Rack.

"You're a short-stake logger," she told him—which, in lumberman parlance, means a bum.

But Rack wouldn't give up the job.

"There's a stumpage payment of ten thousand dollars due six weeks from today," Sara reminded him. "If it isn't made, the contract breaks itself."

Sam Horton, who ran the mill which was to handle the spruce, hated Rack and, by refusing to pay for the logs until the twentieth of the month, tried to make it impossible for Broken River to meet the stumpage payment, which came due on the eighteenth. To keep Rack from protesting to Sam's father, Old Jim Horton, Sam made a threat:

"Dad can't help you now. Nobody can," he said, "and you know why!"

"Put it in words," said Rack.

"You killed my brother," replied Sam. "I can't prove it. Not yet! But I will!"

So Sam, as well as Jaspers, knew the secret in Rack's past! And one other person did, too—Lily Botnick, who was living with Jaspers as his wife. Gale Nordlund, Clyde Prio's secretary, who was in love with Rack, wondered if Rack was still as interested in Lily as he had been when they had gone to school together.

Rack still tried stubbornly to get machinery and credit so that Broken River could cut the spruce. Then, one day, he came back to camp and found that Big Red Tinker, convinced they couldn't carry through the job, had turned the contract over to Horton.

"You sold us out!" said Rack angrily, and Stump and White Hope and the rest of the loggers agreed. Sara was there, and Addie, Big Red's wife. Before them all, Rack brought up his fist and cut Big Red across the mouth.

Jaspers' eyes were wide and wild. "I'll put you in the can—by heaven, I will!"

River

Clyde Prio finds a loophole in the desperate situation, and disaster is averted, but only temporarily, for Rack knows he is keeping afloat on borrowed time

BY JOHN and WARD HAWKINS

MONDAY'S breakfast was a gloomy affair in the new cookhouse at Broken River camp. Big Red Tinker's place was empty. No lunch sacks were piled on the table beside the door. The new men ate quickly and in silence. The first of them had taken his plate to the kitchen and was headed for the outside when Rack stopped him.

"We're shut down for awhile," Rack said.

The man said, "O. K. if I go to town?"

"Sure," Rack said. "But stay close to a phone."

The man nodded and went out into the rainy dark of the winter morning. The other new men followed soon. It was Stump who spoke then, a plainly troubled Stump, who pointed his words at Rack with the thrust of his chin.

"Why didn't you pay them guys off?"

"We're out of it," Rack said evenly. "But nothing else has changed. The government still needs the spruce and needs it badly. We sweat trying to get a crew together. It seems only decent to hold them as long as we can."

"To help that Horton heel?" Stump demanded.

"No," said Rack. "To log the spruce."

"Same thing," Stump said sourly. He looked at the others and then at Rack. "Big Red was full of whisky or he'd never've signed with Horton. So Sam's seven kinds of a thief, any way you look at it. Old Jim's always been square with us. Me an' the boys figure he'll fix things, if you talk to him, Rack."

"No!" Addie Tinker spoke firmly from the kitchen door. "Jim Horton's a sick man. We won't bedevil him with grief we've brought on our own heads."

"So that's out," Rack said.

"How about kickin' the hell out o' Sam?" Roughhouse offered. "He's the guy that loused us up."

Stump said. "Now you're bushelin'!"

The lines of Addie Tinker's long face deepened. "You do," she said, "and I'll use my broom on the lot of you. Things are bad enough the way they are."

Angel Murphy sighed. "It was a nice idea."

Stump got to his feet. "Ah!" he said, with huge disgust. "We can't do this an' we can't do that! We got to take it layin' down! Well, here's one guy that ain't takin' it no way. I'm gettin' out of here!"

Angel said, "What's wrong with Horton's dough?"

"What ain't?" Stump snarled.

He went out, slamming the door savagely. Roughhouse stacked his cup and saucer in his plate, cleared his throat. "Packin' takes time," he said. "I better be gettin' at it."

"Yah," White Hope said. "Me, too."

"Wait for Angel," Murphy said.

There were only small sounds in the room after they had gone: the quiet humming of the tea kettle, the muted bluster of the wind in the eaves, the slash of the rain. Rack Tinker got tobacco and papers from his pocket. Addie came out of the kitchen to sit on a bench close by, shoulders bent, hands wrapped in her apron.

Rack said, "It'll be a funny camp."

"A lonesome camp." Addie did not look at him. "You'll be leavin' too, I suppose. To join the Army."

Rack thought of that for a moment before he answered. The Army? Small chance! Now that the spruce contract was gone . . . now that there was no real money in sight . . . Will Jaspers would probably get tough. And once he talked— It won't be the Draft Board I'll face, Rack thought. It'll be the D. A. . . .

Carefully he said, "I'll have to talk to Clyde before I do anything."

"Lord!" The word was soft on Addie's lips. "I'd rather take a beating than tell Clyde what Jerome's done."

"He knows," Rack said. "I called him."

"Is he coming out here?"

Rack said, "He's on his way now."

THE men gathered in Stump's cabin. Clyde Prio and Gale Nordlund found them there. "We're drinkin' up Angel's wine," Roughhouse explained. "He can't cart all his pictures out of here, let alone his wine. We got to drink her so Horton's crew won't get it."

"That's sound reasoning," Clyde Prio said.

He took the glass Roughhouse offered. He stood with his back to the stove, a tall and shaggy man. He had a grin for all of them, an easy grin. He slanted his head at Gale.

"You could hunt up Addie," he suggested.

Stump said, "She'll be comin' over here."

"But she'd like to see Gale now," Prio said.

Gale Nordlund lifted her chin. "Don't try to be subtle," she said.

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY NOURBEL

"I know when I'm being thrown out. And I hope you choke—all of you!"

"On Angel's wine," Rack said. "Could be."

Gale made a face at him from the door. Rack rubbed dust from the window and watched her run through the rain to Addie's cabin. He turned to find Prio regarding him thoughtfully.

Rack said, "About your money, Clyde. We—"

"That." Clyde Prio emptied his glass and put it carefully on the table. "I went into this with my eyes open, and I was sober at the time. I knew it was a long shot. All right. Big Red felt he was cornered. He felt it was wise to sell to Horton. So now Horton logs the spruce." He spread his hands. "I don't know what kind of a deal Red made with Horton, but I'm not worrying. This isn't the first time I've lost my shirt; it won't be the last. Just for the record, gentlemen, I'm satisfied. I had a good run for my money."

Quiet followed his words. Stump tried to speak, and then gave it up, red-faced and embarrassed. Swede Berg smiled from his shadowed corner. Angel Murphy and Roughhouse exchanged glances. Angel picked up the jug and offered it to Clyde.

"Here," he said. "Have a drink."

Prio said, "To better days."

"With Horton here?" Stump growled. "No chance!"

He yanked a woolen shirt from a hook on the wall, wadded it in brown hands, and thrust it into an already bulging pack sack. "Me, I'll never have a dime, or a window to throw it through. So it ain't the dough. It ain't what Big Red done; it's the way he done it." He buckled the straps of his pack sack, tossed it on his bunk. "Them shares! I got a good notion to feed 'em to Big Red with a wooden spoon!"

"Two of us," Roughhouse said.

"Shares?" Prio's head came up. "What shares?"

"We all got shares," Stump said. "Roughhouse, Angel, an' me. Swede, he's got more'n any of us. Big Red passed 'em out for wages when times was tough."

"Beat that!" Prio said softly.

Stump's fierce scowl deepened. "So we're partners of Red's, ain't we? An' we ought to know what goes on."

Prio said, "Let's look at them."

"Sure," Stump said. "Why not?"

And a moment later all of them had gathered around the table to watch Clyde Prio smooth a sheet of paper there. Prio got glasses from his pocket. "*To whom it may con-*

cern," he read: *"I do herewith give Stump McLary one share (1%) of the Broken River Logging Company, and all assets thereof, in full payment for wages now due him. Signed: Jerome Tinker. President, Broken River Logging Company."*

"He wanted to do it right," Stump said. "He got that out of a book. He wrote her just like she said."

Prio nodded. "Have you any more of these?"

"Six or eight," Stump said.

"Get them." Prio's voice was crisp. He turned to the others. "I want your shares too. I want every share Big Red put out. And in a hurry."

Admiringly Roughhouse said, "Bossy, ain't he?"

He led the way to the door. Rack Tinker was the only man who did not move. When Prio cocked a questioning eye at him, Rack said, "I don't own any shares. I ate at Big Red's table."

"That's why you forgot about them."

"I guess it is," Rack said quietly.

GALE NORDLUND and Addie Tinker came while Stump and White Hope were searching pack sacks and suitcases. The others returned—Roughhouse, Angel, and the gentle, apologetic Swede Berg. Each of them had shares to add to the pile in front of Prio. For a time he read in silence. He looked up finally, a grin lurking in the corners of his mouth.

"This's wonderful!" he said.

"Did he give away control?" Rack asked.

"Did he!" Prio chuckled. "The big ape gave away his shirt, pants, and shoes; and he didn't stop there. These shares total one hundred thirty-seven per cent."

"Hey!" Stump said. "Can he do that?"

Clyde Prio laughed. "He did do it."

"Jerome didn't mean to be deceitful." Addie's voice was tired and her eyes were tired. She folded her long hands in her lap. "There wasn't any money when we first come here—none to speak of, anyway. Jerome felt the boys should have something to show for their work. So he wrote them shares. It was a kind of a joke. Wasn't any of us thought them shares'd ever amount to a hill o' beans. We had a lot of bad years. Writin' shares got to be a habit with Jerome."

Roughhouse said, "We don't blame 'im, Addie."

"I wanted Mr. Prio to understand," she said.

Clyde Prio smiled at her. "I do understand," he said. "Big Red forgot to keep a copy of what he wrote." He paused, frowning now. "But a man can't sell what he doesn't own, and Big Red owns no part of the Broken River Logging Company, or any of its assets. With these shares, I can spike the sale. Then we'll be back where we were."

Rack said, "With a stumpage payment to meet."

"And no money in the bank," Angel said quickly.

"Wait." Prio folded his glasses. "We may be able to borrow enough to meet that payment. If enough logs have gone to the mill—if we have the money coming from Horton—then we should be able to get a short-term loan."

Rack said, "The odds are against it."

"Please." It was Swede Berg's quiet voice. "What will happen to Big Red, Mr. Prio?"

Stump said, "Horton'll toss him in the can!"

"Perhaps," Prio said. "But I doubt it. What I'm wondering about is this: If I spike the sale, will you people stop scrapping about that jammer and do a little logging for a change?"

"Give us a chance," Stump said, "an' watch!"

Gale said, "How's Big Red going to feel?"

"When he finds he's out in the cold?" Soberly Prio pinched his lower lip between thumb and forefinger. "I'm afraid that's up to the stockholders, Gale. They're vice-presidents now. They can chase Big Red away and make him stay away."

"Hey!" Stump said. "We ain't gonna do that!"

Prio said, "He has no interest here now."

Quietly Swede said, "I give him my shares."

Roughhouse yelled, "No!" He doubled a big fist and thrust it under Swede's chin. "You ain't gonna play patsy all by yourself. We'll all chip in the pot; we'll all give him some shares."

"That's fair," Angel said. "And if we're vice-presidents, then Rack's the general manager."

"And Addie's treasurer," Stump said.

Roughhouse nodded. "Suits me to the ground."

Clyde Prio smiled and got to his feet. "I'll tend to that after I've nailed Sam Horton's hide to the barn. Twenty-five per cent of the stock to Big Red, twenty-six to Addie, and the rest prorated among you others."

He paused. "Suppose Big Red won't stand for this. He's mad now. He might tell you all to go jump."

"On account of Rack clippin' him?" Stump asked.

Gale Nordlund said, "Of course."

Roughhouse waved his hand. "Red had it comin', an' he knows it. Rack's pushin' this show; he had to knock Red's ears down or let go of the throttle." He grinned widely. "Anyway, Red's been smacked before an' got over it. Me an' Angel an' Stump kicked the hell out of him oncet, an' he didn't hold no grudge."

"Who'll bring him back?" Gale asked.

"That's my job." Addie got to her feet. "I'll get my hat and go in with Clyde an' Gale."

"Think you can bring him back?" Clyde asked.

Addie lifted thin shoulders. "He ain't no madder'n he's been a dozen times before." She left the cabin and returned, dressed for town. She wore a cloth coat with a gray fur collar. Her hat, round and black, sat squarely on her head, and made her look more capable than lovely.

Stump said, "Tell 'im we ain't holdin' no grudge."

"You can't tell him anything," said Addie. "You sit and lis'en. He tells you all the things he done that was right, all the things other people done that was wrong. Maybe twenty times. It'll take a day or two. But when he gets it wore out, he'll come home."

"If he can walk," Roughhouse said.

"An' if I can," Addie agreed.

Prio smiled from the doorway.

"Give her all you've got," he said.

Rack nodded. "In the morning."

THE morning light was slow to come. Low black clouds covered the sky solidly to the horizon. An east wind whipped the hills with rain and sleet. "Colder'n a witch's nose." Stump said, and no one disagreed. They rode to work, huddled behind the shield of the speeder's front—only the old hands of Broken River; the new men had not returned from town.

The speeder's light picked out the Shay on the track ahead, impassive and black in the windy dark. Rack brought the speeder close and stopped. There was a ruddy glow of flame in the Shay's firebox. As the men filed past the string of cars, Roughhouse said, "Jaspers has done all right to get steam up on a mornin' like this."

"The loader's a bigger chore," Stump said.

Jaspers was on the loader. He stood before the scant heat of the loader's firebox, a gaunt scarecrow of a man, still in his thin and disreputable overcoat, still with the soiled scarf at his throat. He flailed long arms against his sides. Rack spoke to him and was answered with a hoarse sullenness. Rack was unable to see Jaspers' face clearly in the dark.

(*Continued on page 63*)

Champagne for the blues? Nonsense! Here's something that will lift you higher than a magnum could. (And it's easier on the bankroll, too.) If the cares of the day have ganged up on you, if Old Man Trouble's breathing down your neck, if, in short, you're headed for the doldrums—relax and read

LOVE AT FIRST FLIGHT

By Charles Spalding and Otis Carney

—a skylarking tale of the education—including hilarious extracurricular activities—of a young naval aviation cadet and his pals.

Coming Next Week

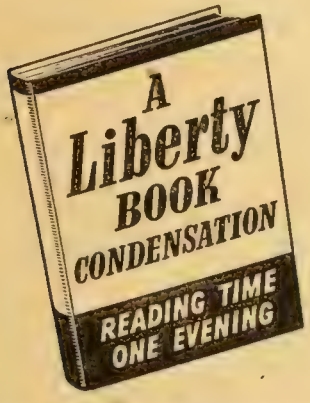
Centennial Summer

A Condensation of the Novel

BY ALBERT E. IDELL

Life with Father Rogers was full of fun, food, and fury – but not as complicated as it became when Aunt Zena and her nephew Philippe came from Paris to stay with them during the Philadelphia Centennial.

Because then mother became jealous when Aunt Zena couldn't resist flirting; each of the girls decided Philippe would make a handsome husband – for herself; and father, for once, met a problem he couldn't roar down.



ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERICK CHAPMAN

THE French clock struck the hour. It was a bronze figure of Venus with the clock face let into the lovely lady's middle. Mary hurried to complete the setting of the table. She put the heavy cut-glass tumblers in place and set the matching water pitcher on a corner of the sideboard. Piece by piece she took out the silver and wiped each spoon and fork on her apron before placing it on the table.

Pulling open the linen drawer, she picked out a stack of clean napkins and dealt them on the upturned dinner plates as if they were huge cards, giving each square of folded linen a little spin that sent it fluttering to its place. She practically threw the last one at Mrs. Rogers' plate just as the master of the house came into the dining room.

"Hooray, Mary—a perfect shot!" Mr. Rogers applauded vigorously and threw up his hands in pretended amazement.

With his entrance the room became alive.

"I didn't know that there was so much life in the old girl."

"Stop it, Mr. Rogers. Quit blarneying me, now." Mary's eyes almost closed in a smile of pleasure.

Mr. Rogers laughed, but suddenly he was serious. He looked at the fragile numerals on the French clock. He seized the massive gold chain that spanned his vest. He compared the time of the clock and that of his watch, and his voice boomed in protesting thunder:

"It's slow! That gilt gewgaw, that marble mausoleum of dead hours, that useless dusty dirt-catcher is slow! Mother!" he shouted.

His voice boomed *"Mother!"* until the punch-bowl glasses rattled.

Mrs. Rogers came in from the kitchen, her black eyes sparkling.

"Why, father! You startled me!" She spoke gently to Mary: "Run and tell the children dinner is served. Hurry, now, Mary. I know father is hungry."

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Mr. Rogers pointed accusingly at the offending clock. "That poor excuse for a timepiece is a fair symbol of the way this household is managed. No thought or regard for time. It's all of two minutes slow, and you look at me complacently. If our railroad—"

"Tell the children to hurry, Mary," Mrs. Rogers interrupted. "Father has been working hard all day out in the air, and he's hungry."

The brass chains that supported the chandelier shook with his rejoinder. "I am not *hungry*. I *am not hungry*. I merely offer my feeble protest because that miserable clock is slow. A timepiece that has its center in a woman's navel is an abomination to art and science both. It has allowed you to slip behind schedule. I demand promptness. I am a railroad man and I have to work on schedule."

His wife looked up at him pertly, like a sparrow unmindful of the lion's roar. "Things will be ready in just a moment."

Julia was the first of the children to appear. She took her place unobtrusively at her father's left and said, "Good evening, papa." Although she was too slender, her features were beautiful. She took after the Borellis, her mother's family, with perfect oval face, straight nose, and heavily shadowed dark brown eyes. Next the twins, Georgina and Henry, raced in, flushed and happy.

Mr. Rogers squeezed his napkin into a tight ball and threw the crumpled linen against his plate in anger.

"In this household I will be called 'father.'" He leveled a forbidding glance at Julia, trembling at his side. "I want no daughter of mine mincing 'Good evening, papa.'" In his deep, lusty voice he attempted an imitation of her reedy tones. "Good evening, pa-*pa*," he mimicked.

Julia shrank in her chair. She said a silent prayer for strength, as she had been taught at the convent.

Teresina peeped in at the door and speculated whether she could reach her seat while her father was distracted by Julia. She took a chance and won her goal.

Mrs. Rogers stood in the doorway between the dining room and kitchen until the room was quiet again. Well, he was eating at last. Things were safe for a while. Dinner had begun quite auspiciously for the Rogers family.

The roast like that on many other Philadelphia dinner tables that afternoon in November, 1875, was a huge rib surrounded with a double bank of roasted potatoes. Mr. Rogers stood up to carve. As Mary moved about with the plates, Mrs. Rogers' eyes roamed quickly over the faces of her family. It seemed incredible, she told herself, that these children could be hers: Teresina, twenty-one, though not yet married, Julia, two years younger, and the twins, fifteen. Her husband disturbed her reverie. In the voice that carried across freight yards, he spoke to Henry:

"If you can spare a few of the confidences you are whispering to Gene, an interested father would like to share them."

Abashed, Henry sat with his head bent over his plate. Georgina nudged him with her elbow. "Tell him," she whispered excitedly.

Henry began in the middle of a story of an escapade at school.

"We had two cats with their tails tied together and let 'em loose under the master's window. It was a joke on the master—supposed to be—but they jumped on me, and my neck's not healed up yet where they scratched." Henry felt ruefully at the sore place.

His father laughed. "There's nothing like two cats tied by their tails for fun. Except a good terrier with a lot of rats."

Mrs. Rogers made a little grimace of disgust. "I suppose you learned that at the same place Henry invented his unpleasant cruelty. What can you expect of a boy, sending him to a heathen institution?"

Julia awaited her father's explosive rejoinder, but he changed his mood to one of quiet forcefulness.

"Mother, I take this moment to reiterate. The souls of my daughters have been delivered into the arms of Holy Church, but my son at least shall see the pleasant vistas of Quaker life before entering that embrace. His school is the one that gave his father and grandfather a sound practical education, and I will not hear it unjustly criticized."

Teresina pushed back her chair. Her mother watched her with open admiration. What a perfect, patrician face! And a lovely figure! The mother's thoughts continued as her oldest daughter rose from the table. "I don't want dessert," she announced, and Mr. Rogers gave a whistle.

"We are having, I know, a delicious roly-poly, prepared as only Martha can, and our beauty, who would sell her soul to add another ounce of charming curve to an already luscious frame, eschews it! Mother, what is the meaning of this?"

"It's young Gus Palmer. You know, he is very much interested in Zenie. It is a good match—a good family. Not much money, but they are comfortable. And he's studying to be a doctor. My heart goes out to the poor child. There's so little we can give her, and she is so dissatisfied with our reduced circumstances."

Mr. Rogers looked about the room as if searching for something he could not see.

"Reduced circumstances? Reduced circumstances? I see a table groaning with food. I notice voluptuous hangings and rich plate. There are family retainers, and my wife's fingers sparkle with jewels. In fact, we are so fat with good living we have become the prey of a constant and ever-increasing army of priests who live from the bounty of this house." His voice ended in a suddenly arrested crescendo of sound.

Julia spoke in a mild, quiet voice: "I forgot to say that Father Duffy is coming in the morning. They are having a collection for the new church."

Mrs. Rogers thought, Julie can be just too stupid! She saw her husband framing a new outburst in his mind, and jumped to her feet in a well simulated appearance of distress.

"I do believe Martha left the pudding in the oven. I smell it burning." She pushed open the kitchen door. "Martha, the roly-poly! Please remove it from the oven."

"It's out, mum," Martha answered.

Mrs. Rogers stamped her foot. "Don't answer back that way. I distinctly smell something burning."

Martha's voice was firm. "It's out, mum."

Mrs. Rogers resumed her seat by her husband. "How I ever get along with that cook!" She sighed. Julia had provoked a trying moment, mentioning Father Duffy when Jesse was in a bad mood, but evidently her trumped-up crisis had succeeded in diverting him.

THE Rogers house stood like a huge book end that held erect a long row of uniformly bound volumes of narrow-fronted homes. It was wider and a full story higher than others in the row. Even its white marble steps were higher, wider, and more ostentatious. As Mrs. Rogers returned from marketing, her chip basket heaped high with food for the Christmas dinner, she began her regular morning inspection of the place.

She looked up at the front of the house. The bricks

had been painted a bright red, with the lines of mortar simulated in white paint. There was a side garden that ran clear to the stable on the back street, and a cast-iron fence enclosed it. From the gate to the garden she could see to the river, and the tall spars reminded her of an old regret. If Grandfather Rogers had not lost all his money in his ridiculous ventures, those spars would belong to them. She thought back with anguish to the time, marriage vows barely made but already irrevocable, when she had learned that the wealth she had thought attained and ready for spending had fled her fingers like quicksilver. She remembered the anger of her father, who had been duped with her. Poor papa! Count Borelli had looked forward so much to her union with traditionally substantial Quaker wealth as a solution of his own embarrassing problems. Her thought ran on: No one will ever know what I suffered.

She caught herself from her daydreaming. Looking away from the points of spars stabbing the sky above the line of rooftops, she again scanned the front of the house.

The "busybody" at the second-floor window was dirty. That lazy, impossible Mary! she thought. If I have told her once about that busybody—

She left her basket for Mary and hurried down through the garden to the stables. There she forgot unpleasant memories and household cares. She looked at the smooth, rounded rump of Mr. Quinby nickering from his stall. The finest horse in Kensington, she told herself. Nellie, the coach dog, always had her litter in the straw in the far corner of Mr. Quinby's stall. There had never been an accident; Mr. Quinby seemed to realize his responsibility and he took the greatest care with each hoof as he lowered it.

She picked out the two male puppies and held them up under her chin. Their noses ran in thin, cold, blindly questing circles until Mrs. Rogers laughed delightedly and placed them back by the satisfied mother.

She jumped from the straw and shook clinging bits of it from her dress. She felt a sudden happiness and began to sing in a clear, bell-like soprano: Funiculi-Funicula! There was work to do in the house. Tomorrow was Christmas, and there would be company this evening.

SUDDENLY she wondered where Julia was and what she was doing.

She's probably moping by herself up in her room. Why Julia wants to live in the garret I can't understand, she said to herself. She hurried into the house, and as she mounted the narrow stairway her good-natured mood evaporated completely.

Julia heard her mother's sharp, hasty steps on the bare floor of the hall, and straightened up in her chair by the frame holding her lacework.

"You shouldn't work so steadily, Julia. It will ruin your eyes, doing anything so fine."

Julia gave a shrug of resignation. "The nuns at the school—"

"Nonsense! It's all right for the nuns. It doesn't matter whether they wear glasses or not. But how would you ever catch a man with those things on?" She gazed out the narrow window. "Nothing but rooftops clear to the river. Why you stay in this room, when you could have the one next to Gene's, I can't see."

"It reminds me so of Paris." Julia bent over the lace frame and began to stitch painstakingly.

"You might still be there if you had played your cards right. Your aunt would have kept you on, but she wanted some one young and gay, and you turned saint on her." Mrs. Rogers scolded her daughter with mounting anger. "You knew your aunt was disappointed when you came. You could have played up to her just a little."

Julia shrugged. "Other things mean more to me."

"Don't try pretty speeches on me, young lady. You were in Paris, with everything a girl could want, an aunt who wanted some one to dote over, and you made a fool of yourself."

Julia remained silent. But Mrs. Rogers was rehearsing a favorite plaint.

"In another year or so you could have met the most charming men in Paris. If instead of starving yourself you'd stuffed a bit and put some meat on your bones, you could have been attractive. There is nothing Frenchmen like more than a well rounded figure." Mrs. Rogers jumped up. "I'm sitting here when there's still work to do. But before I go let me tell you, young lady, there are some things you ought to think about, and one of them is putting more meat on your bones. I haven't seen what you weigh lately, but I'd lay a wager it's less than a hundred and thirty."

That evening Mrs. Rogers stood patiently while her husband buttoned her up the back. One button popped loose and there was a sharp lightning of expletive, but before the storm could break she said:

"Really, Jesse, you make so much fuss about those buttons, I'd rather let Mary do them for me."

"Mary! So long as I am part of it, this family shall dress itself. Your sister can have her French maid, but there will be none in my house."

Mrs. Rogers gave an affected girlish giggle. "Father, your sense of extremes is amusing. Zena's maid and our Mary!"

She moved instinctively.

"Whoa, there! By the Lord Harry, woman, hold still!"

At the first opportunity Mrs. Rogers eluded her husband's restraining hand and moved over to the bureau. She pushed aside the jar of pomade Mr. Rogers used for dressing his beard.

"Good heavens, Gussie, what have you lost?"

"It's a letter from Zena. I intended to show it to you, but it slipped my mind until this moment." As she continued her pretense of rummaging in the bureau, she debated whether this was really a good time to bring forth her sister's letter.

FOR all their married life Mrs. Rogers' sister had been the subject of much contention in the family. Zena had enjoyed just the career Augustina wanted. She had married a man with a large fortune who died shortly after, leaving to her the spending of it. Her youth and middle age had been given over to flirtations and love affairs, and scandal borne clear across the Atlantic still rumored her exploits.

It was not her sister's love affairs that furnished the chief irritant in the Rogers household. It was Zena's generosities. She had sent as a present the French clock in the dining room, the spindly-legged chairs in the parlor, and half the gimcracks that filled every shelf, mantelpiece, and tabletop. Zena had given Julia convent schooling. Almost every month brought some token of her affection.

"Well, wherever I've put it I don't know, but Zena writes she's coming over for the Centennial."

Her unpredictable husband beamed his pleasure. "Hooray! Both of the Borelli beauties at one time. Of course she'll stay with us"—and then the first hint of displeasure. "Or perhaps our humble little quarters, with only two servants, won't be sufficiently grand?"

"Oh, la, father, of course she'll stay with us. She asked particularly for a room on the second floor, as she's goutish." Mrs. Rogers lied magnificently and with imagination, for the whole last page of Zena's letter had been devoted to the matter of hotel reservations.

She picked up her chatelaine, which accompanied her always, and Mr. Rogers offered his arm in heavy playful gallantry. As they walked downstairs she used his good humor to press home a last request.

"Now, pet, this is Christmas Eve, and it's for the young people. Don't start on politics with Harry Naylor. He's becoming quite interested in Teresina, and the way her affair with Gus Palmer is going, I'm not at all sure it wouldn't be a better match."

It was rumored in the neighborhood that the Naylors were half Indian, and Harry looked the part. He was tall and broad-shouldered, with very dark skin. He had a large strong nose that stood out like a cliff over a heavy drooping black mustache. He was the complete opposite in appearance of Augustus Palmer, and, in Mr. Rogers' opinion, except for his political beliefs, a much more suitable husband for his eldest daughter. Teresina needs some one to hold the whip hand over her, he

phrased the thought to himself, and Gus just ain't man enough.

Gus was at the piano now. He had fair curly hair, a lock of which constantly fell over his eyes, and a luxuriant pale mustache. The whole family was fond of Gus. Georgina actually adored him, and Julia might have fallen in love with him had not the standard of her father blinded her to lesser men.

Teresina sat between the two suitors. She wore a dress of striped silk with wide bands of rose against a cream-colored background. As usual, Julia sat quietly in a corner, the one farthest from the piano, and hidden partly by the whatnot and its collection of mementos and souvenirs.

Mrs. Rogers announced brightly: "My sister Zena, Teresina's namesake, is coming over for the Exposition. I received a letter from her today."

Simultaneously Teresina and Georgina both questioned: "Aunt Zena? Coming to Philadelphia? When does she get here, mother?"

Mrs. Rogers turned to Mrs. Peale and explained: "My older sister, you know. She is extremely wealthy—married into the Lascalles family—extremely prominent in France. We have many French connections. Dear papa was in the entourage of Joseph Bonaparte."

"Oh, mother, when? When?" Teresina showed vast impatience with her mother's slowness at arriving at the point.

"Zenie—my goodness, don't rush me so! Philippe Lascalles, her nephew—her husband's brother's child—has to come on official business. Some post with the French exhibit at the Centennial. That determined her."

Teresina's mind raced on with plans of turning her aunt's visit to her own account. After all, I'm named after her; she ought to do something for me, she thought. And she will, too, if I handle her just right.

Georgina effervesced with excitement. "Won't it be fun seeing Aunt Zena? She always seemed like some one out of a fairy book. I hope she buys me just one new dress that isn't a made-over of one of Zenie's."

Julia alone heard the news without pleasurable anticipations. But then, she was the only one of the children who had ever met their aunt. The memory still made her quiver. Mother can be indelicate at times, but Aunt Zenie is just a coarse woman, she thought.

AFTER the first of the year 1876 Mr. Rogers' hours were shifted so that he superintended the night freight. One effect of the change was an alteration in mealtimes. Dinner, hitherto set inflexibly for five thirty, was moved forward to one thirty. It broke up the day for every one. But worse than that to Mrs. Rogers was the presence of her husband in the house all afternoon. After an exasperating week she expressed herself to Mary:

"I declare, the man will drive me raving crazy. All he does is snoop, snoop, snoop! Of all the calamities visited upon womankind, the presence of a man around the house during working hours is the worst."

A bellow from the cellar seemed timed to confirm her. "Gussie, *Gussie—oh, Gussie!*"

His wife opened the cellar door. "Oh, father, for heaven's sake, what is it now?"

"The wine I made from those Concord grapes from the arbor—it's not here."

"Jesse Rogers, did you bring me down this cellar to ask about wine you drank up yourself long ago?"

Mrs. Rogers let loose the full force of her Latin temper. Her head went forward between her hunched-up shoulders and her eyes narrowed to thin slits. Her voice rose to a shriek. "You despicable worm—get out of this cellar, and stay out. *Stay out,* do you hear? You've been home all week, and you've done nothing but snoop, snoop, snoop until I'm sick and tired of it. I have work to do, and I have no time to be at your beck and call."

In a moment a chastened and crestfallen man—no longer, as he was thinking, master in his own house—beat a retreat through the kitchen.

Even his beard seemed lifeless, instead of frothing up in its usual unrestraint.

The prolonged clanging of the bell in the kitchen began as Mrs. Rogers pushed open the kitchen door to hurl shrewish accusations after her discomfited spouse. Her scream ended in the middle of a choice insult. She began a dash for the stairway to observe, from the second-story busybody, who the visitor might be. She peered through the front window into the arrangement of mirrors that cunningly reflected the entire front doorstep. Of all people to arrive at such a moment! she thought in exasperation as she saw the clerical black of her visitor. Father Duffy—imagine!

The new priest in the parish had become very popular during his six months' incumbency, and Mrs. Rogers had been trying very hard to impress him.

She ran to the head of the stairs and saw the broad back of her husband already in the vestibule. She stamped her foot. Ordinarily the bell could be pulled from its spring before he would answer it, but this time he would go, of course—she might have known.

It was too late now to do anything. Events would have to take their course. But she thought, If he dares to insult Father Duffy!

SHE called downstairs in tones that were a triumph of the art of inflection. "Jesse dear, why don't you ask Father Duffy into the parlor? And tell him I'll be right down." Her voice combined respect for the cloth, pleasure at the appearance of a guest, concern for his comfort, and underneath all a veiled threat, to be heard and understood only by her husband, that he'd better behave himself or there would be trouble afterward.

She hastened back to her room and began frantic repairs to her toilet. "I must get down there before Jesse says something he shouldn't," she resolved.

Her fears proved groundless. When she entered the parlor, both men rose and Mr. Rogers said:

"Duffy here dropped in to see you. We've been having a chat, and I've just discovered he's a Democrat."

"Father, you don't have to shout so—I'm right here in the room." And then to Father Duffy she smiled a greeting and made an apology: "Jesse gets to talk so loudly down at the railroad."

"Indeed, I should have known your husband was a railroad man. I was a railroader before ever I turned priest, and I say we are a hail-fellow-well-met crowd."

The priest received a slap on the back that would have floored the average man. "You don't tell me, Duffy, that you're a Democrat and a railroad man to boot! You're surely a man after my own heart."

Mr. Rogers looked appraisingly toward his wife. He reached into a hip pocket and brought out a plug of almost black tobacco and held it toward the priest. "I never knew a railroad man to refuse a chew," he announced in jovial thunder.

"Indeed, no." Father Duffy bit off a corner of the plug and began chewing with gusto.

Mr. Rogers also took a chew, and kicked out the spittoon from its hiding place under the whatnot. One of Mrs. Rogers' rules provided that his chewing must be done outside. Now he felt that he regained face in thus defying his wife, while he could suffer no aftermath of recrimination.

"Yes, it was a great life—and it will never be the same again," Father Duffy continued.

"I'm surprised to see a real man like yourself following such a namby-pamby profession. It must be a comedown after railroading," boomed Mr. Rogers.

"A matter of conviction, Rogers. Our good Lord was a workingman, and so were His apostles and disciples. We need men like myself. I became convinced of that, and there was nothing I could do about it, much as I hated to give up the feel of wind and cinders in my face."

"As a Quaker, I can understand that. It's one of our principles to follow our individual conscience and do what it tells us to."

Father Duffy helped himself to a second quid and settled back in his chair. "I know too little about the Quakers, I'm afraid. When I heard that one was husband and father to four good Catholic women, I was curious to meet him. I must say, you differ from my expectations."

Mr. Rogers roared and slapped his guest on the knee.

"By the Lord Harry, Duffy, I know what you mean. I'm no solemn-faced thee-and-thou dry-goods clerk or sober banker counting seven-per-cents in queer-looking clothes, but I'm still a Quaker, I'll have you know."

After the priest made his farewell Mrs. Rogers gave her own version of this discussion to Mary: "Imagine, arguing with a priest! I'm surprised Father Duffy ever put up with him."

"It was wonderful they got along so good, I say. They are two fine men," Mary declared.

ON the 2d of February Mr. Rogers was awakened from his morning nap by an excited wife.

"Jesse, you will have to get up quickly and do something. Zena arrives in New York tomorrow. A letter just came this minute."

"In New York? Tomorrow? Without letting us know? Of all the giddy, irresponsible females."

Mrs. Rogers shook her head impatiently. "There must have been some misunderstanding, perhaps a letter went astray." She read from the perfumed sheet in her hand: " 'We sail from Havre on the 18th of this month, on the La France, of the French Line, and expect to arrive in New York on the 3d of February. I am so anxious to see your dear face and to meet the handsome husband you've written about so much.' "

Rising from bed, Mr. Rogers pulled in his stomach until his chest swelled. "You've been boasting about me," he observed complacently. "Let's *all* go to greet your sister, and make an expedition of it."

"That's wonderful, father. It's been years since we've been in New York. But, Jesse, are you sure we can afford it?"

"We'll go over and back on passes, of course. There's only the cost of hotel and meals." Mr. Rogers walked to the head of the stairs and yelled: "Zenie, Julia! You, Henry and Gene, get yourselves ready! We're all going to New York to meet your Aunt Zena." He outdid himself with a last blast: *"We're all going to New York, so get ready, all of you."*

The hotel Mr. Rogers chose was far uptown, the Broadway, at the thoroughfare of the same name and Forty-second Street—a peaceful spot out of the hubbub and din of downtown traffic. Next morning the family boarded the belt-line horsecars. Arriving at the pier they saw the La France, still in midstream.

It was cold and Mrs. Rogers and the girls shivered in their heavy cloth coats, quilted dresses, and plentiful petticoats.

Shoved by tugs, the black hull finally ranged alongside the pier. Mrs. Rogers gazed upward, scanning eagerly the faces of the passengers along the rail: "I don't see her. I don't see her anywhere. I hope she's not ill."

Julia spoke in a flat voice that held no enthusiasm: "Why, there she is, mama. With the purple bonnet, next to the man with the blond beard—the mutton chops."

"That old woman! You can't mean her! Why, she's a hag! You never told me she looked like that—my dear Zena, who used to be so beautiful!"

As passengers descended the gangplank, a commotion on the vessel could be heard on the pier. A strident voice was screaming what sounded like curses in French, and Mrs. Rogers exclaimed: "That's her! That's Zena! I'd know her voice anywhere—it hasn't changed."

A woman in black hat and coat, so typically the French maid there was no mistaking her vocation, walked through the gangway. Now came the blond young man with mutton chops. He was quite tall and extremely broad, and Julia, watching him, felt a sudden stab at her heart, while Teresina wondered: "That can't be Aunt Zena's nephew! But if he is—and he must be—he's certainly handsome."

The young man was holding some kind of animal on a leash, but the side of the gangplank prevented them from seeing what it was. A porter followed with a small trunk balanced on his shoulders. Then another maid came down the gangway carrying a handbag of black leather, and then Aunt Zena herself.

Mrs. Rogers began to scream, in hysterical fashion, "Zena! *Zena! Cara mia!*" while she pushed her way by main force through the crowd.

Aunt Zena responded with a torrent of mixed French, English, and Italian. She threw her hands over her head so suddenly that they pushed askew her flamboyant purple bonnet. "Tina! My dear, my only! My darling little cabbage, I should never have known you—never. I looked everywhere, and, I can tell you, I was disappointed. I spotted Julia, of course. Who could forget that prissy little face? But you've got so dumpy—and gray hair! Thank God, I don't have a single one yet."

Mrs. Rogers was talking as rapidly: "It's ridiculous, of course, not to allow for the passing of time. When Julia pointed you out, I couldn't believe my eyes. You used to be so regal, so beautiful, so gorgeous."

As a good railroad man, Mr. Rogers recognized danger signals, so he stepped forward and broke in: "Of course this is my dear sister. I'm Jesse. Welcome to God's own country!"

Aunt Zena measured the six feet of Mr. Rogers' brawny two-hundred-pound frame. With a sudden theatrical gliding motion, she threw her arms about him, while her

voice palpitated. "I must have a kiss from my handsome brother-in-law!"

Mr. Rogers was not a bit abashed while the terrific smack was planted on his lips.

At the same time Mrs. Rogers was thinking: Really there are limits to the things even a sister should be allowed to do. But Zena was always like that—looking out for the main chance to get a man, even if he was her own sister's husband. Her voice took on an acid edge as she said: "There are other members of the family besides my husband. This is Zenie, your namesake."

Teresina stepped forward, determined to make a conquest of her aunt. Hugging her, she gushed: "My dear Aunt Zena, I've loved you so many years, and now to actually see you! I can hardly stand the exquisite pain."

Mrs. Rogers looked on approvingly, while Aunt Zena was saying, "Sweet child—and you are quite pretty, too, though not as handsome as I was at your age. What you need, my dear, is some good clothes, and I propose to get them for you. We'll go on a shopping trip in the morning, and then you can throw these things away." She was suddenly conscious that she still had duties to perform. "Name of God," she cried, "the luggage! I must attend to it. I wouldn't leave a single piece of it out of my sight over here—especially with wild Indians roaming around everywhere."

She was gone before any one could refute these astounding statements, and the family followed more slowly. The handsome young man with the mutton-chop whiskers stood by in bored amusement, holding the leash.

Mrs. Rogers nudged her husband and said: "Pet, what in the name of heaven are those two animals? They're not dogs, are they?"

"I believe they are known as dashhounds. It's a breed the English Prince Consort was supposed to admire."

When Aunt Zena returned, she made profuse apologies. "That luggage! And—oh, you haven't met Philippe!"

She called across the pier, "Philippe, my dear, do come over!" The young man approached, still leading the dogs, and she introduced him: "This is my nephew, Philippe Lascalles. He's half French and half English. His mother was one of the—"

Philippe interrupted in a pleasant drawling manner: "Come, Zena, I'm anxious to meet your American relatives, and I am sure they don't give a sou for my pedigree."

Aunt Zena drew herself up to her full height and proclaimed: "This is my darling sister Tina. And this is my favorite niece, Teresina. Teresina, my favorite nephew, Philippe Lascalles. I hope you two will become very good friends."

Teresina dropped her eyes modestly, and then lifted them as if to turn the full light of her beauty upon him. He gave a short bow and another of his pleasant smiles, then engaged himself in greeting Mr. Rogers.

Aunt Zena went on: "And this is Julia, and I suppose these are the twins, Henry and Georgina.

"Now, last but not least"—to her sister's family—"I want you to meet Fortune and François." She dived down and caught up the dachshunds, one under each arm. "Aren't they beauties? Aren't they charming?" She poked the two wet-nosed melancholy faces close to Mr. Rogers'. "Your new Uncle Jesse—don't you have a kiss for him, darlings? . . . But what are we standing here for, waiting? It is bitter in this drafty place, and your American climate is atrocious anyhow. Simply atrocious! Philippe dear, do go and get some hackneys. And tell them we are going to the Astor. Jesse, you and the family will stay with me, of course."

"We came over yesterday, and we are already most comfortably situated," replied Mr. Rogers.

"Oh, indeed? I *am* disappointed. At what hotel?"

"The Broadway."

Aunt Zena shook her head. "The Broadway? I never heard of it, so it can't be much. I can't leave my own relatives at such a place. You'll go with us now, and this afternoon you and Philippe can get your luggage. Now, Philippe, get some porters and begin loading up. I shall send a maid with each of the first two cabs, and then Jesse. And then you, Philippe, and then Henry.

"Julia, you and your mother in the next, and I shall ride with Teresina. Now let's see. Georgina, I think you can safely travel alone, and you can take the dogs with you for protection."

Like a commanding general, she continued to shout orders as the luggage was loaded, the great ostrich plume in her bonnet waving and bobbing. Soon the parade of cabs, with whips cracking, horses prancing, and cabbies shouting, began their cross-town march.

IN the midst of arranging a gallery of photographs Aunt Zena asked: "Where shall we dine tonight? Do you think the children would enjoy Delmonico's? It's quite good, I believe, for America."

This constant disparagement of things American Rogers could not understand. He intended to reason with Zena later, but at the moment he allowed it to pass.

Zena waved her hand. "I'll send Philippe down to reserve a room, and we will have a nice quiet family dinner."

Julia sat at the left of Philippe Lascalles. Teresina sat at his right, and succeeded in capturing his attention for a good deal more than half of the time. But she did not speak French, and Julia turned naturally to that language to make inquiries regarding the present life of Paris.

Mrs. Rogers thought, "Julia is setting her cap for that young man. When I get Zena alone I shall have to find out what his prospects are, although from what she said at the pier this morning I'm sure she picked him out for Zenie."

Her sister thought somewhat differently: "Look at that little beast Julia throwing herself at Philippe. She never once looked so alive all the time she was with me. She is pretty, though, in a way. Well, fair play, say I, and it's Philippe's money in the family I care about. She shall have a fair chance at him, so far as clothes go, although I hadn't intended to waste money outfitting her."

In the morning Julia tried to make up her mind how best to invite inclusion in her aunt's shopping tour. When her aunt said in matter-of-fact tones, as if all of her future did not depend on it, "Julia, I know you are not much concerned with appearances, but if you think you could do with a new rig you might as well come along," she could hardly believe her ears.

"Oh, I do! Indeed I do, Aunt Zena—and thank you so much for including me."

They started out right after breakfast, in a stylish rig Aunt Zena had hired for her New York use. It was not far to Stewart's, about which they had all heard, and they headed for the magnificent new building between Ninth and Tenth Streets.

They had a busy morning searching through bolts of dress goods, through braids, embroideries, and buttons, through taffetas and failles, brocades, silks, louisines, and foulards. These were for dresses to be made up later, in Philadelphia. They bought ready-made dresses for immediate use, and spent hours longer surrounded by dressmakers measuring for the necessary alterations.

It was quite late when they returned to the Astor House, tired and happy. While the girls bubbled over with descriptions of all the new finery, their aunt said: "I tell you, Augustina, I envy you your daughters. It is years since I felt as young as I did in their company, and they are all sweet girls. I'm afraid Teresina will

always be my favorite, but I have changed my mind about Julia. Though she is on the quiet side, she's a nice girl underneath everything."

"I'm afraid you spent a great deal on them," Mrs. Rogers objected. "You know, in a place like Philadelphia clothes mean so little because there are so few opportunities to wear them."

"Why, Tina! Philadelphia will be the center of the world this summer. There has never been anything on a scale to approach the Centennial."

"Well, this summer, perhaps; but that's no compensation for all the years I've thrown away in the awful place."

"With a man as handsome as Jesse, I'm amazed at you. He fascinates me—so big, so strong, so virile. Ah, if I could only have met a real life partner! You know, Augustina, I'm fifty, and nothing to show."

"You're fifty-five if a day, Teresina Borelli. You were eight years older than I."

Aunt Zena screamed: "Eight years! How can you have the effrontery—"

"And that reminds me of something else." Mrs. Rogers' voice took on an extremely sharp quality. "I know you from of old, Zena, and you had better keep your hands off my husband. I didn't like the way you kissed him at the pier."

Teresina laughed in a superior tone. "As jealous as ever! My, the fights we used to have over men—do you

remember? You know, Tina, something tells me I shall enjoy Philadelphia. Instead of staying at a hotel, as I planned, I shall visit with you."

Mrs. Rogers was caught between two emotions. Many times she had offered her sister this hospitality, and she couldn't very well withdraw now. On the other hand, Teresina was up to something—she remembered that far-away look, and she had forebodings. She stammered: "Why, Zena, I'm delighted, of course, but we live so simply—not in the style you are used to—and we've no friends but the most ordinary people. I assure you, ice cream and cake of an evening is a dissipation."

"Nonsense! I can get along perfectly well, and it will be like old times."

When Mr. Rogers and Henry and Philippe returned from their walk a few minutes later Mr. Rogers brought with him the boisterousness of March winds: "By the Lord Harry, it's wonderful outside! We took a long tramp down to Canal Street, and over to the new bridge to Brooklyn. It isn't near finished yet, but you never saw such columns in your life!"

The dachshunds raced into the salon, their little bodies twisting and cavorting in glee. Aunt Zena picked them up and kissed each of them in turn.

"Jesse, aren't they little darlings? Don't you love them?" The animals sat with mouths open and tongues hanging, as if awaiting the verdict.

Mr. Rogers smiled fatuously. "Of course I do. I am very fond of animals of all sorts. And they like me. There's never been a dog that I couldn't win."

Aunt Zena shooed the dachshunds from her lap. "Now run to your uncle," she commanded. "We shall see how good you are at winning affection."

Mr. Rogers put down a large hairy paw, and the dogs slithered over to him. In an extreme of proof, he picked them up and held one on each knee.

"There! You do like them—and they like you. Jesse, I can't tell you how very glad I am. It's been worrying me."

Mrs. Rogers looked askance at her sister. Now what in the world is Zena up to?

The conversation turned to plans for the coming week—Mr. Rogers cleared his throat importantly. "Unfortunately, I am a man of business. The railroad can't wait for the fitting of dresses. I shall have to return to Philadelphia in the morning."

"Well, if that's the case, let's have a theater party tonight instead of later in the week. What would you like to see?" Aunt Zena asked. "Philippe, have you investigated the theatrical fare as yet?"

"Not especially, Zena, but there are several good things, I know. Fanny Davenport is starring in something at Wallack's—no, it is at Daly's, I'm sure—and The Two Orphans is at the Union Square."

"The Two Orphans it is!" Mr. Rogers roared. The title appealed to his sentimental nature.

IT was too bad the new dresses were not yet finished. Julia wondered why she had worn such a somber dress to New York. Black, of all things, when she knew perfectly well it made her appear sallow. Until she met Philippe she had been too stupid, she decided. A touch of color was what she needed—a touch of color.

She had an inspiration. That piece of red ribbon her mother had given her! Teresina had borrowed it, and she knew her sister had brought it with her to New York, so she dashed into the next room and began a hurried search.

If Philippe would only notice! But of course Zenie would also be there, and she did not feel beautiful enough to compete with her sister in that attribute alone. She determined to cultivate an inner charm as well.

Her thoughts were interrupted by the entrance of Teresina herself, who called from the doorway: "Have you seen that piece of red ribbon? I want to tie it in my hair tonight." Then she noticed the velvet in Julia's hand. "So you took it—you stole my piece of ribbon. I might have known!"

"Why, Zenie, how can you say such a thing? It's my ribbon."

"*Your ribbon!* You gave that ribbon to me, and I intend to have it!" Teresina's voice was furious.

"I didn't give it to you at all, and you know it. You asked if you could wear it, and I said to go ahead; but this old black dress of mine looked so dead I got it to give a touch of color."

"Yes—and I know why, too! Well, listen here, Julia Rogers. You won't have a chance, because I've made up my mind to Philippe myself, so there! You might as well forget him."

By this time Teresina was screaming, and she walked toward Julia. Julia backed away just as their mother came in. "What in the world is all this hullabaloo?"

Teresina began to sob. "Julia stole a ribbon I was going to wear tonight, and won't give it back."

Mrs. Rogers turned from one to the other. Well, it took a man to bring Julia out, she thought.

She spoke sharply. "Stole that piece of velvet ribbon? I gave it to Julia myself. And if she gave it to you, she'd no business to, after I bought it for her. Now run on and get ready, and hurry, too. We don't want to keep your aunt waiting."

PHILIPPE LASCALLES was dressing before the wardrobe mirror in his room. It's just like Zena to be so obvious about those girls, he thought. She can't abide seeing me remain a bachelor.

It was natural enough, he supposed, for Zena to want him to marry into her family. And the girls were both charming, if provincial. Well, of one thing he was assured—a pleasant summer. He was glad he had accepted the commission with the Centennial. And perhaps—who knew?—he might end up by marrying one of the sisters.

With a self-satisfied look, Philippe walked into the salon to find all of them waiting for him.

"I declare, Philippe, it takes you longer to primp than it does the girls," his aunt complained. "I was just going to send for you."

Philippe made his apologies, his eyes, meanwhile reappraising the girls. Julia was even prettier than he had thought. She had more color than he had noticed before.

His aunt said, "Philippe, supposing you take the girls by hansom, and the rest of us will go in the carriage."

In a daze of pleasure, Julia found herself walking beside Philippe under the flaming gaslight of the theater entrance. There was no acceptance of the fact that Teresina was hanging on his other arm, interrupting their talk with inane observations. That night Philippe existed for her alone.

"SO a week was long enough for them!" Mr. Rogers nodded to himself and read the paragraph in the letter over again. "Mary, they'll be home tomorrow!" he shouted, as if Mary were still in the kitchen instead of at his elbow. "After all these years of fussing about New York and its pleasures, a week is enough for them."

"Sure, the house hasn't seemed like itself without a commotion going on." Mary shook her head and chewed on her gums. "There's something about the missus keeps things livened up."

"Mary, I've determined on a surprise for Mrs. Rogers. Up in the storeroom is a beautiful figurehead from my father's first ship. I've decided to have it erected in the garden as a decoration."

Apprehension dawned in Mary's faded eyes. "Maybe you'd better wait and see what the missus says."

"Nonsense, Mary—she'll be delighted. Why, that figure is a work of art—worth a dozen iron stags or cast-iron dogs." Mr. Rogers' face lighted in anticipation. "I can just see Gussie now when she catches sight of it."

THIS was the platform for the New York train. Mr. Rogers strode along the cars, gazing in vain for the familiar faces of his family. Just like them to miss the train, he thought. And then he saw the twins, waving from the baggage car. The *baggage* car?

What could Gussie be thinking of, traveling in the baggage car? he asked himself. The answer was quickly forthcoming. An agitated Mrs. Rogers appeared, apparently pulled along by Zena's two dachshunds and followed by the children. Disheveled and distraught, she called:

"Jesse, we've had the most awful time! I want you to take it up with the railroad first thing tomorrow."

"Why, my dear, what was the matter? What is the meaning of these animals? Are you keeping them for your sister?"

Mrs. Rogers put her hand to her breast as if to get her breath. "Oh, pet, don't rush me! The conductor, an odious man, wouldn't allow Fortune and François to ride in the parlor car, and I couldn't leave them in the baggage car alone. They would have been simply frightened to death, in a strange land and all, and not understanding the language. Zena would have been furious—right after she gave them to me."

"You can't stand there and tell me that those monstrosities, those animated sausages, those caricatures of dogdom, are ours!" Mr. Rogers cried out. "I won't have it! Give them back."

"Why, Jesse, you assured Zena that you loved those dogs. You even sat there like an indulgent father with one on each knee and looking pleased as Punch about it."

"But I don't want dogs in the house," Mr. Rogers roared. "If I must say so, your sister can think of the damnedest things to buy with her money."

By the time their horse began to clip-clop over the Belgian blocks toward home Mrs. Rogers was in command of the situation. In a firm voice she said: "Now, Jesse, there's been enough of this foolishness. You can't blame this on Zena—she took the greatest pains to discover what your feelings were."

Mr. Rogers sat in glum silence. He forgot all his happy anticipations of the moment when his own surprise would be enjoyed by his home-coming spouse. The difficulty over the dachshunds delayed the time of discovery, but it came, and Mary began murmuring Hail Mary in the hope of tempering the blast.

"Why, Jesse—" Mrs. Rogers began in a choked voice.

Her husband bustled over to the window importantly. "Talk about your iron statuary—there is real hand-carved work that will knock your eye out."

There was no storm. Mrs. Rogers threw up her hands in a gesture which might have been dismay or surprise, and which her husband chose to think the latter. "La, father, you are the beatingest man!"

Gratified with the success of his venture, he promptly forgot about the whole thing, and never noticed that within the week the good woman Sally Rogers was permanently withdrawn to the loft in the stable.

EASTER this year had little interest for Teresina Rogers, although her handsome New York clothes excited envious looks that at another time would have carried her to a seventh heaven of happiness. Philippe was not yet there to see her. Julia was happier in the admiring glances she received. They helped to bolster a confidence in herself that needed additional propping with each passing week that separated her from Philippe. Their mother felt only a respite at her sister's non-arrival. Now Zena was due, and Mrs. Rogers' premonitions of disaster became stronger.

Mr. Rogers met them at the station. Zena, flanked by her maids, greeted him from the steps of the parlor car. As he had observed before, she was a fine figure of a woman.

"My, Jesse, we meet once more! Although I have seen so little of you, I feel we have known each other for years. But you are so much handsomer. You overwhelm me all over again."

This obvious flattery was accepted with an expansive smile and a dashing bow.

Philippe was to stay at the Globe, the tremendous new hotel which had been built opposite the Exposition grounds.

After it was agreed that he would repair to the Rogers home for dinner, he departed for West Philadelphia by hackney, while Mr. Rogers and Zena drove toward Kensington, with Denise, the younger maid, alone with the jewel case in the back seat of the carriage.

Dinner that evening was one that the family recalled with the greatest pleasure for years afterward.

Mrs. Rogers and the servants worked all day preparing the meal. It was to be a typically Philadelphia repast. There could still be oysters, and a whole bag of them had been shucked and were "fattening" in the shed. There was to be pepper pot, and the long sheets of creamy white tripe were cleaned and boiled, ready to be diced along with the necessary potatoes and onions. Snapping turtles had been bought at a yard on Kensington Avenue. Of course, as it was in the Easter season, the pièce de résistance was ham—and such a ham!

Philippe was astounded at the richness of the fare. The piquant flavors of the hors d'oeuvres and the lusciousness of the oysters had already sharpened his appetite and increased his amiability until it was second only to his host's. "Jove, what oysters!" he cried, after his plate had been refilled with the third half dozen by the excited Mary, who accepted each compliment to the food as a personal commendation.

Aunt Zena entered into the gustatory spirit of the occasion. The dishes were so different! They piqued a bored and jaded appetite. She pronounced the pepper pot delicious.

Mrs. Rogers sat back enjoying the success of her undertaking and the pleasure every one was having. She noticed that the attentions of her daughters toward their male guest were having an effect. Yes, both were making headway, and she was quite as satisfied with them as with her culinary achievements. Julia was gaining weight now that she was eating heartily, and Teresina had need to look to her laurels.

The Centennial was to be the biggest exhibition ever held; the Corliss engine which would furnish the power was the largest ever attempted. The Main Building was the biggest *exhibition* building ever erected.

It was irritating to Philippe, as days passed, that it required more time to clear the display under his charge, and transport it from New York to the Centennial grounds, than was needed for the whole voyage from France.

They were simple people, these Americans, vulgar beyond his imaginings, with their constant tobacco-chewing and spitting, their boasting. But the American women were beautiful! Following this more pleasant train of thought, Philippe gave himself over to a consideration of the Rogers girls. They were beautiful. He believed he favored Teresina a trifle. She had a better figure and she wore her clothes with an air. Yes, it would be something worth striving for, to assault the maidenly bastions of Teresina Rogers and have them leveled before his attack.

He understood already that he could never hope to dominate Teresina. For a complete surrender he would do better to look to Julia. She was tender, quivering, passionate—and these qualities gave to her face an expression of charm her older sister lacked. She was not so nobly proportioned as her sister, of course. Philippe was inclined to think of the female form in terms of bust, waist, and hips. On the other hand, Julia was several years younger. Perhaps Teresina's form was only a promise of what hers might yet be. It was a difficult decision, in any case.

Philippe's practical nature asserted itself. He must have a talk with Zena and see what preference she might have. And there was also the matter of a dot. While his own resources were ample, the increase of fortune through marriage was a very foundation stone of a strong civilization.

PHILIPPE had little opportunity to see his aunt, much less talk with her, until the very day before the Centennial opened. By this time he had given up all hope of having the French exhibit in readiness.

He arranged to meet Aunt Zena for the afternoon. She had some shopping to do, and he accompanied her through a city transformed within the last few days. Gay buntings hung everywhere. Hawkers crowded each other, selling pennants of the city, lead badges of the Liberty Bell, maps, reduced prints of the cyclorama, and copies of the Centennial March written by the great Wagner, the Centennial Hymn composed by Whittier, the Centennial Cantata by Sidney Lanier.

At luncheon after the shopping, Philippe broached the

matter uppermost in his thoughts. "Zena, I must confess to a serious interest in your nieces," he began.

Aunt Zena gave a coy laugh, as if she were being proposed to. "Philippe, this is so sudden. I had no idea you gave either of the demure little dears a thought. Don't you think they are both too young to think of marriage?"

Philippe grinned. "Oh, come now, Zena, you watched over me in New York like a hen over a lone chick. Unless I misread the signs, it's the nieces you have in mind. You've made no effort to secure me for yourself."

It was Aunt Zena's turn to smile. "No; I know my limitations."

Philippe toyed with his wineglass. "Joking aside, Zena, I am truly falling in love with your nieces, and you can picture the quandary I'm in. I hardly know how to direct my affections. Each fair niece has so much to commend her."

"They are both attractive girls," Zena interrupted, "and either one of them can make you happy, I am sure.

I must confess Julia used to be a stick, but since she's seen you she has changed. That girl is in love with you, Philippe—really in love."

Philippe found himself slightly embarrassed, but a little complacent as well.

"Of course, Teresina is a stunner," continued Zena. "She is almost exactly my image when I was her age. I had a little more fire, perhaps. Then, too, she's my namesake, and I don't think I'm being unfair when I say I should prefer you to get her. On the other hand, I admire grit, and if I know Julia, she'll make a fight. I'll say this to you. I'll be quite generous with either girl in the matter of a dowry."

This conversation Philippe reduced to its simplest terms. His aunt preferred her namesake. He decided then and there to accompany Aunt Zena back to Kensington and make an immediate engagement with Teresina for the theater or the concert.

THE rhythm of raindrops on the tin roof overhead woke Julia. This was an important morning. The day the Centennial opened; and they had tickets to hear the President make the opening speech and see the Emperor and Empress of Brazil. Now the weather would spoil it all!

She lay back in her cot and came close to crying. Things had not been going so well. Philippe had taken Zenie to the concert without her, and also had invited Zenie to view the great picture of The Siege of Paris in the Coliseum outside the Centennial grounds.

She got up and dressed to the melancholy sound. When at last she descended to the dining room every one else had breakfasted, and Mrs. Rogers, observing that Julia had not even dressed for the occasion, called to her:

"Good heavens, child! Dreaming up in that attic of yours again! I must move you down to the second floor when Zena goes, where I can keep my eye on you."

"It's raining—I didn't think we'd go in the rain."

"What? Your father wouldn't miss seeing President Grant for anything. He's hated him so all these years, I think he'd go just to hiss at him. Besides, it's clearing up."

In the end, Julia's tardiness worked to her advantage. The family had two sets of tickets in opposite sections of the stands. Harry Naylor had sent four tickets to Teresina. Philippe had also received four, and three of the family were to sit with him. Teresina intended to be at Philippe's side, but Mr. Rogers planned otherwise. "We can't all go in the carriage, that's certain, so I'll take Teresina and the twins with me. They are all ready, and we'll leave now in a hackney. As soon as Julia is dressed, you can follow."

Teresina realized the futility of crossing her father, but her thoughts were wicked as they set out by hired coach.

When Julia's group arrived, the crowd was terrific! Only Aunt Zena's imposing appearance enabled them to reach their own seats. Philippe found them, and, oh, the pleasure for Julia to have him next to her without Zenie on the opposite side! They were alone at last. Not one of the hundred thousand people around them counted at all.

Like everything else connected with the Centennial, Philadelphia's span-new theater, the Alhambra Palace, was late in getting finished. It was to open tonight. Teresina had received invitations from all three of her suitors. Gus she refused flatly. She put off Henry Naylor with an ambiguous "We'll see." Philippe she accepted. She decided to wear the evening dress her aunt purchased in New York and which she had been saving for an occasion. She also wheedled her doting relative into lending her Denise.

EVENINGS were still inclined to be cool, although it was late May, and Teresina pulled on the elegant combed lisle underwear her aunt had purchased for her. Denise's frank, admiring remarks actually caused her to blush, but the maid assisted with her drawers as if she had not noticed. They were of sheerest lawn, trimmed with lace inserts and ruffles. Dainty red ribbons ran under the insertions and tied in bows at the side.

Her corsets carried a similar trimming of lace. As Teresina's hips were already of fashionable proportions, it required no more than a narrow pad of horsehair—one of the so-called figure-improvers—to add the necessary bustle effect to the rear elevation. A short flannel petticoat for warmth, and another whaleboned one to form a foundation for her dress, delicate underchemise also trimmed with red ribbons—and she was ready for the final ordeal of putting on the dress.

Suddenly Denise ran to summon Aunt Zena. After her aunt had screamed with delight, "Zenie, you are absolutely the most beautiful thing I have ever laid eyes on!" she said: "Oh—I have a little surprise for you. Get them, Denise."

Wrappings off, the first package disclosed a pair of most elaborate garters. They were of crimson plush trimmed with lace and fastened with bows of crimson silk ribbon.

Teresina could visualize them high on the unattainable reaches of her creamy-skinned thighs.

"Now, my dear, look at what I got to go with them."

The stockings were long sheer white lisle beautifully embroidered with a pattern of crimson butterflies winging their way upward.

Aunt Zena stayed on, helping with the dress. This was of silk in the new elephant shade. It had a heart-shaped décolletage that revealed more than a hint of plump fullness, the creamy velvet quality of Teresina's bosom, although the extremity of the style was tempered by a ruching of orchid.

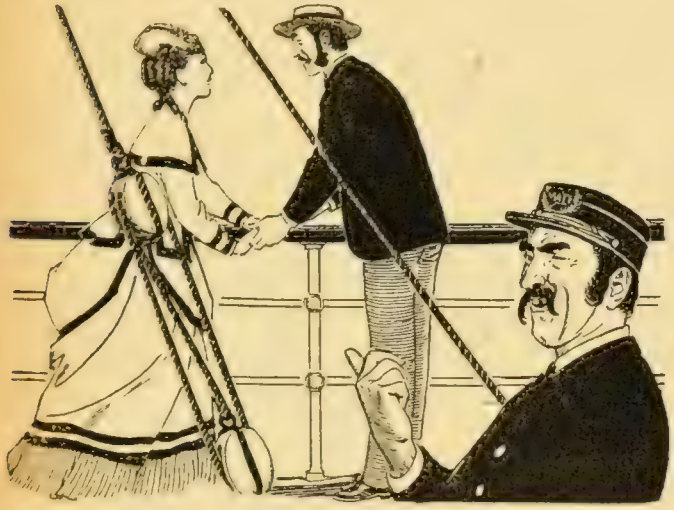
The orchid note was continued in a tasteful row of flounces that were caught in the back with a huge orchid bow.

Aunt Zena kissed her namesake on both cheeks. "Now I mustn't disturb you. Philippe will be here almost any minute, and I know he will be entranced when he sees you."

Philippe appeared with a hired rig, a sporty two-seated

outfit. They raced downtown, Teresina protesting several times that the horse's speed was blowing her to bits. Broad Street was a glorious sight. Gaslights blazed in homes and office buildings, so that their glare could be seen through the unshuttered and unshaded windows, and the whole thoroughfare sparkled with the brilliance of a new firmament.

"Ah, Philippe," Teresina whispered, "wouldn't it be marvelous to see the world—the places where buildings like this line the streets?"



"But we are seeing it tonight. You forget—we are going around the world in eighty days."

Teresina rewarded the pleasantry with a bell-like tinkle of laughter. "Of course, Philippe—I had quite forgotten the name of the drama we are to—"

Philippe interrupted to add an afterthought: "But eighty days is much too little time for us, isn't it? We should need a lifetime."

It was the most encouraging speech, so far. Teresina lowered her head prettily and glanced sideways at him through her lashes.

It was an answer that allowed further advances without making a commitment.

After the performance was over, the horse seemed unwilling to turn toward Kensington. "Let us give him his head," Philippe suggested, and the sagacious animal, from its long experience in livery, turned toward Fairmount Park.

The excitement of the evening and the influence of the moon, Teresina would have averred, caused her to lose her head. What would Philippe think of her? She was behaving shamelessly! His kisses did, in fact, stir her deeply.

She had been kissed before. But Philippe was a man—and a Frenchman. If this went on, she would lack the will to put an end to it.

The desperateness of her struggle convinced Philippe of her innocence, and his proposal followed. It was long and couched in poetic terms—the kind of proposal a girl can remember for years afterward and repeat to herself almost word for word.

When finally he said, "Teresina dear, I humbly ask, will you do me the favor of marriage?" she was too overwhelmed with feeling to answer. Instead, she bent her head so that the tip of her bonnet tangled in his beard, while she murmured, "Philippe—dear, dear Philippe."

The drive home was a delirium of bliss, and Teresina did not dare trust herself to more than a hasty good-by. Philippe unlocked the front door for her, then crushed elephant-colored dress, flannel petticoats, Mme. Foy's corset, and the adorable creature palpitating beneath it all in an embrace that almost robbed her of the strength to push him away.

Mrs. Rogers, watching the scene from the busybody at her window, nodded her head approvingly. She listened for the light, quick run of Teresina's footsteps on the stairs. She could even hear the rustle of the heavy silk dress down the hall. Down the hall and past her own bedroom! Where in the world was she going? There was a distant discreet knock. Of course—trust Zenie to know how to work things! She was confiding in her aunt.

MRS. ROGERS waited all the next morning for Teresina to confide in her. It was all very well for Teresina to have gone to Zena the night before—that was merely knowing on which side your bread was buttered—but it was infuriating to think that her sister was now the possessor of information to which she herself was by right entitled.

It was Zena who finally spilled the beans—and in such a way as to contribute to the mother's feeling of injury. The whole family was seated at the table and dinner had begun. She burst into the dining room and cried: "Don't get up, Jesse, I beg of you! Aren't you simply overwhelmed at the news?"

Mrs. Rogers' lips set grimly while her husband looked up with a blank stare.

"News? News? Has something happened I should have been told about and haven't been?"

Before Aunt Zena could explain, Teresina spoke up languidly: "Philippe proposed to me last evening and I have accepted."

"Well, I never! It seems to me that I should have known about this," Mrs. Rogers couldn't help complaining.

Mr. Rogers was elated and surprised. "Well, who would have thought of Zenie marrying Philippe? What happened to the state senator? I thought he was the favorite suitor."

The womenfolk gave him a pitying glance—except Julia, who went on eating mechanically, just as if the world hadn't come to an end for her. She waited until the meal was finally over—no use risking her mother's displeasure by missing the dessert. As soon as she could do so afterward, she rose, conscious of her mother's eye following her, and left the dining room.

She climbed to her room. There she threw herself face downward on her cot and abandoned herself completely to tears. This was one time her mother allowed her that luxury without interruption. It was hours later before she tiptoed into the room and placed a gentle hand on her disconsolate daughter's shoulder.

"Come, Julia. There's no man alive worth more than one good cry. I've brought up a little dish of soup for you. It's good and rich, and you'll feel better for it, I know."

AUGUSTUS PALMER, M. D. Gus tried to visualize his name in the printed letters of a doctor's sign. He pictured his future office and residence. He and Zenie would have to begin in a small way, of course. They couldn't have as large a home as her parents right away. That would be the goal that they would set themselves.

These plans and resolves sustained Gus until he reached the Rogers doorstep, and then all his old doubts returned to assail him. He ran over again all the arguments he planned to use with Zenie. He spurred himself on. He would allow her no chance to refuse him. When finally the door was opened, it was Julia who let him in.

"Where's Zenie? I'd hoped she would come to the graduation exercises the other night, but she didn't."

Julia smiled unhappily. "So now I suppose you are a full-fledged doctor!"

Gus asked again anxiously, "Is Zenie out somewhere?"

Julia took a breath like a swimmer about to plunge into unknown waters. "She's in town, shopping with Aunt Zena. Gus, perhaps I shouldn't tell you; I should let Zenie tell you herself—but she can be so blunt. I know how fond of her you are, and I don't want to see you hurt." She paused a moment, while Gus glanced at her curiously. "Zenie has become engaged to Philippe Lascalles. They are to be married in the fall, I believe." Julia reached out her hand and placed it lightly on Gus's sleeve.

Gus felt no pain at the moment, and no shock. He

smiled at Julia and rose. "I guess I'll be getting along, and tell Zenie for me I wish her happiness. I won't wait for her right now—another time."

It was still several hours before sunset, the beginning of a long summer evening, but Gus was unaware of its beauty. To Julia, watching him, he seemed to walk like a somnambulist.

In her attempts at comforting Gus, Julia found an escape from her own pain, although she would not yet admit that all was lost. Whenever she thought of Philippe, she would console herself with the thought, Well, they are not married yet. But poor Gus was completely hopeless.

Julia prevailed upon him to continue coming to the house to visit her. Thus while he had formerly been a frequent caller, he now haunted it. He understood, in a way, how Teresina's engagement affected her sister. While she never gave confidence in return, the hidden bond of misery was there, and company made it more endurable.

They were seated one evening on the Turkish divan. One of Aunt Zena's impulsive generosities had transformed the parlor. It had been made into a veritable Turkish harem, or, as Jesse called it, "the seraglio." As a result of the Centennial, Zena, along with the rest of America, had become enthused over inlaid teak furniture, pierced brasswork, varicolored lanterns, Oriental scimitars and shields, and vivid red-and-yellow curtains. The glow of early evening still lighted the street, but the gloom of the seraglio was as intense as that in their hearts.

The cause of their misery swept in, wearing an old house dress and not looking at all her best. Sight of the mournful couple first startled, then displeased, and finally angered her. She lifted her chin to the air at Gus's timid "Hello, Zenie," and swept away in search of her mother.

"I wish you would do something, mother. Julia has Gus here continually just to spite me. I'm sure Philippe is wondering why some one I threw over my shoulder is still around all the time."

"Good grief, Zenie. Gus is a nice boy, and he's terribly hurt. If Julia wants to cheer him up a little, I'm sure I can't refuse him the house when he's been coming here for years."

"I don't like the way Julia acts with Philippe, either. You would think, now we're engaged, she would give up trying to land him. But no—she's at the door the first thing when he rings. Instead of letting Mary go, there she sneaks off, ready to fawn all over him."

"Tosh. Pish and tosh! This is as good a time as any to tell you, Zenie—if you lose your fish it will be your own fault. I hold with making a man toe the line, but it doesn't do any good making him jump through hoops for you. I've been watching things. Julia goes to the door for Philippe because you are not dressed. What's more, you are not ready a half hour later most of the time, and some one has to entertain Philippe. He can't sit there like a bump on a log."

Teresina's chin went up. "Philippe should be glad to wait for me. You yourself have told me over and over, the time to get the upper hand is at the beginning."

"The upper hand, yes—but it should be gloved in silk, not a mailed fist. I can tell you, Zena, I think all that pother about the Algerian beauty at the Centennial was uncalled for. Philippe was completely innocent, I'm sure. Can he help it if the most talk-of woman at the Exposition happens to have a booth next to his?"

TERESINA burst into a tirade. "I don't care," she finished. "When I saw him ogling that wicked heathen woman—caught him red-handed—I put an end to it quickly, I can tell you!"

"Yes, and made a scene before all Philadelphia! No man is going to put up with things like that. So long as he just looks at Algerian women, let him look, I say. Now run and dress, and be ready for Philippe. Meet him at the door with a smile."

As he drove over Richmond Street, Philippe decided to pretend that nothing had happened. If Teresina referred to the scene, however, he intended to state his feelings in no uncertain terms. He was still distressed, dismayed, and surprised at Teresina's behavior.

One thing was certain—he did not want to spend the evening in the parlor. The close intimacy of the Turkish hangings did not suit his present frame of mind. It would surely lead to a quarrel if he were alone with Zenie for the whole evening.

They would go to the minstrels. The cork-faced comedians were the only entertainment he knew that could make him forget everything but their side-splitting jokes. He took from the carriage seat two separate packages. He usually brought Whitman's chocolates to Teresina, but Julia had talked about novels the other evening while he was waiting for her sister, and it seemed like a nice gesture to bring one for each girl.

Julia answered the bell, with a slow but warm and welcoming smile that placed him at ease again, and he handed her one of the wrapped-up books. "I happened to see this, and thought you might enjoy it."

After she had thanked him, Julia said, "Zenie isn't dressed yet, and I'm talking to Gus Palmer in the parlor. Do come in until she's ready."

Gus was a nice fellow, Philippe thought, and he enjoyed conversing with him. They discussed the latest trouble of the Centennial while Julia was eagerly turning the pages of her novel.

The pleasant conversation was ended when Teresina made her appearance. She was effusive in her greeting to Philippe, just as if nothing had happened, and managed to display her ring, an heirloom from Philippe's mother, so that it became, by some art she alone understood, the most noticeable thing about her. It was a boast to Gus, a warning to Julia, and a brand that she was his alone to her betrothed.

EARLY in August, after a torrential downpour, the long heat wave broke for a few days, and Philippe decided the welcome coolness offered an excellent opportunity to spend a whole afternoon with Teresina and really cover the Exposition. Yes, it was a delightful day. The seared lawns and beds of wilted flowers had miraculously turned fresh and alive again. He walked over to the house, and, as usual, the door was answered by Julia.

Philippe had become so accustomed to this procedure that he actually came to expect the door to be opened by Julia and would have been surprised if Teresina had greeted him instead.

"I'll tell Zenie you're here," she promised, while her thoughts ran, Imagine having to be told Philippe is here. The whole house is different when he comes in.

Philippe spread himself on the Turkish divan. He expected to have a considerable wait, as usual, and was considerably surprised to hear the rustle of dresses almost immediately.

Instead of his fiancée, however, it was Georgina who came in.

For some time, Georgina had been watching the progress of romance. At first she was content to let events take their course. She disliked both her older sisters too much to go to the aid of either of them; but Julia had changed so much for the better that Georgina at last determined to enter the fray on her side.

"Hello, Philippe! My, you're early, aren't you?"

"Why, yes," he admitted; "yes, I am early, for a fact. It is such a nice afternoon I thought your sister might like to go out to the Centennial with me. In all this time we haven't seen all of it together."

Georgina laughed. "My goodness, I think you picked a bad day to come. What do you bet Zenie won't go?"

Philippe smiled, showing his white teeth under the reddish brown of his beard. "It's a bet! Now may I ask you why you're so sure of winning?"

"Father says never to bet on a sure thing, but, Philippe, you don't know how I need fifty cents."

He held out a half-dollar note and teased:

"You didn't say whether the bet was in gold or greenbacks."

Georgina took the note and folded it very carefully. "Zenie won't be down," she assured him. "She's been fighting with mother all morning about the wedding.

Is Zenie mad! She's so mad she could bite nails, and she looks a sight. Let me tell you, Zenie Rogers in a temper is a whole lot worse than mother, and when the pair of them get going—" Georgina left the effects of this contingency to the imagination, and ran out. Philippe wiped his forehead with his handkerchief. He could hear steps approaching, and Julia's smile seemed unusually pleasant to him at that moment. He noticed also how easily and effortlessly she walked, and the deep, warm tones of her voice.

"I'm sorry, Philippe. Zenie wants you to excuse her this afternoon. She's not feeling well—in fact, not well enough to come down."

He must have presented an appearance of dismay, for Julia put a hand forward involuntarily. "Oh, Philippe, don't be too disappointed. Zenie can see you this evening, I'm sure."

It was disappointing, and the serpent's whispers of Georgina also had their effect. Philippe just didn't want to go back to West Philadelphia alone. Impulsively he said: "I know—why don't you come? You're not doing anything this afternoon, are you? And I'll take Teresina some other time."

Julia put her hand to her mouth. "Oh, I couldn't, Philippe. Teresina would be—" She started to say "furious" and caught herself. "Oh, I don't think I should go. After all—"

"After all," Philippe insisted, "after all, you're Teresina's sister. There is certainly nothing improper in my taking you to the Centennial, do you think?"

"But Zenie—"

"I'm sure Teresina won't mind. How could she? She'll be delighted to have you go."

Julia made up her mind. "All right, Philippe—I'll go. I would really like very much to go. Wait just a second until I put on my bonnet."

Julia was so different from her older sister! When Philippe made a suggestion to Teresina, she pouted and asked, "Why do you wish to do that? It doesn't sound very exciting." Teresina wouldn't go to variety theaters, which Philippe enjoyed, not even on the special ladies' nights. Nor could he prevail upon her to attend any of the entertainments or cafés at the Centennial along the row of temporary houses known as Shantytown.

On the other hand, Julia was ready for anything at all. He had only to make a suggestion and she caught it up eagerly, and her "Oh, Philippe, please let's!" gave the impression that she was begging him to do exactly the things he wanted to.

In the Japanese exhibit, which was by far the largest and most ambitious attempted by any foreign nation, they behaved like children before the demonstration of silk-growing.

QUITE without reason, they followed paths that landed them in unexpected places.

Who would have set out on his own accord to see the Butter and Cheese exhibit? Or the tombstones carved from Vermont granite? By mutual consent, they skipped Machinery Hall entirely, and made up for it by lingering in the beauty of the Horticultural exhibit, which they both pronounced to be the masterpiece of the whole Centennial.

Finally, when they were both a little fed up with the exhibition proper, Philippe made a proposal which he instinctively expected would be turned down. "What do you say we visit Shantytown?"

Julia merely caught his arm a little closer and said, "Oh, Philippe, please let's!"

Philippe was enjoying himself with an abandon he had not felt since student days. His companion was fun. He'd had an ever so much better time than he could have had with Teresina—he knew that. But they should be returning. The long summer day was rapidly yellowing to twilight.

On the way back to the Richmond station Julia began to experience a feeling of guilt. It was much later than she had expected to stay. Teresina probably had been having hysterics all afternoon.

Julia determined to make an entrance that would give no hint of her feelings. She swept down the hall to the parlor, with Philippe following. Aunt Zena was there alone, and Julia rushed up to her.

"Oh, we had the most wonderful time at the Centennial this afternoon—didn't we, Philippe?"

"Indeed we did—by the Lord Harry, as Father Rogers says, we really saw things. How's Teresina?"

"Well, I'm glad you children enjoyed yourselves. Zenie still has a bad headache, though. I'm afraid you won't see your charming fiancée this evening, Philippe."

Philippe delayed his departure, and Julia watched her aunt closely. Would Philippe never go, so she could find out just how bad things really were? Finally he bowed in a mock-military manner, clicking his heels together.

The door had barely shut behind him when Aunt Zena whispered ominously, "Well, young lady, you certainly started things. That sister of yours has behaved disgracefully ever since you left. I declare I never saw such goings on. But you might have got home at a decent hour. It's after nine."

"It's all my fault. I was having such a good time and Philippe is such perfect company I quite forgot the hour."

UNAWARE of Teresina's attitude toward yesterday's excursion, Philippe was in a happy mood as he gave his horse its head along the water front. He was dreaming of the future when he was suddenly aroused by a hail. He reined in his horse instinctively, and looked over to see Georgina on the pavement, waving an extravagantly large parasol. "Well, young lady, aren't you a long way from home?"

"Oh, I'm so glad I saw you! I set out for a walk, and didn't notice how far I'd come. The heat and all has completely fagged me, I declare." Considering that she had been waiting at that particular corner for almost an hour in the hope of intercepting Philippe, it required no great amount of acting to appear tired out.

Georgina gave a long sigh, and tears welled in her eyes, and her mouth quivered.

Philippe was instantly touched. "My dear child! What in the world is the matter? You seem most unhappy."

Georgina answered: "Don't mind me, please, Philippe. It's nothing, really. I just had to get out of the house. Things are so unpleasant at home right now."

"Unpleasant? Why, it always seemed to me you lived in a most happy household. Come, tell me what's the matter."

Georgina sighed dramatically and said: "Surely you must have realized after you left yesterday that things in the house wouldn't be very pleasant. You don't think Zenie would allow Julia to go to the fair with you yesterday without starting something, do you? You let yourself in for something—and as for poor Julia!"

"Julia? Why, that is absurd. Teresina wouldn't object to my taking her yesterday. She was ill and couldn't go, and Julia is her own sister."

Georgina gave Philippe a glance in which compassion and pity mixed. "It's easy to see you don't know Zenie very well. She didn't only object—she had conniptions. She was in hysterics all afternoon."

Philippe touched the horse with his whip, and the carriage lurched forward at a faster pace.

His companion waited a few seconds before continuing: "It's Julia I feel sorry for. She's worth two of Zenie. You should have been there this morning when Zenie tried to kill her."

Philippe looked up, startled. "Tried to kill her?"

"Please don't get excited, Philippe—she didn't succeed, of course. Mother and Aunt Zena struggled with her. It was dangerous, but once they got the hatpin away from her, she couldn't do anything. Julia had to promise, though, that she would never, never see you again. And now, if you'll stop the horse, please, I'd like to get out before we turn the corner."

"I think your story is made up out of whole cloth; but at least I will take you home."

"Indeed you won't," Georgina insisted. "I'll jump first. If Zenie saw me riding with you she'd scratch my eyes out, and don't think she wouldn't." She leaped agilely from the carriage. "Thanks for the ride, and I'm sorry I told you anything. I might have known you wouldn't

believe me, but you'll see for yourself if I'm not right."

The trouble between Julia and Zenie was paralleled among their elders.

It was unfortunate that Zena, with all her generosities and the impulsiveness and unselfishness of her nature, should have aroused her sister's bitter jealousy. Any accident or happening that left Zena alone in the company of her husband appeared suspicious in Mrs. Rogers' jealous eyes.

The weather was a contributing factor. Mr. Rogers had spent the morning trying to sleep, but the heat had made it impossible. He descended to the parlor, and found a large wet place in the center of the handsome Wilton rug. Near the spot, suspiciously near and yet seemingly unafraid of the consequences of his apparent crime, lay François.

Mr. Rogers heard footsteps descending the stairs, and quite naturally concluded they were those of his wife, so he delivered himself on the whole subject of the poor beasts.

"These creatures have gone the limit. It's high time they were ground up into sausage meat. Look at them—look at the pair of them!" he declaimed. "And you call *them* dogs—those caricatures of a noble animal, those sniffing, smelling, mess-making monstrosities! They're—they're—they're obscene. I can think of no other word for it—obscene. Those damn dashhounds will have to go!"

AUNT ZENA took the final pronouncement from the very doorway to the parlor, and when Mr. Rogers finally became aware of the identity of his audience she was already dissolved in tears.

"Jesse, how can you? And I thought you loved the little dears so! You told me yourself—" Anguish was written large on her features. "No matter what I do for people, no one appreciates it. Surely, Jesse—"

The reproach was hidden by the pillows, but Mr. Rogers was already completely remorseful for his words. He wouldn't have spoken so to Zena for the world. With abashed features, he moved over to the divan and laid a hand on her shoulder. "Come, Zena, it's really nothing. A matter of fun more than anything." He seated himself on the divan beside his sister-in-law and gently brought her up to a sitting position.

At this point Mrs. Rogers made her entrance.

The scene in the parlor exceeded all her wildest imaginings.

"Well, this is a fine how-de-do! The minute my back is turned I find this kind of goings on right under my very nose." While her accusation included an apparently impossible feat of acrobatics, there was no misunderstanding Mrs. Rogers' meaning, and now the flood of words seared and shriveled them. They were overwhelmed by accusation, and drowned, finally, in a tide of jealousy

Mr. Rogers attempted to halt the cataclysm. "Now, look here, Gussie. You misunderstand things completely," he began, assuming an injured look.

"I guess I can believe my two eyes!" This slight interruption in her tirade was no help at all, except to show the futility of further explanations. As Mrs. Rogers tired, Zena finally made an escape and ran sobbing to her room.

Aunt Zena was packed in an hour. Mr. Rogers tried to dissuade her. "Tomorrow, when Gussie is in a more reasonable frame of mind, I'll explain the whole thing to her," he promised.

"No, Jesse, it's no use. The things she said to me will always hang like a sword between us. I never realized a sister of mine could have such vile thoughts in her head."

When Mr. Rogers called at the Continental Hotel where she had gone, the clerk handed him a note heavily perfumed. He opened it with clumsy fingers, and frowned at its contents:

Dear Jesse:

I *couldn't* bear the anguish of saying good-by, so I am taking the morning train to New York. Say *good-by* to the children and the servants. Tell Philippe I will see him this winter, and I am sorry not to *aid further* in the plans for his wedding. When I say I *fear* for his happiness I know you will understand. *Close* association with Teresina convinces me that while she has *my good looks*, her disposition is her *mother's*.

I shall take the first boat back to "la belle France."

Your *loving* sister,

TERESINA.

There were many things to disturb Philippe's peace of mind, and all of them were feminine. First, the beautiful Algerian. He never saw the girl without feeling self-conscious and remembering the scene his fiancée had precipitated over her.

Philippe realized, guiltily, that he must have been staring at the girl while he was thinking about her, and had walked around to the other side of the display before continuing his unhappy reflections.

Disturbance number two was Zena. Why had his favorite aunt fled so suddenly from Philadelphia?

Third were his tiny doubts about his fiancée.

Was the feeling caused by that blonde minx of a Georgina? Or was it purely accidental that he hadn't seen Julia for some time, and that Teresina herself, or Mary, let him in when he called? He was disappointed, increasingly disappointed, when it was some one else. "Julia did promise, though, she would never, never see you again." That child's words kept coming back to him.

He banged his fist on the top of a case. By Jove, he wanted to see her again! She was a nice girl. She was good fun, too. A lot better fun than Teresina, and easier to talk to, as well. If he didn't see Julia tonight, he would find out why!

There was nothing like walking for a state like his, Philippe decided. He left the main exhibition building and set off at a good pace down a steep bank that followed the Schuylkill. The river at this point was wide, and with the high, picturesque bluff on the opposite side of the valley, presented a noble view.

In midstream a little passenger steamer lifted a white plume of smoke. He determined upon a ride in one of the little vessels, and strode along the drive until he came to the nearest landing.

Julia, too, decided that very afternoon that a walk was just what she needed. Once out of the house, she considered what to do. It was a beautiful afternoon, and the Centennial drew her like a lodestone. But no—that would

be wrong. Once in the grounds, she couldn't avoid searching out Philippe.

Suppose she took the train at Richmond, went to the Centennial station, but avoided the Exposition grounds entirely. She could enjoy nature alone, walking down some of the pathways that ran along the Schuylkill. The path she chose wound down to the river, and at last she realized that it led to a pier of the Schuylkill steamboat line. One of the little vessels was alongside and apparently about to cast off. On an impulse, she dashed for the narrow plank that formed the gangway just as the bell clanged a signal. This was the very last thing she

had expected to do—go for a boat ride! She walked over to the rail and watched the tree-covered banks as they fled by. There was a man next her at the rail who was as tall as her father and almost as broad. She imagined to herself that it was Philippe, and that they were traveling together, on their wedding journey perhaps. She entered into long mental conversations with the stranger.

"Look, Philippe. That barge is so prettily painted—red roof, green walls, and yellow shutters. The house on it, I mean."

There were so many things to point out with the phrase "Look, Philippe," that the time came when she forgot entirely that hers were imaginary conversations, and she spoke aloud. The stranger at her side seemed to be startled. He turned around suddenly, and Julia began to blush. The stranger was looking at her curiously, and he had assumed the very appearance of Philippe. She was demented—it couldn't be possible. She closed her eyes and opened them. She was still seeing Philippe! He was holding her two hands, a flesh-and-blood grip that threatened to crush them. It was Philippe! It was he—it was, it was! She was so overjoyed it was difficult to restrain herself from hugging him. Then he spoke:

"Julia, Julia—it's so good to see you. . . . But how did you get here? How long were you standing there before you spoke to me? You're not *alone*, are you? Why didn't you let me know sooner that you were there?"

It was impossible to answer so many questions in order, and to one at least she didn't dare a reply.

"Tell me, Julia, why have you been evading me for so long? I've missed seeing you. What was the reason?"

Julia turned her head away, but Philippe was not to be denied an answer, and she replied finally, "After all, Philippe, you are engaged to Zenie, you know, and not to me."

Philippe had taken Mr. Rogers' favorite expletive for his own, and he used it now. "By the Lord Harry, Julia, it's you I really love. I didn't realize it until now—seeing you again." There, it was out! An entirely different kind of declaration from his romantic proposal to Teresina.

He knew it had an effect upon Julia. She disengaged her hand from his. Her face took on a worried look.

"You can't—really, you can't say such things, Philippe. You've given your word—and I have, as well. I promised I wouldn't see you again. But—I was sorry I promised—"

They felt alone on the vessel, and made rapid strides in their new understanding and intimacy, until a touch on their elbows startled them. "End of the line. Return fares, if you're goin' back." The steamer was tied to a pier, and all the other passengers were gone!

Philippe seized Julia's arm and they hurried ashore in embarrassed confusion.

"Voyaging makes me hungry," Philippe said. "Suppose we try that tavern and take pot luck on whatever food they have."

THERE were tables and chairs on a wide porch fronting the inn, and the sound of their footsteps brought the innkeeper.

"Do you have any food for a pair of hungry wayfarers?" Philippe asked.

The man peered at them suspiciously and answered surlily: "There's catfish—and I guess I could kill a chicken, if you wanted it."

Philippe looked questioningly, and Julia clasped her hands together. "Let's have catfish, Philippe. Haven't you eaten them yet? They are a Philadelphia delicacy. A good catfish supper is a real treat, I assure you."

Philippe gradually won over the innkeeper, and before they left he was answering questions cheerfully enough.

"A path? Of course there's a path—there's a dozen of 'em, more or less. But if *I* was goin' walkin' with a young lady, I'd go up to the Devil's Pool. It's a ways, but when you get there it's worth it!"

When they were beyond earshot, Julia said: "Philippe, you remind me so of papa. He has the greatest knack of making friends with people, the way you do."

"I like people and I want them to like me. And as for catfish, I never tasted anything more delicious—and as for the company, it's divine!"

"Don't be silly. And this must be the place we turn off—a bridle path to the left, didn't he say?" Julia was glad she had worn a proper walking suit, though even so the skirt caught at every little root and rock. The path climbed gradually, and eventually they came to the pool. A large flat rock made a point, or cape, and Julia threw herself down on it to rest.

They sat quietly for a long time, content with each other's nearness. Everything combined to create in them a state of sweet languor, so that when eventually they

found themselves in each other's arms, there was no urgency, no demand, no surrender. It was merely right that they were there. By the time Julia was conscious of Philippe's lips pressing against her own, and the crisp vitality of his beard, in which she seemed to drown, she was beyond caring about anything but his nearness. This was right. They were the only two people in a world of oak, chestnut, and beech trees.

No matter what happened later, this moment was perfect, a consummation of all of life. External things seemed not to exist—they were not even aware of clothes hampering them.

They remade their toilets carefully. Philippe recombed his hair and brushed his beard with a pocket set he carried for the purpose. Julia borrowed Philippe's comb to undo the ravagement of her hair. The walk down the Wissahickon Valley seemed short, compared with the ascent. Julia felt tireless when at last they reached the little steamboat landing and found a vessel waiting.

"Oh, Philippe, it has been a perfect day and I shall never forget it! There is one thing I must know. What shall I tell Teresina about today? We can't go on behind her back."

Philippe was serious. "I am certain now that you are the only girl I shall ever love, and I realize you love me in a way that Teresina is incapable of ever knowing. I shan't let you out of my sight until we are married."

"Do you still want to marry me, after today, Philippe? I thought it was the end—a kind of a glorious finale."

"My dear, you are a little goose, a little American goose. We'll be married tonight, if possible."

THE evening paper carried first reports of the fire under the heading CONFLAGRATION AT THE CENTENNIAL. Rumors spread quickly that the whole exhibition was one great blaze, although the paper expressed the opinion that it was confined to Shantytown, where it had started.

While Mr. Rogers read the accounts with gusto, his wife paid little attention to his recital until Julia's extreme tardiness began to cause her worry.

"Jesse, I declare I don't know what has become of Julia. She sneaked away this afternoon without an aye, yes, or no to any one, and I've seen neither hair nor hide of her since. Jesse, do you think she could have gone to the Centennial? Perhaps she was trapped in that awful fire!"

"Alone? Without a man to watch out for her? Don't

be absurd, Gussie. Our girls may be foolish at times, but they are not foolhardy."

"You know Philippe is out there, and she is head over heels in love with him. The more I think of it, the more I'm sure that is what has happened. That little minx of ours has been carrying on with Philippe behind our backs. They've had a rendezvous over in that awful Shantytown section, and now, like as not, they are both burned to a crisp. God in His wrath has been hard on them!"

For the second time Mr. Rogers snorted. "If God were in the habit of sending fires from heaven to burn up evildoers, there wouldn't be a Republican left in the country."

Mrs. Rogers dropped into a chair and held her head in her hands in an attitude of complete despair. "Good heavens, father, with your daughter probably lying in the morgue at this minute, you switch the talk around to politics! You'd try the patience of a saint."

It was after eight when a messenger boy arrived with an envelope for a truly frantic household.

"Well," Mrs. Rogers exclaimed as she opened it, "they weren't in the fire, anyway—they never mention it, in fact. This will be a blow for you, Zenie—although, as I've always said, there's more than one pebble on the beach."

Her mother passed over the note, and Teresina read it hastily.

Dearest Mama:

I am running away with Philippe, for we love each other, and life without him would be intolerable. My heart grieves to cause you worry, but this is the only way. Explanations would have been impossible to any one of Zenie's jealous nature. I know you will understand that. Please don't worry too much.

Yr affte daughter,

JULIA.

Now that the irrevocable had occurred, Teresina assumed a cool, detached pose. She returned the letter with a bored, almost disinterested air.

"My goodness, Julia takes herself seriously! What explanations are necessary in a situation of this kind? The whole thing is too transparent."

"If you think any daughter of mine has been up to anything improper, you can disabuse your mind!" Mrs. Rogers snapped.

Teresina walked toward the stairway with her most languid, regal stride. "Indeed I hope you are right, mother, but you notice there is nothing at all said in the note about marriage—or did *that* escape your attention?"

WITHIN a few days Teresina was able to look back upon her loss as an experience that was over. She had seen Gus several times, and he was as devoted as ever. Poor Gus—perhaps he deserved a better reward than she was prepared to give, yet he had seemed completely happy just to see her again on the old basis.

Teresina was still ready to believe the worst about Julia. He'll never marry her, she thought vindictively for the tenth time. In a few weeks he will cast her aside like a crumpled rose. And what must have transpired before they fled no decent girl like herself dare even think about.

"Zenie, do eat your dinner," her mother interrupted her thoughts sharply. "You must keep up your strength, child, or you will lose weight. That's a nice loin of pork I bought specially."

"I'm perfectly all right, mother. I was thinking about something entirely different. Gus was singing a new song to me last evening, and I was trying to remember how the words went."

Georgina looked up with her too innocent, vague stare. "Oh, was it Waiting at the Church, Zenie? It's so sad!"

Teresina determined that some day she would murder her young sister—but she evinced no sign of understanding the sly dig. To prove once and for all that she was not languishing for a faithless lover, she ate two good thick chops from the pork loin and a half dozen of the potatoes that had been roasted with it. But when she left the table a tiny segment of the pie still remained on her plate. She was no sooner out of hearing than Mrs. Rogers began:

"I declare, Jesse, the way Zenie is taking this worries me. An appetite like a bird's! She never leaves Martha's pie on her plate—and pumpkin, at that! And Julia—" Mrs. Rogers appeared ready to burst into tears. "It has been so long—almost a week. If they had married, what could be the reason for waiting so long to let us know? Pet, I tell you, I shall never be able to hold up my head again if a daughter of mine has actually run away with a man without getting him to marry her."

Whatever Mr. Rogers intended to reply was never spoken. Georgina could be heard shouting from the front door, and then she came running into the dining room with flushed, excited face.

"They're back—they're back! They're just driving up outside, and they're married! I can tell by the look on their faces."

In spite of her excitement at the news, Mrs. Rogers reached out and caught her husband's coat as he started for the door.

"Into the parlor, Jesse," she commanded. "After all, they have acted outrageously and I don't think they should be forgiven too quickly."

Against his wishes, Mr. Rogers followed her instructions. "A moment ago, all you wanted was to see them back. Now they are here, you want to go into the parlor and sulk because young people are young people. I declare, Gussie, women are beyond my ken," he grumbled.

There was a peal at the doorbell, and Mr. Rogers jumped to his feet, to subside again after a sharp caution:

"Jesse, Mary will answer the door."

A moment later Mary's welcome of the returned elopers largely undid the effect Mrs. Rogers had planned. With one of her high, keening cries, Mary leaped upon Julia and smothered her in hugs.

"Well, my own little girl—it seems only a couple of years since I was puttin' diapers on her, and here she is coming home married!" A suspicion entered Mary's head and she looked up slyly. "It's married you are, ain't it?"

"Of course we are married, Mary. Where are mama and papa? Were they very much worried?"

Mary confided in a loud, wet whisper: "I think *she* is waitin' in the parlor to haul you over the coals, but don't either of you pay a mite of attention. She's been eatin' her heart out since you left so sudden-like."

Mrs. Rogers jumped from the rocker with an "I never heard anything so outrageous," but her anger lasted no farther than the doorway. She saw her daughter, sweetly pleading for forgiveness, and forgot everything but the fact that she was back. She gave a high shriek and caught Julia to her, kissing her frantically on both cheeks.

Mr. Rogers seized both of Philippe's hands and boomed: "Well, my boy, I should have had a hard time playing the angry father, and I'm glad all was forgiven without that."

TERESINA, once more adamant against emotion in her shining armor of beauty, wished bridegroom and bride well.

"I'm glad things worked out as they did," she drawled. "Long ago I realized we were completely unsuited for each other, but I had hesitated to speak, to spare your feelings."

Mrs. Rogers could not resist complaining, "You might at least have written and let me know where you were, or telegraphed."

Julia was instantly contrite. "I'm so sorry I worried you so, and you, papa."

It was an opportunity for which Mr. Rogers had been waiting. He shouted, "I will *not* be called by that odious name. Don't *papa* me—I won't stand for it!"

For the first time in her life, Julia was not the least bit afraid of her angry parent. "My dear papa," she teased, "what will you do to me if I don't obey you? Remember, I have somebody to protect me now, and he is quite as big as you are!"

Mr. Rogers, surprised by the change in his daughter's behavior, laughed.

"Philippé, marriage has been good for her. You know, it's too bad your Aunt Zena isn't here today. She would have enjoyed this, even though things worked out differently from what she planned."

At this, Mrs. Rogers jumped up as if she'd had a cake in the oven and could smell it scorching. "Good grief! A letter from Zena came yesterday, from Paris. I clean forgot it until you mentioned her."

The letter was written over so many sheets of paper which seemed not to follow each other consecutively that Mr. Rogers was quite a time assuring himself that he had interpreted it correctly. Then the Rogers timbers shivered once more.

"Whoops, Gussie, your sister is in love—with a Quaker! He was on the ship."

Mrs. Rogers put her hand to her breast and exclaimed, "What will Zena come to?"

"She says, if it hadn't been for you, she would never have met him, and she is sending you—"

He frowned and his mouth fell open while Mrs. Rogers wondered, Good grief, what has Zena written to put Jesse in such a state?

Julia used the pause to take Philippe by the arm and say quite shamelessly, "Come, dear, I think it is time we retired."

Teresina had already vanished to her room, and no sooner had the twins clumped noisily toward the third story than Mr. Rogers shook the offending letter and began to indulge in noises appropriate to an expression of his feelings. "Do you know what that sister of yours has done?"

Pursing her lips and shaking her head, Mrs. Rogers put him off by ignoring his question and continuing with her own thoughts: "I hope for the best, of course, but I suspect he is nothing but an adventurer, after Zena's money."

Mr. Rogers' impatience could no longer be restrained. "Because of your ceaseless interruptions I've had no opportunity to tell you, Mrs. Rogers," he roared, "that your sister is starting in again."

He caught up Zena's letter and held it in agitated fingers.

"She has sent you, as a token of reconciliation"—he squinted, and read with overemphasized inflection—"'a most *handsome* life-sized *oil* painting entitled The Retreat from Moscow.' Gussie, where in this house is there room for even a shattered remnant of Napoleon's Army, let alone the immensity of the wide Russian steppes?"

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By E. A. PILLER

IF PROOF were needed to support the theory that a determined man can do what he has a mind to, **Colonel Robert L. Scott** supplies it in his autobiographical **God Is My Co-Pilot.**

Colonel Scott determined, as a boy, that he would fly; and though his first effort in a handmade glider from a church roof ended, fortunately for him, in a Cherokee rosebush almost directly underneath, he did become a flyer, and one of the best, when he grew older.

He determined to go to West Point, and though no appointment was forthcoming, he enlisted in the Regular Army and later made the Point. He graduated, too, despite a scholastic struggle that would have downed a lesser man.

Col. Robert L. Scott

As an air cadet at Randolph Field in Texas, he thought nothing of motoring week-ends to Georgia to see a girl—because he had determined to marry her and she hadn't yet made up her mind. Needless to say, she finally did, and it was "yes."

Then, when war came, he was judged too old for combat; but combat was what he wanted—and that was what he got. First as a one-man pursuit squadron over the Burma Road, and later with Chennault in China.

Larry Lesueur

His adventures, simply, forthrightly, and sometimes humorously told, deserve a place very near the top in any list of books about the men who have fought in this war. Colonel Scott is modest—but his achievements, his fighting ability, his accounts of flying (as in the chronicle of his flight over Everest), even when told in unembellished prose, mount up to a terrific story—one you'd do well to start only if your reading time can be uninterrupted. You won't want to stop until the colonel tells you it's the end.

RUSSIA is still the great enigma, but with the steady flow of information that is reaching us in the form of firsthand reports about this giant on the other side of the world, the time of understanding should not be far off.

It will be brought distinctly nearer by **Larry Lesueur's** remarkably fine book, **12 Months that Changed the World.**

Lesueur was CBS correspondent in Russia during that crucial period between the defense of Moscow and that of Stalingrad. His account of this country and its people in that critical period is perceptive, interesting, lively—and, I am sure, objective. He is a superior reporter with an eye that catches the little revealing things as well as the obviously great—and he handles both skillfully.

A VOLUME of fine short stories that you will be glad to have around the house to read yourself, to keep in the guest room, and perhaps to lend occasionally to a fellow story enthusiast, is **New Stories for Men,** edited by **Charles Grayson.**

Some of the authors represented are: Sinclair Lewis, Hervey Allen, Irvin S. Cobb, John O'Hara, James Thurber—and many more just as good. The stories themselves all stand up to Mr. Grayson's dedication, in which he says:

"This is sort of a salute to My Old Man, who thought a story ought to be something you enjoy reading."

SEED OF VICTORY

Continued from Page 13

secretary. You have so many things to do for him . . ."

"He might consider it," I said. "We've talked about taking on some one."

"You think so?" She was eager.

"But it would be no dice for you, Lee. He'd be strictly business. You'd just be slugging yourself punch-drunk, never getting what you want from him."

Her bright scarlet lips were compressed. "Anything would be better than nothing."

I didn't speak for a moment. I looked at her and wondered why I had to be five feet six, redheaded and freckled, and blind as a bat without my glasses. If a girl like Lee Ames felt that way about me . . .

THE phone rang.

We both made a grab for it, but I got it first. It was the switchboard operator. "Mr. George Cary of Russian War Relief to see Mr. Chandler," she said.

I shook my head at Lee and said, "He isn't here."

Lee sank back on the divan, her eyes closed.

"Mr. Cary would like to speak to you."

Cary came on the wire. "Who is this speaking?" he asked.

"I'm Rod Buchanan, Mr. Chandler's secretary."

"When do you expect Mr. Chandler?"

"I don't know," I said.

"But it's very important that I see him tonight," Cary said. He sounded distracted. "I have a mass of material for his broadcast tomorrow night. I'm going to be run ragged tomorrow, so I must see him tonight. Can't I come up and wait for him?"

"Look, Mr. Cary—" I began, and then quite unexpectedly the switchboard operator cut in on me.

"Mr. Chandler told me to break in on your call, Mr. Buchanan."

"Max!"

His voice came over the wire, calm, but with a touch of hardness that told me at once something was up.

"Sorry not to call you before, Rod, but I was asleep."

"Asleep!" I let him have it. "Why, you . . ."

"Not nature's gift to the weary," he interrupted me dryly. "Some one put the slug on me."

"Are you all right? Where are you?"

Lee had come over to me, and her hand, cold as ice, was resting on mine.

"I'm in the freight yards at the railroad depot," Max said. "I'm calling from the yardmaster's office. I want you to come down here, Rod, and bring your camera."

"Right," I said. "Will you be at the yardmaster's office?"

"About a hundred yards down the tracks to the west," he said. "With a friend."

"What friend?"

"I don't know, Rod. I don't know his name. And he can't tell me because he's dead."

IT never entered my head not to take Lee with me, but Mr. George Cary was something else again. He waylaid us in the lobby. I guess the desk clerk pointed me out. I had my camera and the plate case slung over my shoulder.

"I'm George Cary," he said. "You've heard from Mr. Chandler?"

"I'm sorry," I said. "I can't stop to talk now, Mr. Cary. I have an appointment."

"With Mr. Chandler?" He was persistent. He was a youngish guy, but bald as an egg, with a sharp, aquiline face. He wore a neat gray pin-stripe suit and a tie that had set him back plenty.

"Look, Mr. Cary," I told him. "When Mr. Chandler's free, he'll see you."

He grabbed hold of my sleeve. "Something's gone wrong at the freight yards! Is it fire?"

"Now look, chum," I said. "Max will be back tonight sometime. If you have to see him, stick around. But right now I haven't got any time for chatter."

I slipped past him and went out onto the sidewalk. Lee was there and she'd already grabbed us a taxi. I got in with my junk and gave instructions to the driver. As we pulled away I looked back through the rear window. Cary had followed us out and was beckoning excitedly to another cab which had been waiting in line. Well, it was a free country. I couldn't stop his going to the freight yards and I couldn't waste time trying to shake him.

Lee wanted to know what Max was doing in the freight yards and what Cary was so excited about.

"Tomorrow night's broadcast," I told her, "is supposed to take place in the freight yards. The farmers out here have pulled quite a stunt. They raised the dough, in a state-wide canvass, to buy about five hundred tons of field seed—corn, wheat, soybeans, oats, buckwheat—to ship to the Russian farmers. They've sent the stuff in from all over the state to Marchmont. Tomorrow night the works is going off to Portland, Oregon, by train. There's going to be a sort of celebration, and Max is broadcasting just before the train pulls out. It's quite a thing, because it's got nothing to do with Lend-Lease. It comes right out of the pockets of the local people. Going on all over the country."

"When the American people give they give!" Lee said. "But how does this seed get to Russia?"

I had to laugh. "It's a cockeyed world," I said. "It goes on Soviet ships right through the Japanese Navy to Vladivostok. You see, baby, Russia and Japan aren't at war!"

"But why should there be any trouble about it?" Lee asked.

"THERE'S still a lot of screwballs running around loose," I said. "There's the remnants of an isolationist die-hard group out here. You know the kind. They're afraid Russia won't lick Germany and they're afraid Russia will lick Germany. They're hollering that, with Americans having to tighten their belts, we need this seed here. They're fanatical enough to try to stop this

THE HOME FRONT

"Of course I'll make a good nurse! I was born in a hospital!"

FROM THE HEART OF CALIFORNIA

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shipment somehow. At least, that's what Max believes. Nobody out here has taken him seriously. Now he's gotten knocked over the head for his pains and somebody's dead. Max doesn't very often go off on a false scent."

"And who's George Cary?"

"Representative of Russian War Relief," I said. "He's got the dope for Max on how the money was raised and the seed collected. Naturally he's worried things won't go off properly."

We pulled up in the freight yard near the yardmaster's office. I paid off the driver and started for the office. I saw Cary's cab come in behind us. A man with a lantern met me at the door.

"YOU Mr. Buchanan? Mr. Chandler's down the tracks there, where you see those other lanterns."

"Right," I said.

"Just a minute. This lady with you?"

"Yes."

"She hadn't ought to go down there. It ain't a nice sight."

"She's a newspaper reporter," I said, lying blandly.

"Oh," he said in a tone that indicated he recognized this as the lowest abyss into which womanhood could fall.

We went down the tracks, half running. There were four or five men standing in a circle around something on the ground. Max's tall slim-waisted figure stepped out of the group as we approached.

"That you, Rod?" There was a patch of adhesive over his left temple.

"Me and company," I said.

"I'll be damned!" he said, looking at Lee.

"Max, are you all right?" Her hands touched his shoulders lightly. "I came to pay you a surprise visit, and was I surprised!"

"Nice to see you," Max said. "You oughtn't to be here. Bring your camera over, Rod."

I saw Lee's hands drop to her sides, tightly clenched. A woman wants more than that from a guy she loves . . . wants it desperately. Well, I'd warned her. I followed Max.

"Who is it?" I asked. "Some hobo?"

"Yeah," he said. "In a pair of forty-five-dollar custom-made shoes, a tailored suit, and a ten-dollar hat." From the way he talked I knew he was puzzled and worried. I knew he didn't want questions. I kept buttoned up.

It was like he said. The fellow lying by the tracks might have stepped out of a fashion magazine, except his clothes were smeared with dust and the back of his head didn't exist any more.

"I want pictures, Rod, from all angles," Max said. "The local police photographer's just been inducted. They've got no one here who can take expert pictures."

"We're mighty grateful to you, Mr. Chandler," said a man with the badge and soup-strainer mustache of a comic-opera sheriff.

I began setting up my equipment. I knew exactly what Max wanted. "Haven't you got any ideas about this guy?" I asked the sheriff while I was screwing in a fresh flash bulb.

The sheriff tugged at his mustache. "The State Crop Improvement Society hired a firm of private detectives to guard the warehouse where this seed is. This may be one of their men. Looks like a city feller. We're checkin' with them."

I glanced at Max. The sheriff's idea didn't seem to ring any bells with him. But Mr. George Cary, who had joined us, let out a yip. "I tell you that warehouse has got to be watched every minute. They may burn the seed. The guard ought to be tripled."

Max didn't even look at him.

"Quiet, please," I said. "Men working." I began to take pictures.

When I'd finished taking shots of the corpse from all angles I packed up my stuff.

"Let's go," Max said. "You know the next move, sheriff?"

"You bet, Mr. Chandler."

Max walked away, straight past Lee as if she hadn't been there. She fell in beside me and in the dim light from one of the lanterns I could see a faint quivering of her chin, but her head was up high. Max got into the waiting cab. I stood aside to let Lee follow him.

"Remember me?" she said in a small voice.

For the first time his face relaxed. "Lee, it *is* nice to see you," he said. Then he laughed. "What in the world are you—Typhoid Mary? Every time we meet somebody gets murdered."

She leaned back against the leather upholstery and I saw her hand slip into his. He didn't seem to notice. He was dark, frowning again. I thought, Those are the kind of crumbs you'll have to live on, Lee. But she seemed content.

WE went back to the hotel. Max wanted those pictures in nothing flat, and I went to work. I have converted more bathrooms into darkrooms than any one else in the world. An electric drier is part of my standard luggage. Twenty-five minutes after I started I came out of the bathroom with a wet print of our dead friend.

Max wasn't alone. The sheriff was there, and a noisy pompous guy who looked like John L. Lewis. Lee was sitting at the desk across the room, fiddling with a pencil and a pad of paper.

The guy who looked like John L. Lewis stopped in the middle of some sort of tirade to look at me, and then drew a deep breath and went on with:

"This is a violation of my constitutional rights, Chandler, and, by

heaven, I'll sue you from hell to breakfast! You can depend on it."

"Nuts," said Max and took the print from me. He studied it a minute and then stuck it in front of the bushy-eyebrowed gent. "Have you ever seen this man, Mr. Vance?"

Mr. Graham Vance, I knew, was the big mind inside the isolationist wall. He was the guy who wanted no seeds for the Russian farmers. Russian farmers were supposed to beat Hitler, but in Mr. Vance's book it must be timed so neatly that they would be quite exhausted and helpless thirty seconds after Schicklgruber ran up the white flag.

"I have never seen this man," said Vance, "and you are evading the issue. You have had me brought here under compulsion. It's false arrest, Chandler. You're not too big to break. You can't walk into the city of Marchmont and—"

"You addressed a meeting yesterday," Max interrupted. "Your audience was a group of thugs, heels, and petty racketeers. Your object was to stir up enough people in this town so that there would be an outbreak at the freight yards tomorrow night. That audience of yours doesn't stir up for nothing, Mr. Vance. They work for money. Who supplied it?"

"I addressed no such meeting," Vance said.

"SORRY." Lee spoke up quietly from where she sat at the desk. "A moment ago you said, 'It is my constitutional right to address a public gathering. I availed myself of that right.' "

I saw Max's eyebrows go up. He hadn't realized Lee was taking down the conversation in shorthand. Neither had Mr. Vance. He boiled.

"I'm not denying I spoke to an audience. I am categorically denying that they were the kind of people Chandler says they were."

"Inciting to riot is a grave charge," Max said.

"False arrest is a grave charge," Vance countered.

There was a hard glitter in Max's eyes. I knew he was fighting to keep his temper under control. I saw the ripple of muscles along his jawline as he lit a cigarette and inhaled deeply on it.

"Mr. Vance, at a time when America was flat on her back and kicking after Pearl Harbor, the Russian people stubbornly and gallantly held the fort against our most dangerous enemy. Their richest farming country was overrun and taken from them. They have hung on grimly; they have fought back with unbelievable courage and energy. Most people have forgotten our political difference with Russia in an unbounded admiration for her courage and tactical skill in the face of disaster. That warehouse, stacked to the roof with seeds, is proof of that. The big seedsmen, the State Crop Improvement Society, and every little and big farmer in the state have given freely, voluntarily, part of the result of their own sweat and backache because they feel a deep gratitude to a brave people. You're not fighting the Russian people, Vance. You're fighting your own neighbors."

"Now tell me: Would *you* walk down the street with *me*, if I wore a thing like this?"

Vance blew out his cheeks. "Communism will sweep this country like a red tide . . ."

"Oh, for heaven's sake!" said Max disgustedly. "Have you no faith in your own people, Mr. Vance?"

"I have faith in the courts and in justice," said Vance. "They are going to deal with you and your high-handed methods. They are going to . . ."

He was interrupted by a violent knocking at the door. Max nodded to me and I opened it. Mr. George Cary came in, followed by a deputy sheriff. Mr. Cary was popeyed, and if he'd had any hair it would have been standing on end. He was carrying a small package wrapped in newspaper.

"Take a look at this, Mr. Chandler! I insisted on going over the warehouse with some of the guards. We found this hidden in a corner of the place, in a pile of oil-soaked rags."

Max unwound the package. What it contained was a simple homemade incendiary bomb, equipped with a time mechanism to set it off at a given moment. Any good garage mechanic could have put it together. Sweat gleamed on Mr. Cary's forehead and the top of his bald dome. He turned on Graham Vance, pointing a shaking finger.

"You're responsible for this, you and your fanatical crew! It was your man who murdered that man in the freight yard. I know you, Vance. You won't stop at anything."

"That's a libelous statement made in front of witnesses," Vance said. "I charge you all to remember exactly what he said." Vance waved to include all of us.

"What did he say?" Max asked softly.

"He accused me of attempted arson and murder!"

"I didn't hear anything like that, did you, Rod?"

Max was smiling a crooked little smile.

"Nothing of the sort," I said.

"Did you, sheriff?"

"Why . . . why, no," said the sheriff.

"And this gentleman?" Max indicated the deputy.

The deputy grinned. "I don't hear good anyway," he said.

"You've been taking this down, Miss Ames. Do your notes show any such accusation?"

"They do not," said Lee.

Max blew out a cloud of cigarette smoke directly into Vance's face. Then he said to the sweating Mr. Cary, "Of course it would be unwise to make any such charge publicly without proof. Do you have any proof, Cary?"

"No, but I'll get it," Cary said. "I've been here only three days, but I know that this man . . ."

"I suggest we adjourn the meeting," said Max. "I've grown very tired of Mr. Vance."

VANCE and the deputy and Mr. Cary left, Vance thundering promises of doom for Max and every one else he could think of. The sheriff stayed for a few minutes. He looked unhappy.

"This here thing," he said, pointing to the incendiary machine on the table, "would of burned the place down if they hadn't found it."

"It would," said Max.

"The whole thing is kinda out of my depth," the sheriff said. "Murder, and then this here. What about Vance, Mr. Chandler? You figure he's back of it?"

"Sheriff, the people of America have been blind to one fact for a long time. There is a very efficient undercover network of Axis spies operating in this country. That isn't

a fiction writer's dream. Recently Rear Admiral H. C. Train of Navy Intelligence was publicly quoted to that effect.* Who are these spies? They aren't bullet-headed Nazi officers hiding away in basements. They're your neighbors and mine, sheriff. They may hold responsible positions in the community. They may be business men, or reformers, or crackpot political theorists like Vance. There's enough seed in that warehouse to plant a million acres of Russian soil. It's worth the time of an enemy agent. Without food, no amount of courage can win a war."

"By gad, I'd like to get my hands on the one that's workin' here," the sheriff said.

"Maybe you will, sheriff," Max said. "Maybe you will. I have an itch in that direction, too." He raised his hand to the patch of plaster over his temple. "It's only luck that kept me from occupying the next slab in the morgue to our dead friend. Somebody didn't like my snooping around the warehouse. This little fire box explains why."

"You'll need to keep on having luck," I said, "if you insist on playing this solo. Why don't you call in the F. B. I.?"

"That seed is being shipped tomorrow," Max said; "not after a ten-day investigation."

IT was eleven o'clock the next morning when I woke up. I popped out of bed and went to Max's room. He was gone. So were all the prints of the pictures I'd made of the corpse, and so was the little incendiary gadget. I was sore at Max for not waking me. I called Lee's room to see if she knew where he was, but her phone didn't answer.

I shaved and dressed and went downstairs to get some breakfast. At the desk I found that Max had gone out shortly after seven. They also reported that Lee'd had a call from him about nine and gone out right afterward. The hell with them, I thought, if they want to play games without me.

I ate in a coffee shop off the hotel lobby and went back upstairs. About noon Max turned up.

"Where've you been?" I asked.

"Sending pictures and fingerprints of our dead friend to the Bureau in Washington, and telegraphing the picture to people in New York who might recognize it. I had the chemistry prof out at the university check the incendiary machine. It would have worked all right."

He tossed his hat on the bed, which always gives me the willies.

"Where's Lee?" I asked.

He shrugged. "How should I know?"

"She was with you, wasn't she? You phoned her to join you."

"I phoned her?"

"Why, sure. They told me downstairs."

"What goes on here, Rod?" His mouth was suddenly a hard straight slit and that frozen look was in his eyes.

I told him. He walked over to the phone and called the desk. They gave it to him over again. It was while he was talking that I noticed a piece of white paper sticking under the door of our room. It must have been slipped there right after Max came in.

I went over fast and picked it up. It was a folded note addressed to Max. I looked out in the hall, but there was no one there.

I gave it to him. A pinched look settled around his mouth as he read it. Then he handed it to me without comment.

My dear Mr. Chandler [it read]:

You have arranged with the railroad people to have the seed train rerouted. That is not satisfactory to us. It must travel over the planned route. To make certain that you countermand your order, we are keeping Miss Ames as our guest. It would be a misfortune if we were not able to return her safely.

My tongue ran over dry lips. "What's this about rerouting the train?" I asked.

"We stymied their attempts to destroy the stuff at the warehouse," Max said dully. "I figured they'd make some attempt to sabotage the train, so I persuaded the railroad people to reroute it."

"What are you going to do?"

"Nothing," he said.

"But, Max!"

He turned and walked over to the window, his hands jammed deep in the pockets of his coat. "There's nothing I can do."

"Damn it, Max, you have to! Don't you realize that gal is in love with you? Don't you know that's why she came here? That she was willing to take a job as your secretary just to be near you? You can't let her down. It's a tough break, but you've got to be human once in a while!"

He turned on me, and I swear the look in his eyes scared hell out of me.

"Do you think I like it?" he said. "But that trainload of seed is going to feed thousands and thousands of fighting men and women! It's got to get through, Rod, and there's no price I can be forced to pay that's too high."

"So you're just going to sit here and take it?"

"I'm just going to sit here and take it," he said in a flat voice.

"Well, I'm not!" I said.

"Rod!"

I didn't stop to argue.

I DIDN'T have any very clear plan, but I knew I was going to find Graham Vance and get him to talk. I didn't know how, but that's what I was going to do. I made some inquiries and found that Vance lived in a cottage on the outskirts of town. I took a taxi and went out there. I rang Mr. Vance's doorbell, but nothing happened. I tried looking in the windows, but I couldn't see any signs of life, so I busted a pane of glass, unlocked a window, and crawled in.

Five minutes later I knew that Graham Vance had taken it on the lam. His clothes and personal possessions were gone, and a stack of paper ash in the fireplace told me there was no point in going through his desk.

I went back to the hotel. Max was sitting in the armchair in our room, his golden head sunk forward. He didn't even look up at me when I came in.

"Vance has skipped!" I said.

Max didn't say anything.

"Well, you can do something about *that!*" I shouted at him. "You can send out an alarm for him!"

He shook his head. "Get your port-

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY *(Unabashed)*

CARRYCATURE: Funny picture of your girl in your wallet.

KNOWAH: Webster should have spelled his first name this way.

TAMPERATURE: Blowing on the thermometer to make the house warm.

PARERDISE: K. P., when the potato skins fall off of their own accord.

DADDYCATION: Unveiling a statue of the old man.

BOMB-BOMBS: Candies for the Axis.

GINGLE: Ice tinkling in a rickey.

HEALICOPTER: One the doctor flies around in.

CRAVY: Longing for some on your mashed potatoes.

HUEMORIST: A colorful wit.

*Walter Winchell's broadcast, Sunday, April 4 1943

able, Rod. I've got to start dictating my broadcast for tonight."

I think in that moment I came the closest I ever did to quitting him flat.

We worked all afternoon at the broadcast. It was a bum script, Max couldn't get any life into it. It had the facts about the seed program in it, but it didn't have that special something that made thirty million people listen to Max every Tuesday and Thursday.

At six thirty we ate supper. Max was pale and his cheeks looked hollow. We didn't talk to each other. Max was on the air at eight, and we planned to leave for the freight yards shortly after seven. At seven o'clock a boy came in from the lobby with a telegram for Max. He opened it hurriedly, and I swear his fingers shook. When he looked at me he was a changed man. The light had come back into his eyes. But he didn't explain. He put the telegram in his pocket and got quickly to his feet.

"Let's go," he said.

WE had a tough time getting into the freight yard. I had expected there would be a few local officials and maybe a couple of hundred curious people. There were nearer five thousand of 'em! We got to the speakers' stand, which was draped in bunting. The mayor and the sheriff and Mr. Cary of Russian War Relief were there. The sheriff looked as if he'd just swallowed a canary.

"Well, it worked, Mr. Chandler." He gestured toward the crowd.

I looked down at that sea of faces. They were rough weather-tanned faces. I swear they were ninety per cent farmers, still in their work clothes.

"Mr. Chandler figured we'd ought to pass the word that Graham Vance's little gang of hoodlums were up to something," the sheriff said. "We passed the word and you see what happened. These fellers growed this here seed. They don't aim to see nothing go wrong."

Mr. Cary was rubbing his hands together delightedly. "It was a brilliant stunt, Mr. Chandler. These men are better than all the police reserves in the state."

Max nodded. "Look, Cary. I'd like to tell them a little something about what we've been up against. We're not on the air for thirty minutes. I'd like to see where it was you found that incendiary machine."

"Sure," Cary said. "And if you can give R. W. R. a little credit for having saved the seed, we won't kick."

"Why not?" Max said.

We went over to the warehouse. Cary explained that it was empty now, since the bags of seed had all been loaded onto the waiting train. We went into a great empty loft and Cary led us over toward one of the far corners.

"Of course the machine and the oil-soaked rags were hidden," Cary said. "If we hadn't been looking for them, we'd never have found them."

"Her wedding was quite an affair. Instead of a shotgun, her father used a new secret weapon!"

"Of course," said Max. And then, to my utter astonishment, he put his hand on Cary's shoulder, spun him around, and clipped him with a beautiful right cross to the jaw.

Cary went down like a tackling dummy and lay still.

Max's eyes were blazing. "Take his gun away from him, Rod," he said.

I don't ask questions of Max. I bent down and was taking a forty-five automatic out of a shoulder holster when Cary began to shake his head to clear it. Max bent down, took him by both arms, and dragged him to his feet.

"All right, Mr. Whatever-your-name-is, start talking and talk fast! Where's Lee Ames?"

Cary's teeth rattled as Max shook him. "W-what's the matter with you, Chandler? I . . . I . . ."

"Nothing's the matter with me, my Nazi friend," Max said grimly. "Fifteen minutes ago I got a telegram. It told me something I'd already suspected—that you are no more George Cary of Russian War Relief than I am. The dead man we found along the tracks was George Cary. R. W. R. officials have identified his picture. Now, where's Lee?"

A curious change came over the man. He seemed to stand a little straighter. "I didn't think the pictures could be checked so fast," he said. "It was clever work, Mr. Chandler. Unfortunately, however, unless that train is rerouted you won't see Miss Ames again."

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

There is a story of John L. Sullivan, prize-fight idol of his day, being served a lobster with a missing claw. "Here," he bellowed at the waiter, "take this back and bring me the winner."

—Arthur Hopkins.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

"You realize, don't you, that we've got you cold?" Max said. "You murdered Cary when he arrived and took his place. He was found before you had a chance to destroy the warehouse. So you turned your attention to the train. You wanted us looking in another direction, so you planted that incendiary machine and then triumphantly found it. That was supposed to make us pant for Graham Vance's blood. It almost worked. Almost, but not quite."

The Nazi smiled. "You can, of course, have me arrested for impersonating Cary. But the rest of your story you can't prove. A trial will take a long time. Miss Ames could not last so long without food and water."

"I'm giving you ten seconds," Max said, "to tell me where Lee is. If you do tell me, you can take your chances with the law. If you refuse, then I turn you over to that crowd outside with the whole story. Have you ever seen what a mob of angry men do to some one who's double-crossed them?"

The man hesitated.

"Take his other arm, Rod," Max ordered. "Our friend chooses to be torn to pieces by that crowd."

I gave the guy's arm a twist that made his knees buckle.

"Wait!" he said. He looked at Max, his eyes narrowed. I guess he saw that Max wasn't fooling. "You'll get me out of here and safely into the hands of the police?"

"Yes."

"She's locked in my closet in my room at the Hotel Royal," he said.

"The key to your room?"

"In my pocket."

I slapped him around and found it.

"Get the sheriff," Max said to me. "Then go for Lee. I'm on the air in twelve minutes."

POOR Lee. She was doubled up on the floor of the closet, her hands and feet taped and another piece of adhesive across her mouth. I undid her as gently as I could. I had to help her to a chair to sit down.

"Max? He's all right?" she asked.

I took a look at my watch. "He's just going on the air."

The Royal provided its guests with bedside radios. I went over and switched it on. We both waited, and then Max's voice drifted into the room.

". . . your commentator, Max Chandler, the People's Voice. As I told you on Tuesday, tonight we are speeding westward a trainload of seed for our gallant fighting allies in Russia. There is a story to tell about this trainload of seed . . . a story of treachery and murder which should make your blood pound in anger." Max was speaking off the cuff. This wasn't the prepared broadcast. "Had it not been for the assistance of Sheriff Boyer of Crater County, of my assistant, Mr. Rod Buchanan, and my secretary, Miss Lee Ames . . ."

I looked at Lee. "Looks like you got yourself a job, sister."

She got up from her chair, came unsteadily over to me, put her arms around me and kissed me squarely on the mouth.

I knew she didn't mean it for me, but I didn't stop her.

THE END

made an audacious resolve. He'd do a beautifully costumed burlesque with very pretty girls, present it within the respectability of the legitimate theater, and charge not forty cents a seat but four forty. He'd burlesque some of the burlesque sketches that had been successful for years and give the public some nudity, rough gags, and a good time.

It was an unorthodox idea. Mike's director, Hassard Short, tried to discourage him. "The theater public won't pay four forty to see these old sketches," he said.

"But they're *not* old to four-forty audiences," said Mike, "because they've never seen them. They're only old to the forty-cent suckers."

After he'd raised $50,000, Mike quarreled with one backer, and persuaded Gypsy Rose Lee, whom he had hired as the star of the show, to put up $25,000 to buy the fellow out. Miss Lee was then rich with the returns from her book, The G-String Murders. As rehearsals proceeded, the outlook for the show, Star and Garter, became dismal. Broadwayites, seeing it in two previews, predicted it would be the most expensive flop in years. Mike's own circle harangued him to cancel the New York opening, take the show out of town, and patch up the errors. He was warned that the poisonous New York critics would murder it. "Listen, everybody," said Mike. "It's my money"—a slight exaggeration—"and it's my name. We'll postpone, but for one week only. Now, here's what I want done—"

As Miss Lee stood to lose her $25,000, it would have seemed that Todd's popularity with her would have been on the decline. But he needed more money to pay expenses for that extra week. He thereupon went to Miss Lee and sold her another $10,000 worth of what almost everybody else thought was a dead horse. One week later, Star and Garter, with different songs, different gags, different scenery, and one act which Mike had brought from California by plane, opened in New York to almost unanimous hat-flinging by the critics. It has been a gold mine ever since.

THE remarkable success of Star and Garter proved Mike's analysis of audience was correct. But Mike had done more than just give them what they wanted. He had squandered. In one number alone he had spent $180 to dress each girl—to dress her so that she looked undressed. For $180 he got one chastity belt, one necklace, one hat as big as possible, and one brassière as small as possible. He picked all the girls for looks. When asked how he had found so many pretty girls, he replied, "I don't pick mine in the dark like so many producers do."

As the theater's greatest enemy of thrift, Mike let himself go with some real Ziegfeldian extravagances when he got hold of Something for the Boys, his second hit.

"That show was my dish of tea," Mike says. Vinton Freedley, a top musical-comedy producer, had decided not to put on this show, which was written for Ethel Merman, the Broadway singing star. Hearing that, Todd is reported to have said, "I'll pay $75,000 for it, sight unseen!" He now denies that. Mike discovered that Cole Porter, who had written the musical lyrics, and Herbert and Dorothy Fields, the authors, didn't fully appreciate him. They thought of him as "the bank-roll guy," not the producer. He angrily halted production and threatened to junk the show, in which he had sunk $62,500 of his own money, profits from Star and Garter. "I wrote them a letter saying I wasn't going to be no nominal producer," he says.

They yielded and were soon fascinated by the way Todd produced a show. He scorned budgets. "You can't tell when a budget is going to double-cross you," he said darkly, hinting that he had once had an unfortunate experience with a treacherous budget. He produced one expensive scene merely to throw it away, which was a Ziegfeld practice. The authors, Herbert and Dorothy Fields, had a sketch he felt didn't belong in the show. "I spent four or five g's to put it on in rehearsal and prove to 'em it wasn't right," he says. "I figured that was an inexpensive way to show 'em I was the greatest guy in the world."

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

The winning speech is always the one with a good beginning and a good ending—both as close together as possible.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Both in Boston and New York, the critics saluted Something for the Boys with ecstatic language. One, Ward Morehouse of the New York Sun, later observed that it was curious that an ex-Chicago saloonkeeper who never had had any special yearnings to do drama, and barely had heard the name Pinero, should find himself the producer of the two biggest hits on Broadway.

Todd the saloonkeeper immediately preceded Todd the new Ziegfeld. Mike opened Michael Todd's Theatre Café, "the poor man's night club," in Chicago in December, 1940, following the close of the New York Fair. Champagne cocktails flowed for twenty-five cents. Cigarettes sold for fifteen cents. The waitresses looked astonished if they got a tip. Customers came on streetcars, often with kids tagging along, to see Gypsy Rose Lee do a strip, and one of the rush hours was five o'clock Sunday afternoon, when most night clubs aren't even open.

Mike greeted customers who came in tails and white tie, and others in overalls who arrived fresh from the shops. On opening night, police had to be called to keep the crowds from bursting the place. "It made a lousy ten g's a week," Mike says now. But though the customers were happy and the press friendly, partnership trouble developed. Mike stepped out. Soon afterward, police closed the place, saying Todd's backers were undesirable and had proceeded, after he left, to turn the café into a honky-tonk. One of the backers, the police noted, was Peter Fusco, a former public enemy who had been foreman of Al Capone's beer gang.

ALTHOUGH the New York Fair set some showmen back several years, it really established Todd. He was presenting The Hot Mikado, a swing version of Gilbert and Sullivan, in a Broadway theater when the World of Tomorrow opened. His show was a hit, but it wasn't making any money, and his back rent and back salaries were increasing.

People were going to the Fair, not to Broadway. "So," says Mike, "I went in cold to see Grover Whalen and started giving him a pitch about the Hall of Music." This handsome building was already a white elephant. It had been offering concerts and recitals, and crowds had been staying away by the millions. Mike proposed that he put his Mikado show in there. "It'll liven up the joint," he said. Whalen liked the idea.

Despite his big talk, however, Mike was nervous about his need for $10,000 to pay the rent and other expenses before he could get out of the theater. With considerable trepidation he casually mentioned the $10,000 to Whalen.

"But, Mr. Todd," grandly replied Whalen, "why not let the Fair advance you that?"

"O. K., Grove," said Mike airily.

The Fair was never sorry. Mike rejuvenated the Midway. Then Actors' Equity, which Mike calls Ekkity, demanded he raise the pay of his performers. He pleaded poverty and cited auditors' figures.

A reporter heard this argument. "I beg your pardon, Mr. Todd," he said. "I would like to point out a slight discrepancy. Your auditor says Hot Mikado is not making money, whereas your press agent says it is the biggest hit of the Fair. How do you account for this difference?"

"All I have to say," said Mike, "is that each department is functioning perfectly."

Mike did finally grant a pay raise to the cast. He also made some money himself. The following year, Fair officials invited him to set up Gay New Orleans, the Dancing Campus, and the Op'ry House. He took the Broadway musical show, Streets of Paris, to the Hall of Music, and offered Gypsy Rose Lee doing her specialty. For this show Mike used what he calls some "show-business larceny." He quickly explains that show-business larceny is "honest

(Continued on page 54)

RADIONICS*

"the impossible we do immediately the miraculous takes a little longer"

ARMY SERVICE FORCES—

The Army is . . . men . . . trained men . . . equipped and maintained. On the home front . . . in factories and on farms . . . civilians produce the armament and food and supplies. The bridge between civilians who furnish and soldiers who use . . . is . . . the Army Service Forces. Wherever the soldier is . . . whatever he does . . . the Army Service Forces are charged with seeing that he lacks no essential thing. To fulfill the task outlined in the twenty-one words above . . . literally . . . the "impossible" and the "miraculous" become daily routine with the Army Service Forces.

"AYE, AYE, SIR"

In old English, "Aye" meant "yes."

It means far more in the Navy.

"Aye, Aye, Sir," means that the order is understood and will be obeyed.

The Navy has given Zenith many "orders" since this war began.

Our prompt "Aye, Aye, Sir," has, we believe, been justified by the "intelligence and initiative" (as the Navy says) with which these orders have been executed.

—in days of civilian radio, Zenith was proud of its long series of "firsts"—improvements which made radio history and established leadership in the industry.

—today our viewpoint has changed—materially.

—engaged exclusively in war production, the things we have been called upon to do—the tasks we have succeeded in accomplishing, make past improvements in civilian radio literally look like "child's play."

—the work of our engineers in radionics has made the "impossible" possible and accomplished the "miraculous."

*—mark that word "RADIONICS" (with its subdivisions of Electronics, Radio, etc.)—it has brought into reality and being, devices which only a year or so ago came in the "impossible" and "miraculous" categories.

—today Zenith works in the science of radionics for our armed forces alone.

—in that bright "tomorrow" when peace returns—

—we can only say—the post-war radios that Zenith will produce will contain many interesting new developments.

—that statement is based upon experience which we can not now reveal—but you may take our word that it is a fact.

ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION, CHICAGO

BETTER THAN CASH

U. S. War Savings Stamps and Bonds

ZENITH *LONG DISTANCE* RADIO

RADIONIC PRODUCTS EXCLUSIVELY—
WORLD'S LEADING MANUFACTURER

(*Continued from page 52*)

larceny." It's a small harmless deceit, trick, or flourish that adds to the gaiety of the world. At the Streets of Paris show, two shrill-voiced spinsters let out horrendous screams when Gypsy Rose Lee reached for the fastening to the last stitch she had on. A critic who reviewed the show when it opened at the Fair said, "I suspect that Mike Todd knows the names of the ladies, and it would not surprise me to see and hear them when I go back there next time." He was right. The lady "plants" had work all summer.

Having emerged at last as a well known showman, Mike got himself a chauffeur. He was trumpeted as the biggest, richest hot shot on the Midway, and he didn't deny it. The fact was, however, that Mike didn't own the shows, although this impression was given by the Fair. He was merely running them for the Fair corporation for a good salary and percentage. Mike, who was always fond of putting up a big front, was fronting this time for the $55,000,000 World of Tomorrow.

Mike has been married since he was eighteen to Bertha Freshman, an intelligent Chicago girl whose speech, compared to his, is that of an English professor. He says she always has some scratch hidden away, so there will be something to live on, or to play the horses with, when he finds himself broke. Their son, Michael, Jr., thirteen, works as Mike's office boy after school.

TODD, who's five feet six, races around so much that he keeps trained down to around 160. His terrific energy has indeed worried his physicians. Recently he discovered that small grooves were forming in his fingernails. A doctor told him that he had shocked himself mentally by his fast gait. "Better slow down or you won't last long," the physician said. When Todd finally slowed down, the grooves disappeared. Now, whenever they reappear, he accosts whatever employee he is battling with at the moment and says, "You did this to me! If I didn't worry about you, I would have normal fingernails."

Physicians have also advised Todd against his custom of smoking twenty to thirty cigars a day. This advice he also ignores. His cigars get longer every year. He has special ones made for him by Dunhill's on Fifth Avenue and, like other New York hot shots, has his own cigar locker there.

Todd frequently attributes his success to the fact that he smokes cigars. "All cigar smokers are successful," he says, "and that's because they can't stand to smoke cheap cigars. They hurry and make more scratch so they can afford cigars that don't asphyxiate them."

Usually Todd has his first cigar while he's still in his enormous bed at his Park Avenue apartment. With his black hair outlined against a propped-up pillow and his blue eyes snapping, he grabs a telephone at the side of his bed and begins barking orders to the boys at the office. He gets up around ten or eleven, shaves, and then starts getting ready for a luncheon engagement. Mike's luncheons usually are "productions."

He dresses carefully, choosing from about twenty-five suits, most of them fairly mild in shade. While he used to revel in vivid greens, Marty Forkins, manager of Tap Dancer Bill Robinson, convinced him that green is an unlucky color—at least that race-track hangers-on think so. Mike gave several green suits to the Salvation Army. His blue and brown suits today are not the "sharp" kind he really prefers. Dressed, he gets into a cab, and rides triumphantly, with cigar aloft, to Lindy's, 21, or the Colony. He is likely to be lunching with anybody from Claudette Colbert to Jimmy Walker. His luncheon check for two is often ten dollars. When he was at the World's Fair, Mike lived on hot dogs, but he has since learned that much business can be transacted at lunch in New York, so he manages to make himself eat.

For three or four hours during the afternoon he big-shots around his office, where he has the biggest organization of any producer, including a play-reading department, auditors, treasurers, stage managers, secretaries, and press agents up to their necks in clippings. Dinner is also an event. The Colony is accustomed now to having Mike call during the afternoon and order dinner for several guests. Mike marches right down the menu, expertly choosing this delicacy, spurning that one. "He's a hot kid on ordering," his Broadway pals say in admiration. At dinner Mike commands everybody to have several cocktails but won't have any himself. If he drank whisky, he'd probably try to drink more than anybody else, so he limits himself to an occasional brandy, and perhaps a little drambuie, which is a Scotch liqueur. Naturally, he follows dinner with three or four cigars.

Todd often works at his office until midnight, then starts out to visit the night clubs, especially the Stork Club, where he frequently confers with his friend and adviser, George Jean Nathan, the critic. In the smaller clubs he scouts for dancers, singers, and show girls for his own productions. At the Stork he just talks, hunting for ideas from theater people, writers, and movie stars in from Hollywood. Departing, he often dazzles the waiter with the size of his tip. When he was leaving for Mexico City recently, he reached into his pocket to pay a cab driver, and hauled out several $1,000 bills. He feels that money is to be spent.

MIKE normally gets home around three or four in the morning and reads the morning papers, with a cigar in his mouth, while in bed. The last piece of wearing apparel he hangs up before getting into bed is his tie. He is devoted to the somewhat flashy ties made by Charvet et Fils, which are sold for around seven dollars apiece, and has a large personal stock. He also gives Charvet ties to special friends, and even uses them to do some mild bribing.

Not long ago Mike wanted to get some choice fight seats from Mike Jacobs. To remind Jacobs of his affection for him, Todd sent a salesman over with a rack of Charvet ties. The idea was that Jacobs should select a nice tie for himself, or even two. Jacobs pretended to misunderstand and took the whole rack. The thirty dollars' worth of fight tickets cost Mike only $140.

Mike takes success so lightly that he is enormously popular on a street where successful people often are disliked heartily. His breezy estimate of himself was well expressed when he autographed a picture to his press agent. "You made me what I am today," he wrote, "but I still like you."

THE END

"It's a new type of moose call. We found that, by turning on Frank Sinatra. . . ."

SALVAGED SOLDIERS

Continued from Page 25

Lewisburg (Pennsylvania) Federal Penitentiary in private life; and one of the line officers from the commandant's staff.

By the time the Board finishes with the prisoner, they have his whole life's history from childhood to Army induction—and in the course of a day's work some sordid stories are uncovered. Some of the men, it is learned, had the sort of childhood in which the breaks were all against them. This makes the Board doubly anxious to accomplish rehabilitation, for the members feel that the Army life can actually be a blessing in straightening out this sort of man.

When the Board completes its dossier, the prisoner either goes into an Honor Company, where, after a rigorous probationary course, he may clear his record and return to honorable duty, or remains in the general-prisoner category. Some men are written off as hopeless, and it is recommended that their dishonorable discharges go into effect on expiration of their sentences. The majority, however, are given an opportunity to appear again before the Board and get a second chance to enter the Honor Company.

So far, about 20 per cent of the prisoners passing through Pickett have been salvaged, but camp authorities feel the number will be upped to between 60 and 70 per cent.

The psychological process begins immediately. General prisoners are on labor detail. They wear blue denims with big letters—"R. C." for Rehabilitation Center—stamped across their jackets and the seats of their breeches. They are not allowed to salute officers; they get almost no privileges.

Honor men, however, wear unmarked o. d. fatigues and there are no markings to stamp them as prisoners. They may see a few movies and use the camp's library. Instead of working on the labor gangs, they get military instruction and drill and listen to lectures on military spirit and patriotism. The lectures, incidentally, are rather effectively administered. And one significant distinction is that these men may salute their officers. It may sound strange to regard this as a privilege, but the Honor Company men, realizing they are on the road back, are just about the snappiest saluters on the post.

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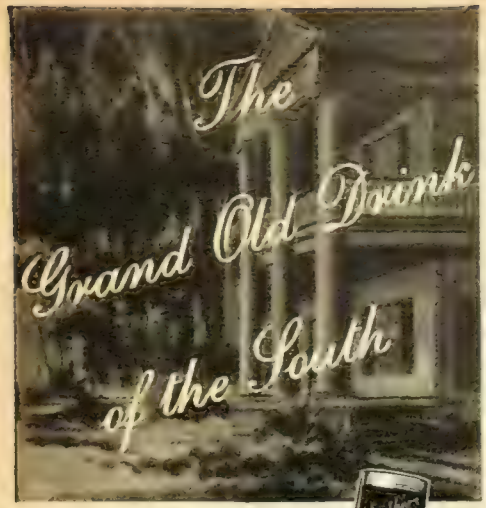

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They live in a rough barracks at Pickett. It is behind a stockade. Searchlights play upon it at night. A tower at each corner is manned by guards armed with tommy guns, and the guards will shoot if the prisoners try to make a break. There is a staked-off area adjacent to the nine-foot steel fence beyond which the prisoners must not step.

The honor prisoners go on twenty-mile hikes. They carry rifles. They are under supervision of maybe one or two unarmed noncommissioned officers. After each hike they march back tired but proud. There has not been a single breach of faith.

ONE of the grimmer aspects of life in any Army stockade is the solitary confinement to which utterly uncontrollable prisoners may be sentenced. A man may get fourteen days at one stretch in a bare cell, on bread and water. The "solitary block" is a forbidding place, but Army officers do not hide it. A man doesn't go there unless he is a thorough outlaw, but the Army wants its prisoners to know that it can be stern if it has to be. So far, at Pickett, there has been no instance of an Honor Company man going into solitary.

Incoming and outgoing mail is censored and checked for contraband at the Rehabilitation Center. Even with rigid precautions, some letters are smuggled out. One fellow managed to get through a letter to President Roosevelt, asking him to get him out of the stockade.

The censor at Camp Pickett—good-natured Sergeant Clarence Hutchinson—once almost lost his mind when he intercepted a mysterious note written by a prisoner's wife. Not only was it in Morse code, but it was in coded Morse! He worked on it for hours, trying to break down the message. When he finally got it decoded, all it said was:

"I love you—ha-ha to the censor!"

Religion plays an important part in the camp. The chaplain, Captain Andy Lee Bonner of Phoenix City, Alabama, didn't want to serve at a prison camp at first, but when he saw how the men flocked to services and sought him out earnestly for advice and solace, he was filled with a great thankfulness that he had drawn the assignment.

"I try," he explains in a simple phrase, "just to be their friend."

The chaplain is hard put to it, in view of the prison-camp restrictions, to organize recreational activities for the men, but one of the things he is trying to get up is a camp orchestra. A little while back he felt, with no impiety, that he had received a gift from heaven in the person of a prisoner who used to be the boogie-woogie man with one of the country's top swing bands! The swing man has teamed up with a few guys with harmonicas, and they give out with music of a sort. It's a strange combination to hear the pianist trying to get in the groove on the chaplain's portable organ of an evening, with the harmonicas getting in a few hot licks. But it's music—and Chaplain Bonner is so encouraged that he's now trying to wangle a small piano and a few instruments somewhere.

There are many reasons—some obvious, others strange—for men cracking up in the Army. Some are men who were their own bosses, lived their own lives, and who simply can't stand the radical change in environment and discipline. Others are temporarily demented by letters from unthinking relatives telling them about "troubles" back home.

"A man gets a letter from home telling him that his father is sick, or his wife is in trouble, and first thing you know, he loses his head and goes 'over the hill,'" Captain Cohen, the psychiatrist, related.

The Army also is frank to concede that a good deal of trouble may be caused by inexperienced junior officers—a situation that is unavoidable in an organization that has expanded so rapidly.

One of the strangest groups of troublemakers that Captain Cohen has discovered is the class of men who are pining for combat duty and who have the misguided notion that by misbehaving they'll get shipped overseas. "Immature reasoning," the psychiatrist terms it. Instead of getting shipped overseas, the rule-breakers, if they persist, wind up in the stockade, usually penitent and anxious to redeem themselves.

THE afternoon the writer visited Camp Pickett, the Psychiatry and Sociology Board was considering a number of cases of prisoners who were getting their second chance to enter the Honor Company. The three officers sat around a desk on the hot upper floor of the Administration Building and, one by one, the prisoners in blue denim marched in. These were men who had not yet tasted the military rehabilitation process, and there was a marked difference between them and the men of the Honor Company with whom the writer later talked.

The first one was Prisoner Y, a neat, small but strong-looking man of twenty-nine. His early environment had been just about as unfortunate as it could have been. He had come from a poor family, left school at an early age, and got mixed up with women when he was fourteen. At eighteen he had married a woman eight years his senior, and from then on there was a long record of entries after his name on the police blotter for drunken brawling, street fighting, and wife beating. He had two children by another woman, unmarried.

When he went into the Army, he continually went A. W. O. L., claiming he "wanted to see my kids." He was obsessed with the idea that the top sergeant favored only "pets" with week-end passes. When he finally stayed A. W. O. L. for 156 days, he

"Could you direct us to the nearest air base?"

was sentenced to be dishonorably discharged and given a three-year term.

"Do you want your sentence of dishonorable discharge to be executed, or do you want to be restored to duty?" the Executive Officer asked him in a tone that was firm but not unfriendly.

"Sir," Prisoner Y answered, "I want to be restored to duty."

He was glib—a bit too glib—but he did seem almost violently anxious to get into the Honor Company. He said he was thoroughly repentant and realized he couldn't help "the kids" by being a deserter. He asked for a chance to square himself.

The Board was troubled about his case. The fact that his record as a general prisoner had been good, however, tipped the scales, and it was decided to give him a chance at entering the Honor Company.

"If it makes a man and a good soldier out of him," an officer commented, "the experiment will have been worth while, and that man will have something for which to thank the Army as long as he lives."

OUT on the bayonet course, a tall, twenty-one-year-old Southern boy, a member of the Honor Company, drawled:

"Sure will be glad to put on that uniform again."

After the sordid facts of Prisoner Y's case this Southern boy seemed a breezy relief. The way he told it, it sounded like a comic mix-up with a sergeant about going after a wrecked motorcycle, a mix-up in which somehow the boy "got convicted" of going "A. W. O. L.," although "I'm not right sure I was guilty." The carefully checked court-martial papers, reviewed all the way up to the office of the Judge Advocate General, indicated clearly that he was, however. Anyhow, he averred that the Rehabilitation Center had "taught me a lot of things about the Army I didn't know before, and I think I'll make it all right this time."

A Negro boy from Michigan (there is no race segregation in the Rehabilitation Center), extremely neat in appearance and respectful in manner, explained the circumstances that had got him into trouble. He had gone to town with a buddy who claimed "he was broke," and had spent all his money on this so-called friend. Then the "friend" had met up with a girl, suddenly flashed a wad of bills and begun spending freely.

"Since I'd spent all my money on him," the boy explained, making it sound entirely logical, "I just took some of his away from him."

But now, he added, he was sure he knew how to control himself after a number of months behind the stockade, and the last two months in the Honor Company had taught him a lot of things about the Army he had never known before. His main ambition was to catch up somehow with his old outfit, which is now in combat duty overseas.

"I'd like to be with those boys," he said softly.

A sandy-haired, blue-eyed soldier spoke up next. He was a fine-looking boy—clean-cut, straight-shouldered, neatly groomed. It was a sort of shock to hear him say that he had a fifteen-year court-martial sentence and a dishonorable discharge hanging over his head.

"I've learned more here than any other place I've been since I've been in the Army—and I've been in the Army since 1936," he said in a crisp, sure voice. "These officers here are the best instructors I've ever had. They really know their stuff, and they're swell to us. There isn't a man in our company who wouldn't follow them anywhere."

That boy isn't going to serve fifteen years. Within less than two months he was due to graduate from the Honor Company, and he was to go back into the Army after serving only five months in confinement.

"I'd like to get back in the Coast Artillery," he went on. "I'm qualified as a gunner on every weapon the Coast Artillery owns. Then I'd like to get overseas where most of my old buddies are now. I've tried three times to get overseas, and I'll get there yet.

"Will I stay out of trouble after this? Brother, I'm going to be the best damn soldier in the Army. I've got a wife and two kids. I can't spend any more time in the brig."

The ex piano player who now makes music on the chaplain's organ was encountered. Five years' imprisonment and a D. D. were on his record. He told how it happened.

"Before I got into the Army, I played piano in dance bands, some of the best ones. So they put me in the band in the Army.

"One night, after playing for a dance, I got a little too much booze in me and passed a fifty-dollar bad check. Funny that a guy like me, who's been working around night clubs all his life, should get into trouble over booze. But the Army

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discipline was a little hard for me to take at first, and I guess I just busted loose.

"I never had any basic training until I got to Pickett. This was the first soldiering I ever did. And when I get out I want to string along with the infantry. The Army needs good infantrymen a lot more than they need piano players."

Some of the prisoners are so "sold" on the Rehabilitation Center that their officers say they "talk like social evangelists." One ex tank driver had a genuinely evangelical note in his voice, all right, as he exhorted:

"They ought to have a lot more of these places in every Service Command. There are a lot of us guys, and this gives us a chance to pay our debt to the Army and return to useful service.

"Three years in Leavenworth—what good does that do for any one who really wants to be decent? I was a good tank driver once, and I'll be a good tank driver again. And I'll guarantee I'll never take another poke at a top sergeant!"

It's a really gala day for the men of the Honor Company when they "graduate." They have a hard time restraining themselves from breaking out whooping and singing when they're told to shed their prison clothes and don their old uniforms. Colonel Markey makes them a little speech, telling them that they're squared up now and can make a fresh start toward becoming good soldiers. He tells them of a guy called "Red" he knew in France in the last war. "Red," the colonel says, broke "every regulation in the book and a couple of noncommissioned jaws while he was in training, but he got out of the guardhouse long enough to get onto the boat. Two months later I pinned the D. S. C. on him for single-handedly wiping out a machine-gun nest that was holding up a major advance."

These future "Reds" go out of the Rehabilitation Center proudly, and many of them, the minute they get settled in their new assignment, sit down and write letters of appreciation to the officers at Pickett. One typical letter said:

"I sincerely thank all of you for what you did for me. I'm sure all the other boys feel the same way. . . . All I can say is, I hope the other boys make it out soon. As for myself, I'm going to stay on the outside of the fence!"

THE END

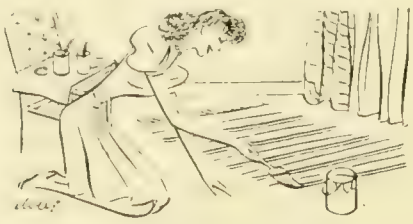
★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Mark Twain once observed sagely, "One should be careful to get out of an experience only the wisdom that is in it—and stop there; lest we be like the cat that sits down on the hot stove lid. She will never sit down on a hot stove lid again—and that's well; but also she will never sit down on a cold one any more."

—Fuller's Thesaurus of Anecdotes.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

FUNNY FALL FASHIONS: New decorating ideas as goofy as they are practical have sprung up in a New York department store. Prompted by shortages of merchandise and maids, designers have evolved such merry makeshifts as striped rugs painted on the floor. Obviously, they save today's part-time housewife the trouble of hooking up the vacuum cleaner. This is, of course, considered extra hunky-dory with the women who have no vacuum cleaners and can't find the rugs they want either, because so



many manufacturers have stopped producing various patterns and qualities for the duration. To show what can be done by the uninhibited but gala spirit confronted by a scarcity of chintz, this store's designers have actually used lengths of two or three different patterns in the same room—and the room looks as cute as a ladybug's ear. In another spot, they've whipped up a fine cheerful layout, fastening two bowls of geraniums on two walls, and painting similar bowls around the rest of the room. Lonely career girls and 1-A wives, determined to keep their chins up, will be glad to give such cheerer-uppers a chance to do their stuff. Many paint-pot, crack-pot, heigh-ho notions can be handled by rank amateurs with a will to pass a bit of time pleasantly and to brighten up the corners where they are till Johnny comes marching home.

HEADS UP: You may still go for glamour in hats, because milliners have the good sense to use all the nonpriority materials available. Felt, satin, fur, ostrich, and velvet will figure on the bean this fall. Hats take very little material anyway, for style depends more on handling than bulk. So Uncle Samuel will doubtless have no objection to your looking feminine and chic. As for your better half, he will be relieved to see that hats are to be flattering rather than screwy. Likely he'll even applaud your choice, though for seasons past he has shaken his head sadly at your new chapeaux, while he has the inhuman gall to admire the same inanities on *other* men's wives.

BEANS IN THE BAG: Beans that would have been has-beans were spectacularly rescued at the eleventh hour in Pennsylvania and New York. At Pennsylvania's fashionable Buck Hill Falls Inn, Judge James Gay Gordon, Jr., of Philadelphia, heard that 2,000 bushels on the Starkey farm fifteen miles away would have to be plowed under for lack of pickers. From the golf course and swimming pools he recruited 120 able-bodied beaners, including his wife and daughter and a flock of pretty girls. He also enlisted Army Air Force members from Tobyhanna, Pennsylvania. All hired hands got fifty cents a bushel. . . . In Suffern, New York, Andrew Zachmann offered his ten acres of string beans to pickers for seventy-five cents a bushel. In five minutes Suffern phones were busy ringing and housewives were arranging picking parties. Sixty reported for work that afternoon. The next day 200 showed up. On the third day, 250. Mr. Zachmann was astonished at the job accomplished by Woman Power. He would have been even more amazed had he seen the number of housewives who ignored string-

bean backaches and went straight to their kitchens to put their crops up in jars.

Grab Bag

The skeptics warn us it's not a pleasure
To marry in haste and repent at leisure.
But war provokes such a shortage of pants,
You can't blame Nell for taking a chance.

BULLDOG TENACITY: In Pittsburgh a fireman braved smoke and flames to climb to a fourth-story window and rescue two-year-old Cookie, a brindle bulldog. Safely back on Mother Earth, complete with canine, Our Hero mopped his brow for one tenth of a split second, which minor respite was rudely interrupted by a frenzied barking. Cookie had already returned to his fourth-floor home, and was yelping to be re-rescued.

FOOTBALL FORECAST FOR '43

Continued from Page 23

year, it will still be worth watching. The Cadets are fortunate in having Frank Kimbrough as head coach. Kimbrough coached at Baylor last year.

Next we move into the Midwest, where the Big Ten heads the list. An outstanding team in the Big Ten will be Michigan, which, believe it or not, has ten members of last year's mighty Wisconsin varsity and freshman squads. They include such stars as Elroy Hirsch and Jack Wink in the backfield, to say nothing of Farnham Johnson and Bob Hanzlik, both great ends for Wisconsin. And let's not forget Jack Boyle, a fine Wisconsin guard last year, or Fred Negus, an equally fine center. What is more, Michigan not only inherits these Wisconsin players, but has some of its own men coming back, including Bob Weise at fullback, Captain Paul White at halfback, Julius Franks at guard, and Mervin Pregulman at center. And if this isn't impressive enough, add the name of Bill Daley, the great fullback who starred last year for Minnesota.

BIG TEN teams that will give Michigan trouble are Northwestern and Ohio State. Despite the fact that Northwestern had only two weeks of summer football practice, seventy-five candidates reported, of whom twenty-five were former Northwestern men, including last year's sensation, Otto Graham. Transfers to Northwestern include Herman Frickey of Minnesota and Joe Partington, Nebraska's star center of last year.

Ohio State, last year's Big Ten champion, has quite a few of its regulars returning, including four experienced linemen. Thornton Dixon, tackle on the 1941 team, will be moved to guard and Fritz Howard will play the other guard position. The star in the Buckeye backfield will undoubtedly be Les Horvath, great right halfback, who will move to tailback and handle both the punting and the passing.

Wisconsin, the runner-up to Ohio State last year in the Big Ten Conference, has lost all members of its last year's varsity and freshman teams.

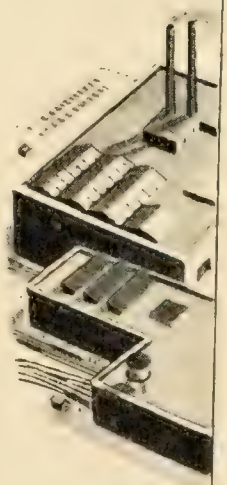
Slip Madigan takes over as head coach at the University of Iowa, succeeding Dr. Eddie Anderson. Only three members of last year's varsity team are back. They are Bob Liddy, a guard; Bill Fry, a back; and Bill Burkett, an end. It will be up to freshmen to make or break the Iowa team this year.

Purdue had only one letter man returning until the Navy and the Marines dropped a new cargo of players in Coach Elmer Burnham's lap. This windfall included twelve members of last year's Missouri squads, along with such stars as

I've shopped for Kleenex 'round the town
This Kleenex shortage gets me down!

Dear Sirs—
Your Kleenex fans galore
Are wondering why you
don't make more?
In softness, strength,
absorbency,
Your Kleenex takes the cake.
That's why people clamor for
As much as you
can make!

If you find Kleenex hard to buy
Look, Lady—This is why--



Dear Madam:

Paper's gone to war,
So Uncle Sam's decreed
A quota that each tissue
Manufacturer must heed.

Now, we could make more Kleenex, if
We skimped on strength and size
But then our tissue wouldn't be
The kind that satisfies.

And so we have determined that--
Whatever others do--
We'll maintain Kleenex quality
And keep it "tops" for you.

P.S. Do try your dealer soon again
He's bound to have more Kleenex then!

Every minute counts!

Authorities say ½ of all work-time lost in war industries from illness is due to the common cold! To reduce absenteeism use Kleenex at the first sign of a sniffle and help keep your cold from spreading to others. Kleenex as a handkerchief is kind to your nose, your neighbor, your nation! You use each tissue just once, then destroy—germs and all!

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Alex Agase, a guard; Joe Genis, a tackle; and hard-hitting Tony Butkovich at fullback.

Illinois lost every 1942 varsity and freshman player except Buck Correll, a back who can punt but does little else.

One of the powerhouses of the Big Ten will be Minnesota. Veterans returning include tackles Paul Mitchell and Ed Lechner and quarterback Bill Garnaas. However, the rest of the team will consist mainly of freshmen. The material is the lightest in a number of years, but several transfers make Minnesota's hopes bright.

Indiana minus Billy Hillenbrand doesn't stack up at the moment as too good a prospect.

Leaving the Big Ten but staying in the Midwest, certainly one of the outstanding teams will be, as always, Notre Dame. With Marine and Navy men, it will be able to use Angelo Bertelli for at least half the season. Other stars will be Pat Filley, a guard; Paul Limont, an end; and John Adams, a six-foot-six tackle. To make Notre Dame feel even better comes Mac Wenskunas, who was the star center of last year's Illinois team. And we mustn't forget Dick Kelly, who in normal times would have been a backfield star for Minnesota this year, or Rusty Johnson, who comes from Marquette. However, the biggest gain which Notre Dame has made so far this year is Julius Rykovich, a 195-pound halfback who was the star of last year's Illinois freshman team.

BEFORE we leave the Midwest, there are three service teams which must be discussed. One of the big service teams in the Midwest will undoubtedly be Great Lakes, and yet Great Lakes has only four name players reporting this year. They are Steve Juzwik, former Notre Dame and Washington Redskin backfield star; Busit Warren of Tennessee; Evan Vogds, a guard from Wisconsin; and Emil Sitko, yearling quarterback from Notre Dame last fall. There's an old saying that Lieutenant Tony Hinkle, coach of Great Lakes, is one of the luckiest football coaches alive. He'll have to be huskier than ever this year.

Another Midwestern Army camp is Camp Grant, and this looks like the powerhouse of the Midwestern service teams. Camp Grant this year will have three stars to build a team around—Corwin Clatt, Notre Dame's great fullback; John Andretich, Purdue's great back; and Paul Huber, Notre Dame's great pass-catching end.

The third Midwestern service school is Iowa Pre-Flight. The Seahawks have some fine football players to form the nucleus for their 1943 team. These include Lieutenant Vince Banonis, All-America center from Detroit University in 1941; Ensign Dick Todd of Texas A. & M.; Cadets Tony Canadeo of the Green Bay Packers and Frank Manzicki of the Chicago Bears. However, some of these players will be a little late in reporting at Iowa City.

Our guess as to how the Midwest is going to finish this year is as follows: Michigan, Notre Dame, Northwestern, Camp Grant, Ohio State, Purdue, Iowa Pre-Flight, Minnesota, Iowa, Wisconsin, Marquette, Great Lakes, Indiana, and Illinois.

In the Bix Six, the two stand-outs look to be Oklahoma and Kansas, because both have Navy trainees. After these two leaders should come Iowa State and Missouri. Missouri has lost Ed Hodgers, perhaps the best tackle in the Big Six. It will have two veteran ends, one veteran guard, and two good backs in Ralph Carter and Don Reese, with three years of varsity football experience behind them. However, Missouri is putting most of its hopes on Bill Ekern who in his sophomore year played end, guard, and blocking halfback.

Iowa State is not too pessimistic, for the Cyclones had 800 new Navy V-12 boys come in July 1. Iowa State will pin its main hopes on two backfield stars of the 1942 team, Howard Tippee, left halfback, and George Gast, who plays the other halfback position.

Nebraska lost almost every player it had last year, as did Kansas State, and must start building all over again.

Next, let's take the Missouri Valley Conference. Here the standout teams appear to be Tulsa and the Oklahoma Aggies. Drake, if it fields a team, will feel severely the loss of last year's manpower and may have hard work finding opponents, since the three remaining members of the Missouri Valley Conference—Creighton, St. Louis University, and Washington University of St. Louis—have dropped football for the duration.

In the Rocky Mountain Conference, sometimes called the Big Seven, Colorado looks like the stand-out, for it has Navy trainees, although Denver with Army engineers may field a strong team. Other teams that look promising are Utah and Utah State. However, the surprise team from this section of the country may be the Second Air Force team now stationed at Colorado Springs. So much for the Big Seven.

Lastly, the Pacific Coast. In the northern part of the Conference they are touting Washington as the top team of the year. On the southern part of the West Coast they are singing the praises of Southern California. These two look now like the stand-out teams. Washington looks slightly the stronger of the two, for the University of Washington has more than 1,000 Marine and Navy boys, and, ironically enough, three stars from last year's Washington State team—Jay Stoves, Tom Branigan, and Al Akins.

The Trojans of Southern California also are blessed with Navy and Marine units, along with such dependables as last year's Mickey McCardle, Norm Verry, and Captain Ralph Heywood, plus the transfer named Jack Lescoulie, who starred last year in the Rose Bowl for U. C. L. A. Then, too, the Trojans have five stars of last year's Oregon State team, including Joe Day at fullback. But the prize that Southern California has added this year is Jackie Fellows who, though he only played for little Fresno State last year, was an All-America.

The third team on the West Coast looks to be the University of California, for California has back one of the finest backfield men in the nation, Grover Klemmer. Watch for the star of the California Bears to be a boy named Art Honneger, who was miscast last season but may turn out to be the West Coast sensation of the year.

NEXT in order on the West Coast should come U. C. L. A., which went all the way to the Rose Bowl last year. It also has a Navy unit and four Rose Bowl men left over. They are Herb Wiener, end; Mike Marienthal, who will be shifted this year to tackle; Rod Woelfle at guard, and Don Malmberg at quarterback.

Washington State is very doubtful of fielding a good team. The best that can be hoped for here are freshmen and 4-Fs. As for Stanford, it has discontinued football owing to lack of manpower.

Oregon State and Oregon will both give Washington the severest battles in the Northwest, but neither, at this writing, figures to be a Conference contender.

Among the independents on the West Coast, St. Mary's retains some hope, but what that hope springs from is difficult to see.

Buck Shaw at Santa Clara is pessimistic, for Santa Clara has no one back from last year's team. However, the surprise on the West Coast may be the little "College on the Pacific," coached by old Amos Alonzo Stagg. He's got four stars from St. Mary's, including the Galloping Gaels' first- and second-string quarterbacks plus halfback Johnny Podesto and a great tackle in Bill McPartland.

Well, there it is, ladies and gentlemen—the football picture for 1943!

To go one step farther out on the limb, as long as we've gone this far, don't be too surprised if you see Georgia Tech playing Washington in the Rose Bowl on New Year's Day.

THE END

WINNING LINES

The girl who knows that using curves
To solve her problems somehow wangles
Answers that never can be reached
By girls employing only angles.

—HELEN HOWLAND PROMMEL.

MINNIE LOVED A SAILOR

Continued from Page 17

parts. It's Limehouse and Stepney and the streets from Liverpool docks."

Mrs. Popolo felt a pang in the maternal department of her comprehensive heart. "I get you. Like my Sam writes a hamburger joint on every corner would cheer the Irish landscape."

Jack laughed again and held out his hand to Minnie, who walked up his arm into his lap. Mrs. Popolo said, "That fowl is just right for frying now. Shall I fix her, or shall I show you how to fix her?"

She said afterward she'd never forget the look he gave her if she lived as long as Methuselah. His blue eyes opened that wide they filled his face. And his voice went up like the train whistle.

"Wha-at? *Minnie? Fry* Minnie? Why, Mrs. Popolo, I'd sooner fry me own ma!" And he folded the ruffled hen into his sunburned chest as if he were Sindbad protecting the beautiful and the hunted. "Don't you see? I couldn't eat me friend, now could I?"

Mrs. Popolo blushed with shame and worked off her nervous embarrassment talking Mr. Popolo to death that evening. "There's something very queer about hens we never knew," she said, "or else Jack's some kind of animal hypnotizer. Minnie's devoted like a dog, and she can do some very cute tricks."

MR. POPOLO did not believe her, but he was driven by curiosity to go and ask for a demonstration, and he saw that it was so. It gave him a good new story to tell next time he stopped into the Heron Creek grocery. It so happened that the strange guys taking in a cold drink were a couple of newsreel cameramen on the way to Miami. They jeered because they knew a phony story the moment they heard one.

Mr. Popolo offered to bet ten bucks to one, and the quickest action he ever saw was the way they were on to it, and next thing he knew he was in the camera car showing the way to Whistler's cottage.

They were always onto the human touch to warm the news, and what could beat this strange eccentricity of a torpedoed British sailor? It proved everybody was an individual, not a part of a mass, and these guys were not robots like their engines, but guys with feelings and a name and address of their own and everything. They gave Mr. Popolo a new slant on the work it was to get variety into the news for the insatiable movie audience.

When Jack saw the safari tracking him down, he leaped from the deck chair, tucked Minnie under his arm, and took cover in the cottage. It took a lot of persuading to get him out. The camera guys said they knew the British were so introverted they were inhibited, but Jack said all that bothered him was frightening Minnie, since being the artist she was, she had the artistic temperament.

He didn't bat an eyelash when they offered fifty dollars to shoot the hen's performance, but when they said sure thing it would be shown in Wigan, Lancs., and his ma would be able to see how well he was doing long before he got home, he capitulated.

He wouldn't allow them to work Minnie fast enough to scare her, but being untroubled by temperament that day, there was no hitch in her talented performance. Mr. Popolo pinched himself when he saw Minnie, head slanted, bright-eyed and alert, obeying Jack's instructions with the smooth precision of a seasoned trooper. Uncannily good was her indignant war-prisoner trick. Liberated from a grocery box, she stood flapping and cackling two full minutes—telling the tale to the League of Nations. The lean guy with the slit-small eyes took out a wad and licked off fifty bucks, passed over the easiest dough Jack had earned in his natural, stowed the camera, and the episode appeared to be over.

Mr. Popolo lingered to talk with Jack and marvel at his weird attainments while the departed cameramen were talking also. In less than ten minutes they were back with a new proposition, this time working psychology like overstretched elastic. Pretending to be figuring how much they'd got left, they took out their wallets to count and flash their moolah.

Mr. Popolo got goose flesh seeing hundred-dollar bills. But the nonchalant blue-eyed sailor didn't show he quickened up a pulse beat. He had but one answer to the bid for Minnie: He would as soon sell his own ma. Nothing doing!

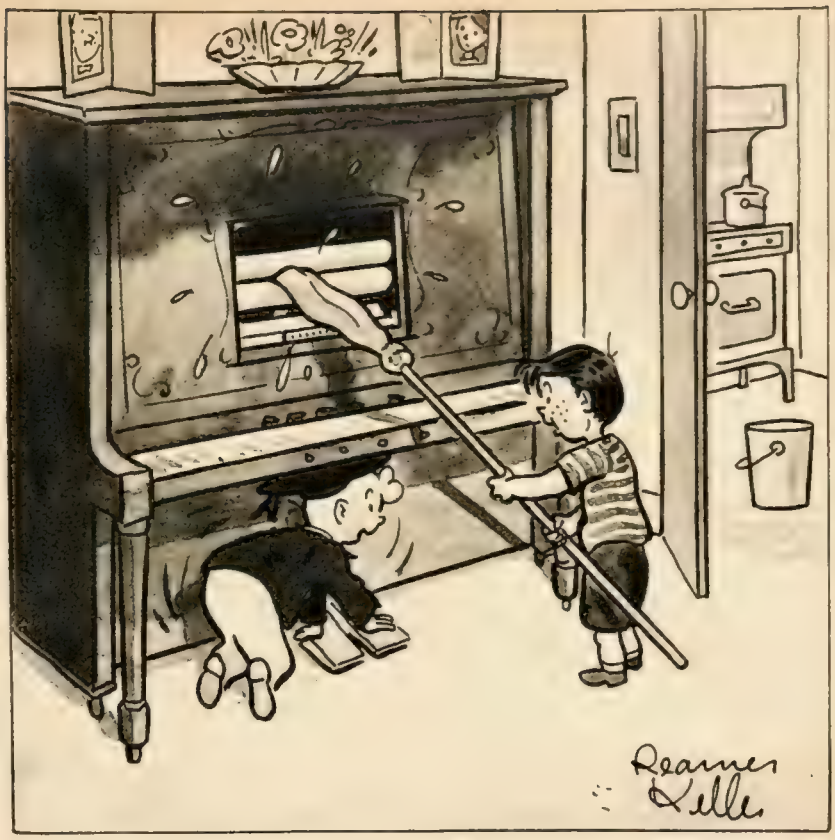
Mr. Popolo's blood pressure went up and up with the bidding while Jack remained indifferent. Had not one paused to speak to Minnie to see if she would take orders from a stranger, he would have exploded. He took a deep strangling breath and heard the words "one grand" when his ears stopped roaring. "What?" he yelled. But no one paid any attention to him raving about one thousand dollars for a clucking bag o' feathers that started life as a broiler. Mr. Popolo tore his collar open, but Jack remained as cool as beer just off the ice. His stubborn British mind made up, neither one grand nor one million was going to unmake it.

The guys began to realize this. "Quit the bluff, buddy," said the one with the pear-shaped stomach. "That's the farthest ride you're going to take us."

Jack went red as the rooster's comb. He dropped his good-natured patience. "Down the gangway, you blokes! By crikey, you're the ruddy limit! You can jolly well go to blazes!"

Mr. Popolo noted the dazed looks on the guys' faces and stored this new variation of the brush-off for use on the egg collector. He watched them dwindle back to their car, the starch gone from the shrugs of their shoulders.

HARDTACK



"There! Isn't that lots easier than wringing it out by hand?"

Jack was already in his deck chair, grass hat tilted over eyes, bare feet on the packing case, and just as casual about Minnie as ever. Seeing the fabulous thousand-dollar chick pecking gravel where a truck could flatten her out in a chip off a minute, Mr. Popolo's blood roared round in his head again.

He wiped the sweat off his forehead. "Well, Jack, I guess them days on the ocean did a bit o' no good to ye."

"You mean I'm balmy?"

"If that's nautical for nuts, you get my meaning."

Jack smiled, said, "We-ell, maybe," but didn't appear to be giving the lost dough any regretful afterthoughts. Mr. Popolo wasn't a bad guy, but then he wasn't entirely a good guy. He sat on the fence, baffled by life, and when it seemed like being good might land him among the thistles of virtue-is-its-own-reward, he didn't lean over backward. A grand for a common fowl was a giveaway and there were a million things he could do with one.

"What d'ye figure to do with this freak bird when you're called back to sea again?"

A PLEASING expression of trouble corrugated Jack's tanned young forehead. "I could take another month o' this sun and lap it up, but there's a ship sailing from New York and only this morning I got me orders to join her."

Mr. Popolo had one of those flashes of joy which make the landscape suddenly go brighter. "We'll sure miss ye, Jack, but we'll take good care o' that eddicated pullet."

"Thanks. But I'm taking her along. Any ship sails better with a mascot."

"But, Jack, me lad, it's cold as hell come winter on the Atlantic. Minnie's Florida-bred. Don't ye know hens get pneumony?"

"Not Minnie. Not if I have to give her me own Cardinal Wolseys."

The dry temperate day was delicious, but Mr. Popolo sweated with suffering. He looked at the impudent fowl with envious aversion. There was an incubator, old Bott's mule and wagon, a down payment on land and cottage, a refrigerator that didn't fuss over its working. Careful, he thought, careful. But his mouth opened independent of his wishes. Opened and went on talking.

"Sure makes a guy think that wants a farm and a freak fowl could put him in the money."

"Minnie's no freak." Jack waved his pipe to the neat yard beyond the wire fence where Minnie's relatives pecked and cackled. "There's a garden full o' Minnies. Pick a prospect and treat her right. Learn her langwidge. First let her talk. You listen."

Grinning at Mr. Popolo's wry face, he demonstrated. Minnie cocked her head round and cackled right back at him.

"Sure beats all, Jack, me lad. If I could train 'em I'd pack up and take 'em out to Hollywood."

"There's no 'if.' Just do it. Make a pal o' one."

Mrs. Popolo came out the back door and called there was fried chicken, boiled greens, and buttered corn pone for them as knew what was good for 'em. Jack put Minnie in the cottage, locked the door on her for the first time, put the key in his pocket, and slithered neatly through the wire fence. He exchanged badinage with Mrs. Popolo like they were mother and son all evening, and neither noticed Mr. Popolo's steady pipe smoke indicated some high-powered thinking.

All next day Mrs. Popolo baked cakes and cookies for Jack to take with him on his journey. She hoped some British ma would do the same for Sam in Ireland, though not having been washed up with his ribs countable, she very much doubted it. She felt kind of guilty reading the U. S. Army were the best fed boys in the world, because it swelled her with gratitude.

She got rid of some of the guilt breaking down Mr. Popolo's resistance to letting her pack with the cakes a box of eggs warm from the nest and a fresh broiled chicken. She knew Jack would write it in a letter to his ma, and psychology was the queerest thing, for it puzzled herself to know why that gave her such a glow of warm feeling.

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Called upon to deliver an address, the late Adolph S. Ochs, publisher of the New York Times, felt he must read it and not trust his memory or ability to extemporize. But to discount his handicap he told beforehand of a vain and complacent preacher who couldn't resist asking a silent pewholder what he thought of his sermon.

"There were only three things wrong with it," the other replied. "You read it. You read it badly. And it wasn't worth reading."

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Mr. Popolo was leaning against the live oak, gazing at the fowls pecking the gravel with an air of such desperate gloom that she commented on this abnormality.

"Looks like ye swallowed the whole Greek Relief Committee."

"That's how I feel like."

"Well, don't stare at the poor things like you could eat one alive. Ye'll scare the layers off their duty."

"You observe me wrong. I was picking which one o' them clucks I could like well enough personal to win her confidence."

Mrs. Popolo scattered the flock with a gust of her heartiest laughter. She seldom put the kibosh on any scheme Mr. Popolo thought up for raising extra money, but this time she did it properly.

"Have a glass o' cold beer and leave such talents to them as has 'em. You think o' them critters as broilers. Jack treats them like they was children."

Mr. Popolo followed her in for the beer. He needed it. "Guess ye have to be a bit cuckoo."

"Guess again," said Mrs. Popolo. "Palling with critters is a gift. Guess ye have to be born that way."

Cold beer is a good thought inducer. Mr. Popolo wiped his mouth, feeling fresher and brighter. "You could do it. You have influence. He trusts you like his own mother."

"Do what?"

"Tell him our hens can't stand the cold winds. He loves that freak. Tell him she'll die in that terrible weather."

Mrs. Popolo wiped the flour off her arms and stared at him with suspicion.

"Do you suggest that I commit an accessory?"

Mr. Popolo drained his glass and set it down with an air of nonchalance. "Whyever should I? I don't want no one's trick fowl, only the use of it. We do him a good turn with one for ourselves. We keep her warm and *alive*. He has a live pet here instead of a dead mascot on the ocean."

"I see."

"So what's wrong with taking her on a trip and collecting? Ain't you got wits, woman? A mule and wagon. An icebox for you. Our own farm. And Minnie back here, none the worse of it."

"*If* she got back here!" Mrs. Popolo glared like the tiger that won't have her cubs monkeyed with. "Now get this, Sam Popolo. I'd as soon pop the torpedo what sunk him as give Jack a stab where he wasn't looking. Why, the fighting Greeks would be right down ashamed of you. Would y' spoil the espree de corpse I just made between nations?"

"O. K., O. K., O. K. That's enough for my eardrums. Wait'll you hear she *did* get pneumony and *did* snuff out with it."

Mrs. Popolo was struck hard by this discomfiting thought. She went to the window and stared into the yard, absently brushing her treasured geraniums.

"Give him one of them single pens if ye really care. I'll fix it a draft screen. Also pay for it."

HE opened his mouth to say no, but a thought forked through his head quicker than lightning and left him amazed at his own genius.

"O. K. Good idea. Go ahead and fix one. I'll present it meself personal in the morning."

He went out to smoke and figure the details under the live oak. Mrs. Popolo was too dazed to thank him. He paused to say over his shoulder, "And don't take no more broilers without my say. Them that's ready go tomorrow to the market." Simple yet practical was the kidnap-by-substitution scheme his dazzling wit was at work upon.

He warded off Mrs. Popolo's suspicion by some natural growling and grumbling as he worked fixing a padlock on the draft-proofed pen

while the hen supposed to be Minnie cackled inside it in the morning. Jack might open the door before he left, in which case the liberated-prisoner act would not be forthcoming and the hen inside would be disclosed to be merely a hen and certainly nobody's darling.

He gave Jack the key to put in his pocket when the station wagon packed with his shipmates stopped by to take him to the station.

"You better scram, me boy," said Mrs. Popolo with tears in her eyes.

Jack scrammed, his parcel of gifts under his arm, Minnie's pen hanging from his hand, and his canvas bag slung over his shoulder.

"So long, chums," he called from the road. "Cheerio! And thanks for everything."

Mrs. Popolo called back, "God bless you, Jack. Be sure to write."

She wiped her eyes and stood watching the last of the wagon round the bend, waving her hand to the cheering sailors. After that, she felt so empty she went to look for Mr. Popolo.

The market crate with six live fowls in it was standing on the bench waiting to be picked up, but Mr. Popolo was not even in earshot. His nerves would not stand the last anxious moments. He had given Jack his one padlock, and though he had told Mrs. Popolo not to open the market crate, that was no guaranty that she would not do it.

Contrary woman that she was, she might do it to see why she shouldn't, and next thing that self-opinionated hen would hop out to make her speech complaining about her internment, and this time with some reason.

She had done it just after he put her in, and the way she talked him down was fair gruesome. Until he thought of the farm she'd pay for.

There was the toot of the station wagon coming back, and Mrs. Popolo heard her name shouted. She saw Jack running toward her with the pen swinging from his hand with the small brown hen fluttering in it.

"Guess what?" he panted. "They're me own shipmates, Ma Popolo, but they're nowt but a bunch o' cannibals, them sailors. All they think of is their stummicks. Draw lots fer the drumsticks, sez they. Not on yer life, sez I. Ho, no? sez they. Wait till our next torpedo."

He thrust the pen into Mrs. Popolo's arms. "She's yours, ma. Do what ye like. I know you'll be good to her. Even if the old man hires her in Hollywood."

"Why, Jack—"

The driver tooted his hot impatience. "I must vamoose—give us a kiss, ma."

Mrs. Popolo put the impostor down on the grass while Jack gave her a bear hug that knocked her breath out.

"One moment," she panted, inspired by this demonstration. She ran to the bench under the porch and fetched the crate containing the five table broilers and the unwilling prisoner. "Take these and have yourselves a feast. I can't find Sam right now, but I know he'd want you to have them."

Jack took the handsome gift, his boyish face beaming his pleasure, gave her another loud kiss, and sprinted for the station wagon. Minnie, aware that her sailor had returned to the rescue, started at once on her speech, including some pointed personal additions. Jack realized something strange was afoot and began to investigate the moment he was settled back in the wagon. There was no time now, however, to return Minnie to the Popolos, nor indeed any necessity, since five broilers were five times better than one broiler.

He yelled the news to Mrs. Popolo, who stood again to see him off, but she did not grasp he was telling her anything more than good-by again. Through a blur of tears she saw the station wagon skim the bend on two wheels in its hell-for-leather dash for the train.

Then she picked up the ruffled impostor in its cage for one and went looking for Mr. Popolo to comfort him with the wondrous luck that had befallen him.

THE END

"The minute any one tries to turn off Bob Hope he bites."

BROKEN RIVER

Continued from Page 30

"Are you sick?" Rack asked him.

"Got a cold," the thin man growled.

"Keep on without a raincoat and it'll get worse."

"If I'm here that long."

"Leaving us?" Rack asked.

Angrily Jaspers said, "I'm damned if I'll spend the winter in the brush!"

Rack said, "You can leave any time."

Jaspers snarled something Rack couldn't hear.

"Give me that again," Rack said.

Will Jaspers, without answering, began to beat his thin arms against his sides. Rack felt sudden anger rise in his throat. "Get the cat started," he said, and turned away. He had to turn away or take the man by the scruff of his neck.

Rack could almost feel the man's coat collar in his hand, feel him squirming. A solid boot on Jaspers' skinny backside . . . Jaspers' face down in the mud. That would be good, very good. Rack promised himself this would happen. And soon. It would have to be soon because Jaspers would not stay much longer. The rain, the cold, the work—not for Jaspers. He'd make his play or get out.

"YOU two," Rack told Stump and White Hope, "get on up to the spar tree. Swede'll operate for you. See if you can't get her rigged today."

Stump bobbed his head. "I ain't lettin' him down till it's done."

"Be sure he doesn't freeze then."

"Freeze him solid enough," Stump said, "an' I can rent him to a cigar store."

White Hope batted Stump on the ear with an open hand. Stump swore at him. They disappeared up the trail, swearing and tussling. This was as it should be. The jammer argument was forgotten. Rack was completely thankful for that. He turned to Roughhouse and Murphy.

"Jaspers'll run the cat. Angel can hook for him. You load, Roughhouse. I'll run the loader."

Angel Murphy grinned. "We're gypo again."

"For a fact," Rack said. "But it'll be noon before the men come back from town. We can hit a lick while we're waiting."

A rim of daylight had appeared above the hills to the east. The men went to work as the light spread and widened. Roughhouse did the work of two. He dragged the heavy tongs through knee-deep mud. When Rack swung a log to a car, Roughhouse followed, jumping to the car to free the tongs, then back to hook another log. Nothing could wipe away his wide grin. He bickered endlessly.

"Get the hell off that brake!" he yelled, if Rack was slow with the slack. "For a general manager, you're a lousy engineer!"

It was the cheerful bellyaching of

a man glad to be at work. Rack grinned. Yesterday Roughhouse had been out of a job; today he was a vice-president. Nothing like being a vice-president to put a snap in your work. Or maybe a man had to lose his job at least once to be glad he had it.

But there was no cheerfulness in Will Jaspers, no snap. He rode the cat like a morose and ragged stork, savage at the controls. His thin shoulders were bunched. Rain soaked through the brim of his old felt hat and ran down his neck. Rack waited until mid-morning, and then he stopped the cat.

"You run the loader," he said.

"I'm doin' all right," Jaspers growled.

"You'll run the loader today," Rack told him. "Tomorrow you'll be back on the cat, and you'll have a raincoat and rainpants and a rain-hat, or you'll leave the camp."

Jaspers was silent, thinking. His deeply lined face was covered by a three-day beard. Beneath the beard his skin was an unhealthy yellow. He shivered, looking at the loader, the shelter above the controls, the boiler and the heat he knew was there. He got off the cat with an angry mutter that expressed anything but gratitude.

Roughhouse didn't like it. "If that monkey drops a load, I'll beat him brainless!"

"That'll be fine," Rack said.

The men straggled back from town after lunch. Rack put them to work. The fallers and buckers went into the spruce. Rack sent the bulldozer across the canyon to build skid road. A crew brushed out around the far spar tree. Stump and White Hope finished rigging the near spar tree except for one buckle guy. When the whistle blew, Rack looked back on the day with satisfaction. The camp was rolling again.

GALE NORDLUND telephoned at dusk. "Horton wants to argue," she said, "and Clyde's taking it to court. He says you're not to worry, and not to stop work."

"What about Big Red and Addie?" Rack asked.

"She found him," Gale answered.

"Is she doing any good?"

"She's got him in a hotel room with four quarts of whisky, if that's what you mean."

"That's what I mean," Rack said.

Gale said, "Love and kisses," and hung up.

Rack turned away from the telephone, a grin on his lips. He said, "Come in," to a knock on the door. The door opened and Will Jaspers was there. Rack's grin pulled down to a hard thin line.

"Come in," he said again.

Jaspers came in. He didn't speak. He went to the stove and put his hands over it, thin long-boned hands that shook, that were not quite clean. He had shaved but his color was no better. His eyes and the tip of his long nose were an angry red.

Rack said, "What can I do for you?"

"Plenty," Jaspers growled. He turned, his mouth jerking. "Pay me off," he said harshly. "Let me get to hell out of this lousy country!"

"You want your time?"

"Time—hell!"

Quietly Rack said, "That's all you'll get."

Jaspers swore. He turned back to the stove, anger in the hunched set of his shoulders. He rubbed his hands over the heat. There was an ugly twist to his mouth; his usual derision was gone. The cold had taken it from him. The cold, the hard work, and Rack's stubbornness. He was angry, savage, and a little desperate.

He said, "How about some of them shares you're passin' round?"

"No," Rack said.

"Give me twenty-five per cent. I—"

"No," Rack said again.

Jaspers faced Rack abruptly. "You think I'm kiddin' you," he said. "I'm not! You'll pay off or I'll put you in the can. So help me, I'll put you in the can." His throat worked convulsively. "Get what I'm tellin' you, guy—I had enough!"

Rack got out of his chair. There was distaste in the inward crook of his mouth. His nostrils were pinched, white. He crossed to Jaspers. Without haste he took Jaspers' thin neck in his hands. He half lifted Jaspers, swung the man, and thrust him hard against the wall

"What were you saying?" he asked them.

Jaspers' eyes were wide and wild. "I'll put you in the can—by heaven, I will!"

They were like this when Lily Jaspers opened the door. Rack, still holding Jaspers, turned to look at her. She wore no coat. Rain had spotted the shoulders of her thin dress. The lift and fall of her high breasts told that she'd been running.

Tightly she said, "Let him go, Rack!"

Rack took his hands away from Jaspers' neck and stepped back. Jaspers stayed at the wall. His eyes and his mouth became uncertain.

"Aw, Lily, I—"

"Get out!" Lily said.

Jaspers put a clumsy placating hand toward her. Lily knocked it aside, stepping back.

"Get out!" she said again.

The stiff shape of her face was unrelentingly furious. Jasper was moveless, indecision in his face. His eyes flicked to Rack. To see how I'm taking this, Rack thought. And he knew then that Jaspers was afraid. Not physically afraid of Lily, but terrified at the thought of losing her. A man this old, a girl this young—the tie would be a slender thread at best. Lily could have a hundred like Will Jaspers, but for Jaspers this

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Hermann Göring accompanied the Fuehrer on one of his visits to Rome. On the crowded railway platform filled with dignitaries and troops, the massive marshal roughly jostled past an Italian gentleman of aristocratic bearing, who turned and haughtily demanded an apology. Fiercely the marshal turned upon him and snapped, "I am Hermann Göring." The Italian bowed and replied, "As an excuse that is not enough, but as an explanation it is ample."

—Fuller's Thesaurus of Anecdotes.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Lily was the last. That knowledge was a weapon in Lily's hand. A whip which brought Will Jaspers unerringly to heel.

Rack gave Jaspers a hard grin. "You heard the lady—beat it!"

Fury blazed again in Jaspers' eyes; then they tightened with his frustration. He swore in a thick choked voice, turned, and stamped out of the cabin.

LILY looked after him. She was silent until the last of the anger drained from her face. Then she lifted dark eyes to Rack.

"I'm sorry, Rack. Honest . . ."

Rack said, "It's no fault of yours."

Lily bit her lips. "You won't—"

"Fire him?" Rack shook his head wearily. "No, I won't fire him. Lord knows I'd like to, but I can't. I'll keep him as long as he wants to stay." He looked at Lily. "And that won't be long; he's had enough of work. He wants money, not rain down his neck."

Lily said, "I can make him stay."

Rack's grin was wry with doubt. "Think you can?"

"I know it."

"The guy's nuts about you, sure enough. Maybe he'd rather have you than money. Maybe." He lifted his hand. "Your job'll be easier if you get him some rainclothes. That horse blanket he wears is no protection."

"I'll get them." She went to the door. Turning there, she said, "Don't worry, Rack."

"I won't—if he goes to work in the morning."

"He will. I owe you that."

"You owe me nothing," Rack said.

Jaspers went to work the next morning. Rack saw him through the window, walking with the others to the speeder. Lily had found him an old raincoat somewhere. Jaspers wore it over his overcoat, and the tails of his overcoat flapped beneath the short length of the raincoat like a long and very dirty skirt.

So Lily had won the argument . . . this argument. But there'd be others as the weather turned colder, as the work became harder. Tougher arguments. Until Will Jaspers finally realized Rack was not going to pay. And then— No need to guess; the answer was plain enough. The end was coming—tomorrow, a week from now, two weeks. . . . "Give me a month," Rack said. "Just one!"

He took his coat and left the cabin. There was smoke climbing from the Tinker chimney. Rack stopped and knocked on the door. Addie opened it, a very worn-out Addie. The lines of her long face were deep; dark shadows smudged the flesh under her eyes. But she had a smile for Rack.

"He's sleepin'," she said.

"Is he still mad?" Rack asked.

Addie shrugged worriedly. "You can't tell, Rack. He ain't really sobered up yet."

"We need him," Rack said. "Tell him that. Tell him we've got twenty-five new men and no walkin' boss. He'll know the fix we're in."

Addie smiled. "I'll tell him."

THE day went slowly for Rack. Every moment or two he turned and looked down the trail to camp, hoping to see Big Red—a Big Red with a grin on his face. The grin was important . . . A Big Red without it would be no Big Red at all. Noon came and passed, and the sun crawled down the sky and still no Big Red. Stump came looking for Rack at four o'clock.

"Ain't he goin' to show up?" he asked.

Soberly Rack said, "It's getting late."

"Damn it to hell!" Stump's small face was puckered and unhappy. "I'd've swore the old rip'd get over it. He ain't ever held a grudge in his life!"

"He's never had a reason like this."

"We gotta do somethin'!" Stump said.

Rack chewed his lips, thinking. "You and White Hope knock off work. Go into camp and see what you can do. Drift around and see him. Tell him how much we need him up here. But don't crowd him. Make it easy and casual. Buy him a drink, maybe. Show him it's the same now as it was a week ago."

Stump said, "We'll give it a try."

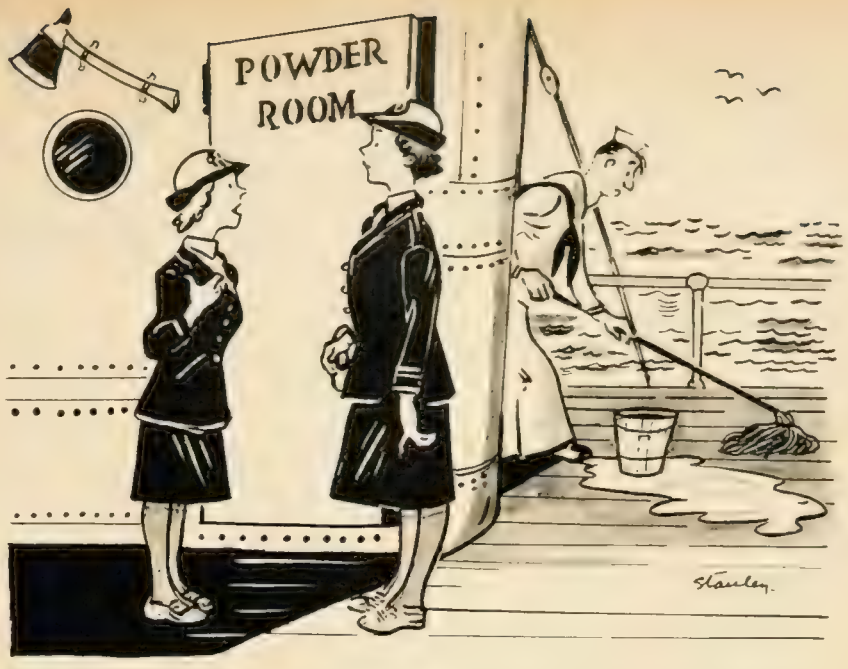
Rack watched the little man go. There was doubt in his mind, real doubt, and it stayed with him until darkness shut down the work. There was a light in the Tinker cabin when Rack reached camp, another in Stump and White Hope's shack, farther down. Rack's feet lagged past the Tinker place. He wanted to go in, and yet he couldn't—he would have nothing to say when he got there. It seemed to Rack he'd never had a tougher problem, or less head for the solving of it.

He poured himself a drink in the darkness of his own cabin. It didn't help. His head was still full of sawdust. He swore at himself, regretting everything. But that didn't help either. Admittedly stalling for time, he put flame to the lamp. The yellow light spread, and Rack saw the boots that lay on the table.

They were new boots, the laces yellow against the dark oiled leather, the calks gleaming and sharp. Rack's hands shook a little as he turned them under the light. Hand-lasted, hand-sewn—you couldn't buy better boots. Rack read the label. His size. Meant for him, because no other man in camp could wear a boot so small.

"The old goat!" Rack whispered.

WITH the boots under his arm, he left the cabin. A sudden weakness had his knees, a large and hurting lump was in his throat. He went down the road to Stump and White Hope's shack. The door was partly open. Through it he could see part of the room, blue with cigarette smoke; a table with glasses and a nearly empty bottle of Angel Murphy's wine. Rack pushed the door open.



"I made the same mistake myself. It's three doors down to the right."

Big Red was in the center of the room. The same Big Red. His pants, belted loosely around his big stomach, seemed about to fall off, as they always did. His red hair was stiffly on end. His lips were bruised and swollen, but not as badly as Rack had expected . . . and he could still grin.

"Hi, there, boy," he said.

Rack said, "Hello, Red."

He went into the cabin. All the old hands were here: Stump, White Hope, Angel, Roughhouse, and Swede. Even Will Jaspers was present. He stood alone in a far corner of the room. His eyes came up to find Rack's face—sullen eyes, dark with thought.

"I was just tellin' the boys they'll see some loggin' from now on," Big Red said. "We're goin' to bust some records gettin' that spruce to the mill."

"Sounds good," Rack said.

"Maybe there'll be records busted." This was Jaspers' dry and husky voice, "but I ain't so sure. I got a notion there's goin' to be hell to pay —that you guys are goin' to be short a man or two."

Big Red said, "What's that?"

Jaspers shrugged the question away. He had eyes for Rack and Rack alone. Silence came and held, on and on. Rack lifted his shoulders, squaring them. Lily had been wrong. She couldn't hold Will Jaspers now. He'd make his threat good, and it would be soon.

The end was very near.

Can Rack keep Jaspers quiet? Will Sam Horton, angered because Prio stopped his deal with Big Red, tell the sheriff his suspicions of Rack? There's danger and excitement in next week's chapter.

THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

IF you see me walking around with a broken arm this week, it will be from patting myself on the back. It so happens that an idea I suggested on this page in the June 26 issue of Liberty has come to life. The idea, in brief, was for the War Department to issue *badges made of plastic* for men who are honorably discharged from the armed forces.

Private H. G., who was then in Brooke General Hospital, Fort Sam Houston, Texas, had written me that it was "pretty tough going" for honorably discharged servicemen. Once they get into civvies, he'd explained,

Mascot

they get funny looks back home and have to give marathon explanations of why they're not still in there pitching.

I agreed with Private H. G., but I pointed out two facts: 1. The War Department already has an authorized badge for honorable service—a circular button of red, white, and blue, with an eagle in the center. 2. But the shortage of metal made it impossible to manufacture and distribute these badges.

Then I tossed in the suggestion: "Maybe the War Department could issue some kind of a badge made of plastic. How about it?"

Well, buddies, I'm now informed that the Quartermaster Corps is getting out a *plastic* badge for honorably discharged personnel. It is a circular lapel button with a plastic body and gold plating, thus avoiding the use of essential materials. There is an eagle inside the circle, with its wings extending just beyond the circle's rim.

This badge will be available to both men and women, to officers and to enlisted personnel. Honorable discharge papers are the only qualification.

Along the same lines, W. C. writes from Daytona Beach, Florida:

"One of the tragedies of this war is found in those who want to fight but cannot because of some physical defect often unseen at a casual glance. Some hidden trouble such as heart murmur, poor hearing, or flat feet.

"They must silently bear the hard, contemptuous glances of both servicemen and civilians.

"The Chinese in this country faced the problem of being mistaken for Japs by wearing buttons. Why can't Selective Service issue buttons or badges to rejected men, showing that they tried to make the grade?"

I'd say offhand that many rejectees would rather not wear 4-F buttons, since this might cause them more embarrassment than the "contemptuous glances" W. C. refers to. But there's no reason why rejectees shouldn't be offered such a badge, to wear if they so desire.

OLD SARGE.

* * *

How about putting us straight on the gold star worn on the sleeves of some enlisted men in the Navy? I understand that it is authorized when your ship is sunk during battle, but can't find any official information on it.

G. L. M., RM 1/c, U. S. S.

Such stars on the sleeves of enlisted men are not official insignia. They were a tailors' invention in World War I to designate enlisted men who had been torpedoed at sea. Other tailors followed suit and the custom became widespread—but never official.

As to other Navy stars: A gold star on the sleeve of a commissioned officer indicates that he is a line officer. A white star above a bull's-eye on an enlisted man's sleeve indicates that he is a gun pointer 1/c.

* * *

We have a pet dog as a mascot in our organization, and I would like to know if there is any way our mascot can be taken overseas if and when we go. He holds a master sergeant's warrant and for a while was carried on the morning report.

Sgt. J. E. P., Camp Hale, Colo.

If your mascot is so accomplished that he holds a master sergeant's warrant, I'm surprised he can't write his own letter. Anyway, here's how you arrange for his boat ride: The Commanding Officer must make an official request to the Commanding General at the port of embarkation to take a regimental mascot overseas. He should accompany this request with all the reasons he can think of why the pooch is a vital booster of the morale of your organization.

* * *

A buddy here says that we are not permitted to write directly to American prisoners of war. Is he right, Sarge?

Cpl. P. J., Camp Polk, La.

Yes, he's right. W. D. doesn't want mail going directly from our camps or other military installations into enemy territory. Even a letterhead or return address on such mail would provide the enemy with much valuable information.

What's more—and this is important—letters sent to prisoners of war must contain no information which might disclose that the writer is in the U. S. armed forces.

The thing to do is send your letter to a friend or relative at home first, and have the recipient forward it through regular postal channels to the prisoner of war.

* * *

My husband has been stationed in Hawaii for a year and I would like to go there and be near him. Would I be allowed to go? I'd be willing to work or be of service in any way.

Mrs. W. H., Cincinnati, Ohio.

No. Wives are not permitted to go to foreign theaters of operations to follow their husbands in wartime. There's only one chance I can think of. Go to the nearest office of the U. S. Employment Service and see if they are hiring any women for jobs in Hawaii. If so, you might land a job and get there.

* * *

In a recent issue you stated that there is no regular Ranger organiza-

"Wibbons"

tion other than improvised forces taken from larger units to accomplish a specific mission. Actually, there are regular Ranger battalions, and I am a member of one of them.

Our training is quite similar to that given to the British Combined Operations Brigades. Our requirements are generally similar to those of the paratroops, with the exception that there is no restriction in regard to weight.

2d Lieut. F. G. W.,
Camp Forrest, Tenn.

My apologies to the Rangers. At the time

of the Dieppe raid, when a token force of American Rangers was first used, the reports were that these "U. S. Commandos" would be employed as hand-picked task forces rather than welded into a permanent organization. But since then a lot of water has gone over the dam and I guess I missed some of it.

It is a fact, as Lieutenant F. G. W. points out, that we now have regular Ranger battalions. One is in training at Camp Forrest, where several of the Dieppe raiders have been sent to give the trainees firsthand lessons. Another Ranger battalion turned in a brilliant performance in North Africa and Sicily.

Rangers are enrolled by careful selection—from among volunteers only.

* * *

In a recent issue a sergeant in California wrote you: "I'd like to suggest a ribbon for men on active duty on both of our coasts, so that they can feel and others can see that they are doing their share."

What the —— is the matter with that gentleman soldier? Is it because the girls give him the go-by when he tries to court them without a nice pretty little "wibbon" on his big manly chest?

Of course we realize that it is pretty tough for the poor boy to be in the midst of plenty (referring to wine, women, and song) and our hearts bleed for him.

Our outfit has been overseas for sixteen months, and, as far as we're concerned, this poor unfortunate guy in California can have every ribbon in the Army. But, in return, just let him give us one day in the U. S.!

Sgt. E. P.
Cpl. J. T. McC.
Cpl. J. I. A.
Sgt. R. E. M.
T/Sgt. J. B.
M/Sgt. C. J. S.
Pvt. R. B. A.

Apparently the sergeant in California wants to get something *on* his chest, while you fellows want to get something *off* yours.

* * *

Do widows of servicemen who are killed in line of duty receive a pension even though their husbands carried the full $10,000 of National Service Life Insurance?

Mrs. A. McD., Columbus, Ohio.

Yes. Whether a man carried insurance has nothing to do with it. Dependents of all men killed in line of duty are entitled to pensions from the U. S. Veterans Administration. These pensions are over and above insurance benefits.

This department of Liberty is for the men and women of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42d St., New York 17, N. Y.

MENNEN TALC VOTED OVERWHELMING FIRST IN DERMATOLOGIST POLL

In a recent nation-wide poll, more dermatologists say they use Mennen Talcum for Men than any other brand...more than ALL other brands combined. Here are the results:

MENNEN 55%

BRAND B — 11%

BRAND C — 4%

BRAND D — 2%

BRAND E — 2%

All other brands accounted for the balance

This overwhelming preference on the part of these distinguished physicians is real evidence of the superior quality of Mennen Talcum for Men. When buying talc for your own use, why not be guided by the personal choice of America's highest authorities in the care and treatment of the skin.

EVERYTHING FROM NOW ON IS PAIN

Continued from Page 11

twelve months. They began working on the job September 8, in a still warm Washington and an even warmer political atmosphere. And already they're bickering all over the place because they realize they must get most of the additional sum demanded over this year's intake of $38,000,000,000 from you and me. Originally, President Roosevelt asked the legislators to raise the total we're now sending in by $16,000,000,000. The Treasury scaled that down to $12,000,000,000. And now insiders say $5,000,000,000 to $7,000,000,000 extra is the "more politically feasible" range. Which is still terrific.

The key to our tax bill in 1944 lies in one point—the additional cash the Treasury does manage to dig out must come primarily from you and me. Corporations can't contribute the bulk because they're paying close to the safe maximum now. The authorities estimate they can push up the tax on corporations enough to add $1,000,000,000 or so to the Treasury's annual receipts. Our wealthiest families can't fill the bill because they too are paying close to tops, and even if the levy on them is increased a per cent or two, we'll end up with only another infinitesimal fraction of a fraction. Why, all the incomes of all our millionaires wouldn't cover one day's war expenditures! And even if we plug up every loophole in the estate- and gift-tax laws, the most we can count on is another quarter billion. That total may pop our eyes open, but it doesn't even move our billion-weary tax writers.

IT comes down to you and me, then—to the individual citizens of America at war. That's why our congressmen are snapping at each other's proposals so constantly. They dislike loading us with taxes in a pre-election year almost as much as we dislike carrying the load. But none of us—from the White House to the Senate to your home thousands of miles away from the capital—has any choice. If that money is going to be raised, it will come out of our pockets. And that money must be raised.

Those guns and ships and planes we're building in such huge quantities today to beat the Nazis and the Japs at the earliest possible moment must be paid for. The government can't borrow it all. It's borrowing much too much as it is—64 per cent of the $106,000,000,000 budget established for this current year. That's one of the worst records shown by any major nation in the world. England is borrowing only 48 per cent of her total budget, paying more than half her war expenditures out of tax receipts. Canada is borrowing only 52 per cent of hers, paying almost half her war costs through taxes.

And there is another reason why higher taxes are vital. We need a stiff tax law to hold down the cost of living. Because supplies of things to buy are dwindling, just at the time when millions of people are making more money than ever before, there'll be $45,000,000,000 more cash jingling in our pockets this year than there'll be goods to spend it on. The figures are so fantastic that they defy comprehension, but here's the proof. Our national income during the next twelve months is estimated at $150,000,000,000. Against that unparalleled total we can place $85,000,000,000 of available products and services and $20,000,000,000 of tax payments. Add, subtract, manipulate as you will—there still is $45,000,000,000 left over.

Think of it! All those dollars scrambling for whatever groceries and clothes and services are around! You know what happens at an auction sale when five people with money to spend start bidding for one

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Everybody is able to give pleasure in some way. One person may do it by coming into a room, and another by going out.

—Maude Warrenden.

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chair. The price of the chair skyrockets. Well, that's what happens in a nation when millions of people with billions of cash start bidding for a restricted supply of goods. That's the way runaway inflations are born. That's the way the economic structures of whole nations go to smash. And, as every expert in and out of the government knows, the best way to eliminate this frightful danger is to boost the tax burden on those earning war salaries and getting the billions.

To be sure, there are huge numbers of us whose salaries have not been raised by war prosperity (I'm one of those, so I know), but we're just some unfortunate digits on a list of taxpayers. What matters is that our neighbors in the next town have the money. To put it in straight-from-the-shoulder words, either we pay out a pack of dollars in taxes or we will pay them out in higher prices. As Stanley S. Surrey, tax legislative counsel for the Treasury, says, "Where the tax collector would take his toll in rational fashion and use it to defray war expenditures, the inflationary whirlwind will sweep away all our excess dollars on a devil-take-the-hindmost basis."

And how does the tax collector propose to exact his toll? I went down to Washington recently to check on just what the Treasury and the tax-minded members of Congress have in store for us for next year. It *is* "next year," by the way, for Secretary Morgenthau has flatly stated that there'll be no additional income taxes in 1943. I attended several tax conferences, listened to one expert fight for a 10-per-cent sales tax on everything we buy, heard another argue that down and battle for higher income taxes, heard a third disagree with both and insist on taxing only those of us who are getting war-swollen pay checks, then saw a fourth get up and scream that all the things suggested would break the backs of the little fellows in the United States. The only point on which there is complete agreement is the need for more revenue.

NATURALLY, you're most interested in the income tax, for that is right out where you can see it week after week. Here is the answer for 1944 as it shapes up today:

First, the Treasury is figuring on getting up to $4,000,000,000 extra from America's "tax club," consisting of 40,000,000 "senior" income taxpayers and 11,000,000 "junior" Victory taxpayers.

Second, the major thrusts are to be aimed at those of us who earn from $2,000 to $20,000 a year because, no matter how we personally feel about it, the statistics show that there is where the excess cash lies and where the crux of the inflation problem rests.

And third, the plan upon which the key men appear to be agreed will boost the income-tax rates in this low-to-middle-income range by up to 50 per cent through slicing another $50 to $200 from the exemptions for single and married persons and through lifting the surtax rates straight up the line.

The normal tax, now at 6 per cent, probably will remain there. But the surtaxes!

Ouch!

Under the current law, the surtaxes range from 13 per cent on the first $2,000 subject to this levy to 82 per cent on incomes above $200,000. Obviously, a surtax rate of 82 per cent can't go up much—but a surtax rate of 13 per cent can. So, let's say you're single, have no dependents, earn $2,000 a year, and have a 1943 tax bill of $412 (including your Victory tax). To be in the proper tax frame of mind for next year, expect to owe considerably more than $500. Or let's say you're married, have no dependents, earn $5,000 annually and are paying about $857 total. Boost that one close to $1,000 and you'll be mentally prepared for the Ways and Means Committee's reports. Or let's say you're married and are in the $10,000 range. Work on the basis of paying a tax bill around $2,500 and you'll have the realistic tax outlook.

It isn't possible to become too specific about tax rates class by class at this early date, but if you're ready for lowered exemptions, higher rates, and a general net increase of from 25 to 50 per cent in your debt to the

Treasury, you'll get no tax shocks this next year. (Maybe you'll be too numb to feel them!)

As for selective sales taxes—call them nuisance taxes or excises or consumption taxes or whatever you please, they mean the same thing to your pocketbook—they're unquestionably going way up. In fact, Congress estimates it'll obtain as much as $1,500,000,000 extra for the Treasury through these levies, which accounts for a tremendous amount of pennies on everything ranging from a candy bar to soda pop to a telephone call to a night-club visit to a train trip to a mug of beer. If it's a "vice," it'll be taxed. If it's a "luxury," it'll be taxed. Especially if it's something which teeters on the edge of wickedness—and most luxuries, liquid or sparkling, do—our legislators will pounce on it.

I can give you one comforting assurance, though, and that is, there will be no sales tax on ladies' fans. Back in the first World War, the 10-per-cent tax on these brought in carloads of dimes to the Treasury. But the hand-driven fan has gone out of fashion since then, and Congress hasn't even brought up the subject. So, if you want the pleasure of buying an utterly nonessential article without paying a nuisance tax, you might try a lady's fan. Offhand, I can't think of any other suggestion.

OF course, it's not funny. This is really serious stuff. To us back home, the tax load corresponds to the packs our soldiers carry on their backs when they go off through the jungles. But judging from the experiences of other United Nations and from our own record too, we'll become accustomed to these tax rates after a while and even resigned to tax stories like this. For example, consider the "evolution" reflected in these headlines covering news about British tax rates, taken from the New York Times during the last few years. Citizens of Britain and Canada pay higher taxes than we do. A $4,000-a-year married man living in New York State and paying both a federal and a state income tax has a total bill of $743 this year. If he lived in England, his debt would be $1,405. If he lived in Canada, it would be $1,364.

On April 27, 1937, the headline on a British tax-budget news story was "Tax Plan Shocks British Markets," and the cable told how London's stock market had crashed on disclosure of the huge levies to come.

On April 28, 1938, the headline was "Britain's Tax Rise Arouses Hostility," a self-explanatory statement.

On October 2, 1939, it had shifted to "British Resigned to Budget Plans."

On April 25, 1940, it was over to "Britons Criticize Budget as Too Low" (!).

On April 15, 1942, it was "Britain's Budget Little Criticized," and two days later there was another, "One British Tax Evokes Chuckles." (Imagine, chuckles!)

And finally, the headline on 1943's tax budget, published April 18, was "Britons Accept Budget, Happy It Is No Worse."

There it is—a complete story of the financial side of war and of a nation's tax experiences in seven headlines. And if the British can take their fiscal punishment with such stoicism and even chuckle about a tax on household goods because there just aren't any household goods for sale in England these days, it would be rather shameful even to think that we Americans can't do at least as well.

One point about this which may have hit you is the "orthodoxy" of the taxes in store for us. That's important, for it reflects Washington's anxiety to be as gentle as possible with us in the year before election. There's all this talk about the wisdom of trying out a tax on "spendings" as well as on earnings, for instance. But as Randolph Paul admits, it's just talk.

There is gossip among congressmen about experimenting with an "excess-profits tax for individuals," under which a man earning a higher salary as a result of the war would pay a heavier tax than the man whose salary had been up to that same level before 1941. But the politically astute realize there will be a peck of trouble if two men, living side by side and making $5,000 each, pay different taxes simply because one has been making the $5,000 only for two years and the other has been lucky since the '30s. So you can cross out that idea. Besides, the individual excess-profits scheme was tried in the first World War and, as Representative Doughton recollects it, "it didn't work well."

There is the perennial campaign for a "tax lottery," but we surely are too financially sophisticated a nation to bother seriously with that one. And, of course, there is much newspaper and radio conversation about a general sales tax on everything we buy. But the administration—in the form of the President and Secretary Morgenthau—has gone on record repeatedly against this proposal, and you can bet that Congress won't take the responsibility for passing so painful a tax right before the votes are cast unless the White House is "in equal guilt." As for raising Social Security taxes, the experts fear that would bring out a horde of crackpots, so they're leaving that proposal strictly alone.

SO, with the possible exception of a forced lending bill, the controversial plans are out—at least until 1945. And there aren't any more "white rabbits" in the tax hat. There probably never have been any. And, definitely, there aren't any more painless taxes hanging around. Of course, if you've a sensational idea on how to raise billions without letting any of us who pay them feel the drain, Congress, the Treasury, the White House, and 51,000,000 of your neighbors will be delighted to award you the tax medal of honor. But unless your scheme is extraordinary, utterly original, and foolproof, don't bother. You can take for granted that the experts have thought of just about everything.

Back in 1790, when Alexander Hamilton initiated the system of selective sales taxes in the United States, one of the members of Congress arose and shouted, "The time will come when the poor man will not be able to wash his shirt without paying a tax!" Well, here it is, 153 years later, and if I wanted to wash a shirt—which I don't—I could do so without thinking about direct taxes, anyway. Whatever levy I would be paying would be "hidden" in the soapsuds.

So it's still not so bad. In fact, it's not bad at all when you get down to the basic thought that we're paying these bills in order to win the war and bring home our boys as soon as possible to a decent, sound America. Somehow, when you think of it in those terms, the load seems featherweight and a privilege to carry!

THE END

"It's so confusing. Mother tells me one thing and you tell me another!"

LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

BY HARRIET GOULD

Claudin, wild because his song has been stolen, chokes his publisher and gets a pan of acid thrown in his face.

The prima donna, whom Claudin had doped so Christine could sing, accuses Anatole and Christine of the crime.

Claudin, now completely mad, tricks the terrified Christine into coming down into the Opera's catacombs with him.

THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA

(Universal)

Claude Rains, Nelson Eddy, Susanna Foster

AVID horror fans who have been waiting with bated goose bumps for Universal's remake of its classic spine chiller, The Phantom of the Opera, can relax—for there will be no fainting and screaming during performances of its current version.

It was in 1925 that Universal launched a reign of terror with the silent version of The Phantom of the Opera. Starring Lon Chaney, it broke all kinds of records in addition to attendance—such as number of people who fainted, sale of smelling salts, and cases of hysteria that had to be treated at local dispensaries.

The main reason for this nationwide epidemic of screaming meemies was Chaney's make-up, which resulted in the most horribly ingenious face in the career of the Man of a Thousand Faces. When he unveiled his acid-scarred physiognomy before unprepared audiences, registered nurses hired for the occasion had their hands full.

The new Phantom of the Opera, which stars Nelson Eddy, Susanna Foster, and Claude Rains (instead of Norman Kerry, Mary Philbin, and Lon Chaney), is *not* a horror picture. It is, as a matter of fact, a fairly pleasant musical melodrama with only a minor gruesome counterpoint. Eddy, as Anatole, Paris Opera tenor and hopeful suitor of Susanna Foster as Christine, an Opera understudy, sings several arias with Miss Foster, whose voice and acting ability are well above average. Claude Rains, as Claudin, the insane violinist who stops at nothing to "further" the career of the lovely young understudy, settles for a small but sufficiently repulsive mass of scar tissue on his cheek instead of the death's-head Chaney affected.

The 1943 Phantom of the Opera is good melodrama with most of the attributes of a good picture, but it will certainly not cause a stir anything like the original.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The old Phantom of the Opera was important for other reasons besides its ability to promote mass hysteria. It was one of the first movies to use Technicolor film. In addition to 700 experimental feet of the then newly discovered material, Universal had about 200 feet of the ordinary black-and-white film hand-colored by china painters. When the film was reissued in 1930, it had the distinction of being one of the first sound films. A sound track consisting of music and sound effects (including a scream or two) was added.

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This spirit isn't accidental (any more than the fact that Army Emergency Relief will benefit to the tune of millions of dollars through the production of 'THIS IS THE ARMY' is accidental). It stems directly from Warner Bros'. wartime policy.

☆ ☆ ☆

And so, when the New York Times referred to 'THIS IS THE ARMY' as 'the best show of a generation', and went on to speak of Warner Bros'. 'enviable record for combining good citizenship with good picture-making', all of us at Warner Bros. resolved to make that record ever more enviable in days—and pictures—to come!

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PICTURES WORTH SEEING

FILM	GIST	LIBERTY SAID:
BEHIND THE RISING SUN (RKO) Margo, Tom Neal	*Melodrama* (the development of an American-educated Japanese boy into a bloodthirsty "warrior").	Compelling movie . . . some sequences slightly far-fetched—but good on the whole. (8-28-43)
BEST FOOT FORWARD (M-G-M) Lucille Ball, William Gaxton	*Musical comedy* (a glamorous movie star spends a hectic weekend at a boys' military academy).	From the Broadway play . . . fresh-as-paint production numbers . . . good tunes . . . nicely paced and thoroughly entertaining. (8-14-43)
CLAUDIA (20th Century-Fox) Dorothy McGuire Robert Young Ina Claire	*Comedy-drama* (a pair of newlyweds discover that being adult doesn't mean you're grown up).	A good picture . . . sentimental, humorous, and real as apple pie . . . a solid treat . . . McGuire rates huzzas. (9-25-43)
DIXIE (Paramount) Bing Crosby, Dorothy Lamour	*Musical* (the development of the art of minstrelsy—via the life of Dan Emmett, first minstrel).	Not up to Bing's other pictures . . . too much "formula" . . . vague story makes it merely mediocre. (7-24-43)
FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS (Paramount) Ingrid Bergman, Gary Cooper, Katina Paxinou	*Drama* (the screen version of Ernest Hemingway's great novel of love and war in Spain).	One of the *must* pictures of this or any other year . . . long, perhaps, but superb in action and direction. Breath-taking Technicolor. (8-28-43)
HEAVEN CAN WAIT (20th Century-Fox) Don Ameche, Gene Tierney, Charles Coburn	*Comedy-drama* (a man dies and applies for admittance to hell, sure heaven won't have him. He tells the story of his life).	Delightful and adult satire . . . moves at a sprightly pace . . . good cast . . . witty and subtle situations and dialogue. (8-21-43)
LET'S FACE IT (Paramount) Bob Hope, Betty Hutton	*Comedy* (three soldiers gigolo three women for $300. But their fiancées find out—and so do their dates' husbands!).	From the Fields-Cole Porter musical . . . not quite up to other Hope films, but good chuckle provoker . . . worth catching. (9-18-43)
SO PROUDLY WE HAIL (Paramount) Claudette Colbert, Veronica Lake, Paulette Goddard	*Drama* (the stirring story of the first American women at the front lines—Army nurses on Bataan).	Vital . . . authentic and stirring war film . . . casting is just about perfect. (8-7-43)
THE CONSTANT NYMPH (Warner Bros.) Charles Boyer, Joan Fontaine	*Melodrama* (the story of the "mad" Sanger family taken from Margaret Kennedy's famous novel of the '20s).	Dated story . . . mannered and forced now . . . old-fashioned, romantic escapist entertainment . . . good cast. (7-31-43)
THE SKY'S THE LIMIT (RKO) Fred Astaire, Joan Leslie, Robert Benchley	*Musical comedy* (a Flying Tiger—incognito—and a magazine photographer—pretty—make a good dance team).	Not as good as the usual Astaire dance film (this is his sixteenth) . . . good music and dancing but weak plot. (9-4-43)
THIS IS THE ARMY (Warner Bros.) U. S. Army	*Musical* (movie version of those two great all-soldier shows—Yip Yip, Yaphank and This Is the Army).	As good as the original—and better in spots . . . heart-warming film packed solid with entertainment. (9-11-43)
WATCH ON THE RHINE (Warner Bros.) Paul Lukas, Bette Davis	*Drama* (the story of an anti-Fascist who fights and lives for freedom).	Sensitive, intelligent movie . . . has depth and significance . . . wonderful script, acting . . . one of the year's best. (9-4-43)
WE'VE NEVER BEEN LICKED (Universal) Richard Quine, Noah Beery, Jr.	*Melodrama* (story of a Texas Aggie whose Japanese education makes him a suspect character).	Universal's tribute to one of America's outstanding colleges, Texas A. & M. . . . interesting film. (9-11-43)

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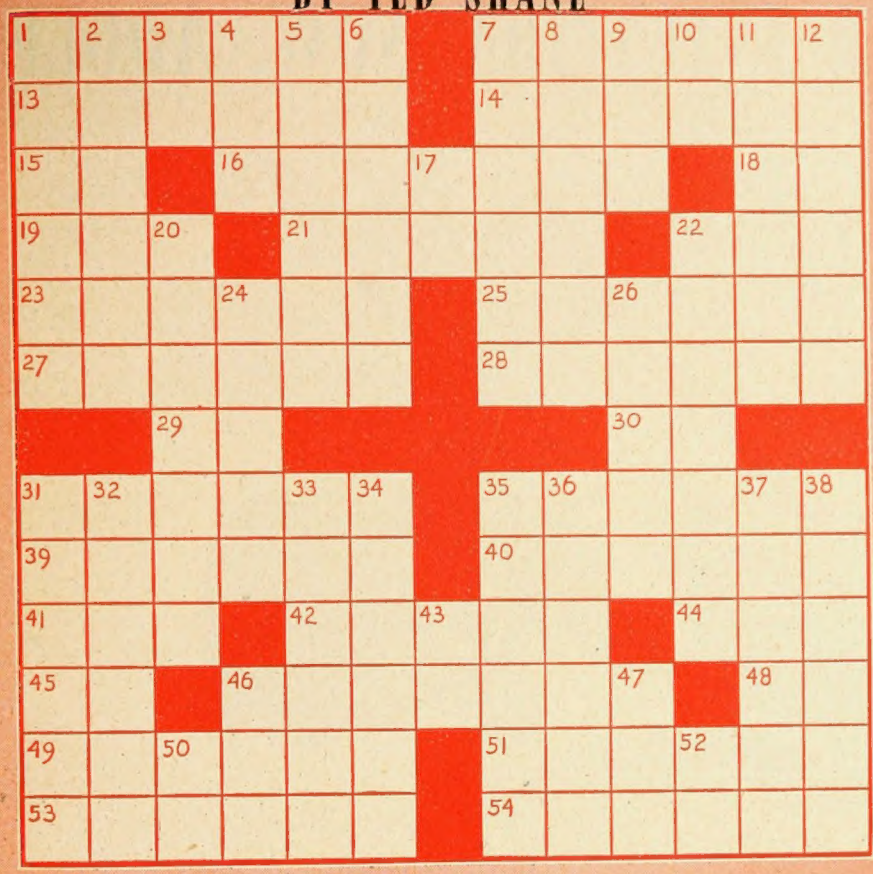
QUIZZ-ICAL CROSSWORDS

BY TED SHANE



HORIZONTAL

1 Who's known as Old Blood and Guts?
7 During surgery, what're severed blood vessels dammed with?
13 What card game's played with a stripped deck, means to "outwit"?
14 Who was Vice-President under Lincoln?
15 What's short and No Good?
16 Name the Palm Beach of Europe
18 At what river are the Germans expected to make a stand in Italy?
19 Weapon in reverse, nub forward
21 Mathematical term (pl.)
22 Philip Murray heads what? (abbr.)
23 What covered-wagon terminus is known for "54-40 or fight"?
25 Trigonometric cutting
27 When women battle in shops, what're they usually fighting for?
28 What's "childhood's inexhaustible store"?
29 "Archies" show up in what kind of fire? (abbr.)
30 R
31 After a number of years, nonpayment of a debt is said to do what to it?
35 The "A" in a baseball box score stands for what?
39 Who was Frankie, the Fordham Flash?
40 What's a cliché description of clouds?
41 Lady Windermere had a famed what?
42 What's sky or heaven in Spanish?

Last week's answer

44 How would telegraphers transcribe . .. . ?
45 Won money
46 What's a succession of abruptly disconnected movie shots called?
48 Who'll soon be in the Army?
49 Name the poison South American Indians tip arrows with
51 The American what makes the best sables?
53 In what two-wheeled jaloppies did ancient Romans go pleasure driving?
54 What must you do to get in the WAC?

VERTICAL

1 The flag on a knight's lance was a what?
2 Roman tea-leaf reading was called what?
3 Blind tic
4 What's 3/5ths of 3?
5 A monk's obsolete prayer's a what?
6 Who composed The Rosary?
7 A Gouda's a what?
8 What's the last name of Jack London's Sea Wolf?
9 Wine receptacle
10 What's 1050 (Rom. numerals)?
11 What's used by plumbers, dressmakers, gardeners, or is the sound of the queen bee?
12 Elevated in the proboscis
17 Within
20 What's extracted from a cow's hoof or horn, makes a great energizer?
22 Shangri-la will materialize in a new what?
24 Life's worthless without whats?
26 Quit
31 Eisenhower often has his what under a tree or in a fox hole?
32 Who was the Cyclopes' pop?
33 We should be in perfect what with the Russians?
34 What does a dog do when he feels awful put out?
35 How do our flyers like to leave their Hamburgs?
36 The *sluagh-gairm*, Gaelic battle cry, has become the modern ad man's what?
37 Who was the defendant in the famous Monkey Trial?
38 What's a Madogocrat?
43 How every minuet winds up
46 What West's making a movie comeback?
47 What do Brooklynites put in their cars?
50 Razzberries Scoriate (abbr.)
52 What Polynesian tree root's drunk when fermented?

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

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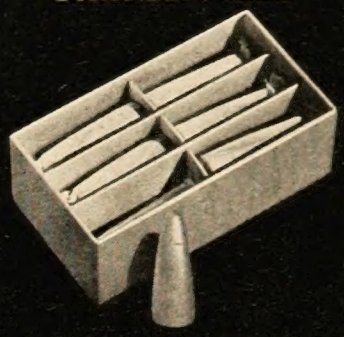

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HOW'S THE INTUITION NOW, ADOLF?

IT is slowly dawning on the Allied peoples that their leaders are pretty cagey individuals both militarily and politically, whereas the vaunted supermen of the Axis, who were supposed to have a sure touch in these matters, are turning out to be fumblers and wrong guessers.

Historians of the future, with the advantage of perspective and able to see clearly what has transpired in the world, will undoubtedly chalk up some prize bloomers to the intuitive master minds of the Axis nations.

Let's just look back ourselves for the fun of it. Remember the situation at the time the Japs bombed Pearl Harbor and brought us into the war? The Germans were hammering at Moscow's gates and it looked as if the Russians were gone geese. Thus to Tojo it seemed like a push-over, and had it worked out as he and his Axis pals planned, it would have been. With almost the entire European and Asiatic continents in enemy control, America and Britain would have been in a bad way. However, things didn't happen according to their plan.

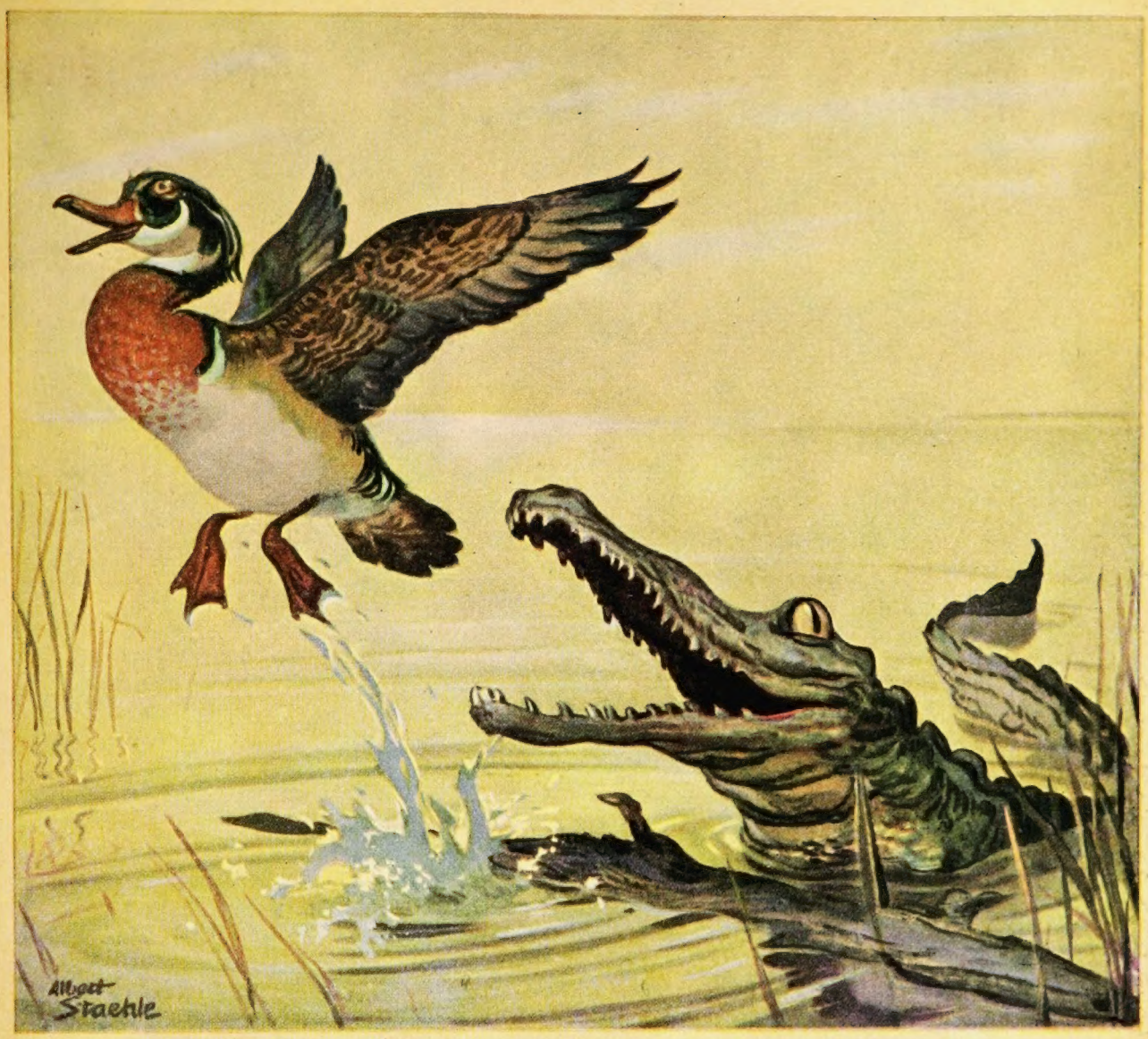
Let's go still further back. Hitler was a pretty good guesser for a while, but since the war started he has chalked up a series of misses. He knows now he was wrong in thinking Britain and France would not fight; in failing to follow the defenseless British Army over the Channel after Dunkirk; in attacking Russia; in his estimate of the productive capacity of the United States. He wishes to his pagan Germanic gods he had never heard of a bombing airplane or conceived the idea that he could bring Britain to her knees by working out on the civilian population with aerial bombs.

These are but some of the major blunders made by the little man the Germans thought never could be wrong. There are dozens of others, both in the military and political fields, which now haunt him day and night. His pal Benito, of course, pulled *his* prize boner in thinking all he had to do was pick up the pieces after the French collapse. His stab in France's back was not only a peculiarly dastardly deed but is also one of the prize wrong guesses of all time.

In contrast to these glaring blunders the leaders of the United Nations exhibit a sure and competent touch. There has not been as yet one major mistake in planning or organization either on the part of ourselves or the British, except, of course, our unreadiness and their unreadiness to meet the Japanese attack.

Except for this error, every move the United Nations have made has been right and successful. We have not allowed ourselves to be panicked or crowded into hasty and unready action. To have done so might have resulted in a major blunder, and it is to the credit of those of our chiefs who have such matters in their keeping that we did not strike until we were ready to win.

Paul Hunter



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